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Memoirs of Count Lavallette

Antoine Marie Chamant Lavalette (comte de)

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COUNT LAVALETTE

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MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT LAVALETTE

ADJUTANT AND PRIVATE SECRETARY TO

NAPOLEON

AND

POSTMASTER-GENERAL UNDER THE EMPIRE

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF COUNT LAVALETTE.[1]

A FEW days before the 10th of August, King Louis XVI. was reviewing the National Guards of Paris, assembled on the Rue du Carrousel; the monarch walked from the right of the front of the line, with a slow and measured step, distributing encouragements and praises, when, from the opposite end of the line, a young soldier rushed forward into the rank facing the King, and cried with enthusiasm, "Long live the King! Long live Louis XVI.! We are all for the King until death!" Louis XVI. stopped surprised, thanked the young man by a sign with his head and hand, and asked his name—it was Lavalette.

Soon after, the events of the 10th of August gave his impatient courage an opportunity of showing itself. Lavalette got the command of a post at the Tuileries. He defended it for a long while against the fury of the rebels, who seemed to multiply under the fire of the palace. But he was at last forced to yield. When the news came that Louis XVI. had retired to the Assembly, the massacre began. Lavalette, covered with dust and blood, was dragged away by some friends, and thus by a miracle escaped a glorious death; but his fate was not to end there.

Five years later, on the 19th Fructidor, a young officer in

[1] This was published a few days after the decease of Count Lavalette, in the "Revue de Paris," vol. xii., No. 1, 7th March, 1830.

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a brilliant uniform, wearing round his arm the tricoloured sash, quickly jumped into a cabriolet near the gate of the Petit Luxembourg ; one of his former school-fellows, passing by, recognised him, and after the usual congratulations said :—

"Where are you going ?"

"I intend to return to Italy as quickly as possible."

"Why in such a hurry ?"

"Barras threatens to have me shot within four-and-twenty hours."

"Then I advise you to get away, for he's in the humour to do it."

"Who knows that better than I ? I wanted to make some opposition to the barbarous follies of last night, and so they send me away this morning ; but my conscience is clear, and Bonaparte protects me. Adieu, I go ; if it please Heaven, we shall see each other again."

The very evening after that conversation Lavalette left Paris.

We shall leave him galloping on the road to Italy, and going some years back, we will follow his steps from the 10th of August to the 18th Fructidor ; from a Royalist volunteer to a captain in the Republican army.

There is no doubt but the Revolution of 1789 was wished for by the great majority of the French. Nevertheless the cruelties that marked its commencement disgusted all honest minds. Neither the plunderers of Reveillon's stores, the murderers of Foulon and Berthier, nor the brawling rebels of the 20th of June, represented the wishes and feelings of France, and the party of Louis XVI. seemed at first to enlist all the patriots, irritated by such criminal acts.

While the public mind was thus disposed, the foreign war broke out, preceded by insolent threats : it proved a powerful diversion to the difficulties in which the Republican party, then masters of the Legislative Assembly, were involved. They turned it to advantage in a skilful manner ;

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and while the emigration of the nobles deprived the King of all his natural support at home, those whom generous feeling had rallied in his defence now flew to the frontiers, and triumphed in the victories of Valmy, Jemmapes, and Savoy, with Kellermann, Chartres, and Montesquiou; they heard no longer, in the rumour of camps and the intoxication of glory, the cries of royalty in distress.

It was then that the throne fell for want of support.

Lavalette followed, under the standard of the Republic, the crowd of young men who, like himself, without fortune, name, or expectation, did not wish to speculate either upon emigration or terror. From the armies which remained neutral between the two opposite excesses, were destined at a future period to rise those new fortunes, those reputations so pure, so dear to France, among which Lavalette was to shine.[1]

His father, who was a respectable tradesman in Paris, gave him at Harcourt College an education which at first sight appeared above his station in society. In consequence, when his parents began to think of his establishment, they found nothing better than to devote him to the Church; for he had no taste for entering into trade, and he had too much merit to pass his days in the idleness of a garrison. He therefore took holy orders, obtained the situation of under-librarian at Ste. Geneviève, and buried himself in books.

But the Revolution was soon announced by symptoms that could not escape Lavalette. His ambition was roused at the thoughts of the events that were preparing.

One day, as he was walking arm-in-arm with two friends in the Rue Mazarin, the conversation happened to fall on futurity. That subject is a common one among young men.

"As for me," said Lavalette, "you think me very quiet, quite buried in my books; well, I can tell you that I

[1] Lavalette was born in Paris in 1769, in the same year with his protector and friend the Emperor Napoleon.

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wish to make my fortune. This Revolution encourages me."

"You, my friend! you will always be walking close to the houses as you do now, for fear of being run over."

"Leave that to time; we can answer for nothing. I shall perhaps have the best part of the pavement in my turn, and then, my friends, take care I don't bespatter you. Will you bet that, in the highway they are opening for us, I do not get on quicker than you?"

The bets were agreed to. The two companions followed honourably their several careers, but Lavalette advanced with giant's strides, and at thirty years of age he had won his wager.

The events of 1789 are known. Young Lavalette did not follow the Church. A musket on his shoulder, he entered the National Militia which Lafayette was organising for the defence of King and country. In 1792 he signed the Royalist petition of the ten thousand; but his conduct on the 10th of August appearing suspicious, he enlisted as a volunteer in the Legion of the Alps, and was one of the soldiers of that army of peasants and citizens which formed the coalition, on the banks of the Rhine, between their mercenary bands and France. He served with great distinction during the whole campaign. At first named adjutant of engineers, he was afterwards chosen as aide-de-camp by General Baraguay d'Hilliers. But when that General came to Paris to defend Custines, whom all his exertions could not save, he was persecuted himself, and deprived of his liberty until the 9th Thermidor, so that he could do nothing for Lavalette.

After the 9th Thermidor, the Revolution, tired of proscription, stopped. The inviolability of the territory had been secured, and the principles of reform were beyond all danger: a second period was beginning, in which the Revolution wished to get her rights acknowledged. She was mistress of France, and her fate urged her on towards

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the conquest of Europe; with those old and obstinate monarchies she could only treat sword in hand, and reply to sophistry by victories.

The Constitution of the Third Year opened this second and exclusively military period. France passed from the government of Terror to that of Glory: it was then that Bonaparte appeared.

At the sight of this hero of twenty-six, with his pale and melancholy countenance, his proud and calm deportment, his eagle glance, his short sentences, his rapid gestures which commanded obedience, his gravity which, notwithstanding his youth, made him respected by the oldest generals of the Republic—at sight also of that firm and devoted army that was about to fight under his orders, of those young enthusiastic lieutenants who thronged around him, of that Italian soil which presented itself as a rich prey, it might, perhaps, not have been difficult to foretell, that the first act of this military drama, which began at Montenotte and terminated at Waterloo, would be the most poetical and most brilliant of all.

Lavalette was at first but coolly received among the staff-officers of the General-in-chief, and was forced to conquer at the point of his sword the esteem of Bonaparte. It was on the field of battle at Arcola that he received from the General the title of aide-de-camp and the rank of captain. Being wounded in his perilous mission to Tyrol, he was complimented by Bonaparte, who said to him in presence of the army, "Lavalette, you have behaved like a brave man. When I write the history of this campaign, I shall not forget you!" He kept his word. In the meanwhile, our young officer gained the friendship of his General by other qualities as well as personal valour: he possessed solid information, a scrutinising mind, wonderful sagacity, prudence, and perfect good breeding. This latter quality Bonaparte liked above all things, and he distinguished Lavalette.

A few months afterwards he chose him for a difficult

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mission. The General of the Italian army, surrounded by his glory, nevertheless watched with anxiety the movements and struggles of the parties which at that time agitated France. In the conflict of so many passions, he could with difficulty distinguish the truth. He therefore sent to Paris his aide-de-camp Lavalette, to learn, through his reports, the real state of affairs. A cipher, invented by Bourrienne, served for their correspondence.

Lavalette, young and unknown, cast thus in the midst of the dangers, intrigues, and seductions of political life, displayed nevertheless remarkable prudence and firmness. He frequented all the societies of the period, but he connected himself with none. At the Luxembourg, at Carnot's, in Madame de Staël's drawing-room, at the circles of Augereau, everywhere his ingenuity discovered the real aim of each party, through the veil of vulgarity or refinement which covered them. He saw the Directory in all the ridiculous glory of its magnificence, and never could forget the farces performed by those tyrants, in whose government ridicule seemed to vie with cruelty. In 1829 he wrote the following to one of his friends :[1]

"I saw our five kings, dressed in the robes of Francis I., his hat, his pantaloons, and his lace : the face of La Reveillère looked like a cork upon two pins, with the black and greasy hair of Clodion. M. de Talleyrand, in pantaloons of the colour of wine dregs, sat in a folding-chair at the feet of the Director Barras, in the Court of the Petit Luxembourg ; and gravely presented to his sovereigns an Ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while the French were eating his master's dinner, from the soup to the cheese. At the right hand there were fifty musicians and singers of the Opera, Lainé, Lays, Regnault, and the actresses, now all dead of old age, roaring a patriotic cantata to the music of Méhul. Facing them, on another elevation, there were two hundred young and beautiful women, with their arms and

[1] The author of this sketch.

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bosoms bare, all in ecstasy at the majesty of our Pentarchy and the happiness of the Republic. They also wore tight flesh-colour pantaloons, with rings on their toes. That was a sight that will never be seen again. A fortnight after this magnificent *fête*, thousands of families wept over their banished fathers, forty-eight Departments were deprived of their representatives, and forty editors of newspapers were forced to go and drink the waters of the Elbe, the Synamary, or the Ohio! It would be a curious disquisition to seek to discover what really were at that time the Republic and Liberty."

Lavalette had no power to oppose such violent acts. He entered, however, a sort of protest against them by refusing to Barras the money Bonaparte had promised him out of the cash of the Army of Italy. This raised against him the fury of the Directory and the brutal anger of Augereau. But, if he did not prevent the 18th Fructidor, he contributed, at least, to fix the General's opinion in regard to that *coup d'état*, struck by a power at once violent and weak, oppressive and despised, and who had not courage enough to be equitable. From that moment the Directory was condemned in the eyes of Bonaparte. He saw that no futurity existed for the feeble Constitution of the Year III., and from that day, even before the peace of Campo Formio was signed, his long-sighted genius formed the plan of the Egyptian campaign.

Having escaped from the threats of the Directory, Lavalette rejoined the General-in-chief at the Castle of Passeriano. Bonaparte did not leave his zeal time to cool. A few days afterwards Lavalette, his sash round his arm and his sword in his hand, entered the walls of Genoa, which had insulted the French. The gates of the Senate-house were opened for him, and there, in the midst of the patricians, trembling at once with fear and rage, he, with a high hand and a loud voice, demanded satisfaction, and forced the Doge to abandon and disown all English influence.

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After the peace of Campo Formio, Bonaparte crossed Switzerland on his way to Rastadt. Lavalette accompanied him in this triumphant journey, during which the people everywhere flocked to meet the conqueror of Italy. The General did not remain long at Rastadt. Disgusted at the protracted delays of German diplomacy, he left the place, where Lavalette remained, entrusted with secret powers, and placed in the most difficult position between the mistrustful plenipotentiaries of the Directory, who detested him, and the ceremonious German Ministers, who caressed in his person the name and influence of Bonaparte.

He was recalled a few months afterwards. It was then that Bonaparte, not daring to solicit from Barras a reward for Lavalette, married him to a young lady of the House of Beauharnais, a niece of his wife, and whose father had emigrated. Thus his kindness prepared the future welfare of his friend, and allied a plebeian name to the lustre of his dynasty.

Lavalette was no sooner married than he was forced to depart. Bonaparte resolved to send him to Egypt, that he might not be compromised in the trivial intrigues which were going on in France. Near him, high in his confidence, we still find Lavalette, with his soldierlike devotion, his open cheerfulness, his taste for solitary studies in the camp, his poetic enthusiasm for the distant and perilous enterprise. After the capitulation of Malta, he was commanded to accompany to the end of the Adriatic the Grand Master and his staff. On his return he visited the fortresses of Corfu. He was also to have carried assurances of peace to the Pacha of Janina, but the latter was then fighting on the banks of the Danube. On arriving before Aboukir, Lavalette had a conversation with the unfortunate Brueys, whom he found moored in the roads, preparing for a battle and inflated with the hope of a certain victory. He departed the day before the disaster, and after having suffered a violent storm at the mouth of the Nile he went

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to Cairo, and from that time he only twice left the General—first to accompany to Alexandria Citizen Beauchamp, at a moment when the plague raged with the greatest violence in that city, and the second to assist Andréossy when he went to reconnoitre Pelusium.[1]

Lavalette was admitted to the intimacy, the conversations and the amusements of Bonaparte; he was his table companion and his reader,[2] and he also shared his dangers.[3] He fought next to him at the Pyramids and Mount Thabor; he crossed the desert by his side, and followed him to the murderous siege of St. John of Acre. This was a memorable period of Lavalette's life, and he was fond of recalling it to his recollection. His friends will never forget his narrative of the fourteenth assault commanded by Kléber, which he used to take so much pleasure in repeating. It seemed like a page taken from an epic poem.

The curtain that protected a great part of the town and the palace of Djezzar had been opened. The grenadiers of Kléber, brought back to the trenches by a strong fire of musketry, openly demanded a fresh assault. Bonaparte hesitated; however, pressed by these brave men, he gave the signal. The scene was grand and terrible! The grenadiers rushed forward under a shower of bullets; Kléber, with his giant-like stature and his thick head of hair, had taken his post, sword in hand, on the reverse of the ditch, from whence he animated the assailants.

[1] See in the Appendix the narrative of a journey to Pelusium.

[2] Bonaparte was not fond of novels. One evening, however, he said to Lavalette, "Come, Mr. Enthusiast, read me that famous letter from La Meillerie!" It was at Cairo, and the heat was suffocating. Lavalette, to shelter himself from the insects, had taken his seat behind the muslin curtains of the General, who was in bed, and showed, as the reading advanced, the greatest signs of impatience; at last he stopped him, and bade him good night in the following words: "That's enough, Lavalette; this passion is too talkative for me."

[3] Bonaparte had brought eight aides-de-camp with him to Egypt; four perished there. Julian and Sulkowsky were murdered by the Arabs; Croisier was killed at St. John of Acre, and Guibert at Aboukir; Duroc and Eugene Beauharnais were severely wounded; Lavalette assisted in all the hottest encounters and escaped.

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The sound of the cannon, the cries of rage and enthusiasm of our soldiers, and the roaring of the Turks, were mixed with the thundering accents of his voice. In the meanwhile General Bonaparte, standing in the breach batteries, followed the movement with a spying-glass resting on the fascines. A cannon-ball passed over his head, and the shock threw him down. In vain Berthier pressed him to leave his perilous post; he received no answer. At the same instant a bullet mortally wounded the young and unfortunate Arrighi, who stood between the General-in-chief and Lavalette, others were killed by his side, and still he did not make the slightest motion to retire. All of a sudden the column of the besiegers stopped. Bonaparte rushed forward and saw the ditch emitting flames; thick grape-shot came from under the ground and beat down whoever dared to approach; the troops, however, persisted with incredible ardour. Kléber, enraged, was striking his thigh with his sword, but the General-in-chief, convinced that the obstacle was not to be surmounted, gave, by a sign with his hand, the order for the retreat.

It was thus that the siege of St. John of Acre concluded. Bonaparte having left Syria and added to his immortal campaign the bulletin of Aboukir, delivered the command of his army into the hands of Kléber; and after stopping at Corsica on his way, he was received on the shores of France by the enthusiasm of the citizens, carried in triumph to Paris, where he overthrew, as it were with a breath, the worm-eaten throne of the Directors. France applauded when the young hero, borne upon the consular shield by his lieutenants, appeared in her eyes as an umpire and a saviour. Lavalette had followed Bonaparte on his return, and was useful to him in the *coup de main* of the 18th Brumaire.

War, however, continued with Austria. The French Government wished to have near the eventful scene a man capable of judging which moment would be most favourable for a negotiation. Lavalette was sent to

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Dresden, with all the necessary powers to treat of peace with Austria; but General Moreau was at Hohenlinden as the real negotiator for France. Peace was concluded, and Lavalette returned to Paris.

Here ended his military and diplomatic career. The First Consul, whose chief care was directed towards his reign, which had already begun, though under a republican form, wished to associate with himself, in the government of France, all those among his companions in arms of whose fidelity, zeal, and talent he had received proofs. Lavalette was chosen among the first. Appointed in the beginning Commissioner-General of the Post Office, he obtained at the establishment of the Empire the title of Postmaster-General, to which Bonaparte, at a later period, added those of Count, Councillor of State, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

M. Lavalette gave himself wholly up to the duties of his situation. His ambition was satisfied. So that when, in 1815, Napoleon offered him the Ministry of the Home Department, he preferred resuming the functions he had already fulfilled, in difficult times, with equal zeal and success. It must, in fact, not be forgotten that he had to organise the service of the Post Office at a time when France, bounded on one side by the Rhine, extended on the other to both the Peninsulas, and kept up armies over all Europe. He was, in some measure, the centre from whence motion and life was to depart and circulate over that vast empire. He constantly maintained, with a laudable ardour, the sacred connections of the soldiers with their mother country; the exchange of glory and enthusiasm between the army and the citizen. His elevated station put him in possession of many family secrets. Never could policy oblige him to reveal them. "With him candour and effusion of heart never carried any danger with them."[1]

[1] Words spoken by General Sebastiani over the tomb of Lavalette.

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We need not recall, then, the many famous events which filled up the period of the Empire, but which have no connection with the present sketch. We may pass over the golden dreams of a man too strongly intoxicated with his fortune;—we may leave M. Lavalette, governing during twelve years the Post Office with a firm and discreet hand; carrying to the discussions of the Council of State his knowledge, clear judgment, and the inspirations of his upright conscience; shining in the circles of an elegant and polished Court; and towards the decline of so much grandeur, when the soil began to tremble beneath the throne, giving to the Emperor the bold advice of a friend, which was proudly rejected. The world knows the rest.

The events of 1814 restored Count Lavalette to private life, from which he did not stir until after the return of Bonaparte to the capital on the 20th March of the following year. Attempts have been made to place in a false light the motives that rallied him to the Imperial throne after the whole army had acknowledged the Emperor, and in the midst of such exciting circumstances. These motives, however, he drew from his conscience. "He was accused of having been prejudiced; *he* was convinced he had been faithful."[1]

His return to public affairs was marked by an act of moderation, of which he in vain set the example to his enemies. One of the chief clerks of his department came in a busy manner and presented him with a list of suspected persons; M. Lavalette let him speak out, and when the informer had finished, he said to him: "Pray, Sir, have you ever looked an honest man in the face?" The clerk, abashed, faltered out a few confused words. "Well, Sir, now you may learn who I am," and taking the list he threw it into the fire.

M. Lavalette was frequently called to the Emperor during the Hundred Days. He saw him in his councils

[1] Words of Count Montlosier.

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and in his privacy. The Emperor was resolved not to continue at war unless it were to defend the soil. The spirit of liberty had made its way to him; his table re-echoed with liberal professions that perplexed him. He said at one time to M. Lavalette, in the secret bitterness of a confidential conversation: "But what do they want? the liberty of the press? I shall give them more of it perhaps than they wish. Let them only suffer me to save France." France was again invaded; and the fortune of the Emperor expired on the field of Waterloo.

That event was for Count Lavalette the beginning of a series of unheard-of sufferings. Secure in the persuasion of his innocence, he remained in Paris; but he was apprehended on the 18th of July, while at table with his friends. He was placed in solitary confinement. His trial began: the preparations were tedious and threatening. The fate of Labedoyère, then of Marshal Ney, were bad omens for his own. On the 19th of November he appeared before the jury accused of having been an accomplice in the conspiracy which brought on the events of the preceding 10th of March; he defended himself in the most noble manner;[1] but after two days' discussion, overwhelmed by the force of the insatiable passions which had been excited by the reaction, and were daring enough to seek vengeance through the medium of the law, he was sentenced to death. He heard his sentence read with great calmness, and said with a firm voice to his sorrowing friends, "My friends, this is a cannon-ball." Then turning to the numerous clerks of the Post Office who had borne witness against him, he made them a salute with his hand, and said: "Gentlemen of the Post Office, receive my farewell greetings."

His voice, which resounded mildly, yet firmly, through the court, amidst the general consternation, might have made people suppose he was resigned: but, when he

[1] The celebrated Tripier helped him with his advice, and gave him proofs of the most generous friendship.

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returned to his solitary dungeon, the old soldier felt his heart quail at the thoughts of the death that awaited him. He wrote to one of his old companions in arms, who at that time enjoyed great influence at court, to beg he would solicit for him the favour of being shot. A cruel refusal was the only answer he received from his friend. From that moment the consciousness of the injustice under which he suffered stimulated his courage. He endeavoured to reconcile his mind to the idea of that death at which he was so dismayed: he listened to the description the turnkeys made of the humiliating preparations by which it was preceded, and of the horrible details of the execution. He made them repeat their story several times, and insisted on knowing all. At last, after having struggled for some time with the horror of these gloomy thoughts, which filled his days and agitated his sleep with frightful dreams,[1] he at last

[1] One dream in particular left very deep impressions on the mind of Lavalette, which time itself was not able entirely to efface. This is the manner in which he related it:

"One night, while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry; but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep, I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still, nevertheless a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry, the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the red flames of which illuminated skinless faces and bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their vast sockets; their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows, in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air; and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued passing in a rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours; and they were followed by an immense number of artillery-waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered; a disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length, the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force, awoke me again. I made my repeater strike; it was no more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than two or three minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was

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felt himself capable of tranquilly awaiting death ; and all his thoughts were then directed to the comforting of his family and friends. "Why do you deplore me ?" he said to them ; "an honest man may die murdered, but his conscience follows him to the scaffold."

Days, however, passed on. The Court of Cassation had rejected his writ of error : a petition for pardon, presented by Madame Lavalette, and vainly supported by the courageous zeal of the Duke of Ragusa, had also been refused. The day of execution approached. The unfortunate man had no hope left : the turnkeys themselves trembled, as they came near him, with pity and emotion. On the eve of that last day, the Countess Lavalette entered his prison. She had put on a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to wear when she left a ball-room : in her reticule she had a black silk gown. Coming up to her husband, she assured him with a firm voice that all was lost, and that he had nothing more to hope than in a well-combined escape. She showed him the woman's attire, and proposed to him to disguise himself. Every precaution had been taken to secure his escape. A sedan-chair would receive him on his coming out of prison ; a cabriolet waited for him on the Quai des Orfèvres ; a devoted friend, a safe retreat, would answer any further objections. M. Lavalette listened to her without approving of so hazardous a plan : he was resigned to his fate, and refused to fly from it. "I know how to act my part in a tragedy," he said, "but spare me the burlesque farce. I shall be apprehended in this ridiculous disguise, and they will, perhaps, expose me to the mockery of the mob ! On the other hand, if I escape, you will remain a

severe and the watchword short. The next day, the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate, of which the details are deeper engraven in my memory, and of which I preserve a more perfect consciousness."

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prey to the insolence of prison valets, and to the persecution of my enemies!"

"If you die, I die; save your life to save mine!"

The prisoner yielded to her urgent entreaties.

"Now put on the disguise," she added; "it is time to go; no farewell—no tears—your hours are counted!"

And when the toilet was finished,

"Adieu!" she said; "do not forget to stoop when you pass under the wickets, for fear the feathers of your bonnet should stick fast!"

She then pulled the bell, and rushed behind a screen. The door opened; he passed, followed by an old servant of his wife, and leaning on his daughter's arm. When they arrived at the sedan-chair, the chairmen were not there. The soldiers of the guard-house had assembled to see Madame Lavalette, and looked on without moving! This was a fearful moment. The men arrived at last; the chair went off. A few minutes later, a cabriolet, drawn by a swift horse, rolled over the stones of the Pont Michel.

This took place on the 23rd of December. M. Lavalette remained concealed in Paris until the 10th of January. A singular favour of fortune gave him as a retreat the very roof under which lived one of his political enemies,[1] equally powerful by his name, his station, and his wealth. From the garret floor which Lavalette inhabited, he heard persons crying in the streets the police ordinance which prescribed search after his person. The barriers were shut; the delivery of passports suspended; expresses, bearing the description of his person, were flying about on every side. In the Chambers, in the Court circles, the utmost consternation prevailed among those who were convinced that all was lost if M. Lavalette was not retaken. Paris, however, rejoiced, while the police, falsely accused of connivance, burned with impatience to damp the public joy, and answer, by a feat

[1] This was a secret which he kept until his death, but which his Memoirs will now explain to the public.

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worthy of its zeal, the complaints of the gilded drawing-rooms, and the reproaches that re-echoed from the tribune.

In the midst of all these dangers Count Lavalette lived, protected by a family to whom he was personally unknown, but whose courageous friendship helped him to bear the agonies of his concealment. His days passed on between agreeable conversation and diversified reading: a double-barrelled pistol, hid under his pillow, like a talisman, secured to him some nightly rest. This lasted seventeen days. Finally, on the 9th of January, 1816, at eight o'clock in the morning, he went on foot with a friend to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings, and next day, at the very hour when a gibbet was being put up on the Place de Grève for his execution in effigy, he set off, dressed in English regimentals, with Sir Robert Wilson, crossed the barriers in an open cabriolet, and proceeded to Mons. During this journey, M. Lavalette, who did not know one word of English, was forced to keep a handkerchief to his face, as if he had been suffering from a violent toothache, that he might not be under the necessity of speaking to the numerous English officers that stopped his guide on the road. Once, at Compiègne, having entered a public room in an inn, a travelling clerk of a trading house told him the whole history of his escape from prison, accompanied by the most ridiculous circumstances, and adding between every sentence the words, "You may believe me, for I was in Paris at the time." Another time, near the frontiers, a captain of gendarmerie asked for their passports, and took them with him. M. Lavalette travelled under the name of Colonel Losack.[1] The captain came back a long while afterwards, saying that there was no colonel of that name in the English army. Sir Robert replied that he was talking nonsense —that they were fools for staying so long; and, making a sign to the postillions, they set off at full speed. At Mons his generous guide was to leave him. M. Lavalette, deeply

[1] M. Lavalette took the name of Cossar when he arrived in Bavaria.

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affected, pressed his hands while expressing his gratitude; but Sir Robert, still maintaining his wonted gravity, smiled without replying. At last, after half an hour's silence, he turned to M. Lavalette, and said, in the most serious manner possible, "Now pray, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?" M. Lavalette stared at him, surprised at such a question. "Yes," added Sir Robert, "I have been told you solicited as a favour to be shot."

"Because the condemned person is placed in a cart, his hands tied behind his back; then he is bound to a plank which is slipped under the axe."

"Ah! I understand; you did not wish to have your throat cut like a calf."

M. Lavalette crossed a part of Germany, and soon entered upon the hospitable soil of Bavaria. The King received him with great zeal, and protected him against the French Ministry, who insisted on his being delivered up to them. The Duchess of St. Leu offered him her house; and Prince Eugene lavished on him all the consolations of friendship.

In 1822, letters of pardon, granted by Louis XVIII., restored him to his native country. M. Lavalette thus hoped to enjoy still some happy days; but, when he arrived in Paris, in the midst of the congratulations that poured on him from all sides, one voice remained silent, and that was his wife's! From that decisive hour when, with such overpowering energy, she had arranged his escape, and remained a hostage in his place, she had not seen him. And now she looked upon him without emotion and without tears. She knew him not! The unfortunate lady had spent all her reason in saving him!

This last trial surpassed all the rest. M. Lavalette was overwhelmed by it. He wrote to the King:—"Your Majesty has restored to me possessions I prized more than life; but all your royal favour can never counterbalance my misfortune."

His unfortunate situation traced to him the path he ought

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to follow. He gave up the world, where he had left such brilliant recollections and so many faithful friends, and devoted himself to complete solitude, which he only once left to go to London in 1826, and support Sir Robert Wilson's election. His life was one continued scene of devotion. He repaid his wife by daily care, and by pious and delicate attentions, almost as great as he had received from her; and when death overtook him, he expired tranquilly, for he left no debt behind him.

Study was the only comfort he had in his retirement; during all his lifetime he had cultivated literature with assiduity and enthusiasm. In the camp before Mentz, at the table of General Bonaparte, in the drawing-room of the Tuileries, he always passed for a remarkably witty man and a most agreeable narrator. His misfortunes multiplied for him opportunities for study and reflection, so that, when he returned from exile, he had nothing to do but to follow the movement and progress of New France. Though far from his country, he had advanced with her; he had her manners, her enduring patience, her confident hope in future events,[1] her ardour for useful reform, her freedom from all ridiculous delusions. His mind possessed all the freshness of youth, and he viewed with enthusiasm the efforts making in favour of glory and liberty. The consequence was, that he was respected by men of all ages, but that he was more particularly pleasing to the young. They loved to hear him speak; all the past lived in his recollection, with its real colours, adulterated neither by enthusiasms nor by regret for the high station he had lost. Numberless witty sayings, interesting and unexpected, flowed without effort in his rich and easy conversation. His imagination gave a colouring to objects; but fiction was repugnant to his just and accurate mind. His lively discourse, like an amusing book, kept his

[1] M. Lavalette should have lived a few months longer. The Revolution of July has realised his hopes, it would have fulfilled all his wishes.—*Note of the French Editor.*

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friends by his side till night was far advanced, and cheated time in its rapid flight.

Death, however, unexpectedly aimed his shaft at his victim amidst his books and his unfinished labours. Even the day preceding his decease was devoted to study and friendship. Under the hoary frost of age, his mind preserved all its vigour; his heart was young by the warmth of his virtues.

This reflection comforts us.

Though he fell beneath an unexpected blow, Count Lavalette died in the sixty-first year of his age, surrounded by his family, and regretted by his friends.

If he had died in 1815, by the political sword which struck so many other victims, fifteen years of his existence would have been suddenly cut off (not the happiest surely); but what a cruel death awaited him, what a funeral! a scaffold on a public thoroughfare, a cart transporting his mutilated remains, and after the cries of the Grève, the solitude of Clamart.

But the victim escaped. Banishment defended him against death; by degrees passions are calmed; rage and resentment appeased. Thus, at one breath the whole edifice of a sanguinary trial falls to the dust; the justice of the Sovereign tears out the fatal page; an honest man resumes his place and rank under the same heaven that serves as a canopy to his accusers and his judges; and when his last hour arrives, his soul leaves the earth among the endearments and blessings of his children; religion receives him; his country honours his remains; his companions of all times, his friends of all parties, throng around him; the salute of the brave resounds over his grave, and Fame repeats to France the farewell of friendship.

Manes of victims, of whatever party, who have been condemned for political crimes, and on whom the thunderbolt has fallen in the fury of the storm, let the fate of Lavalette comfort you:—you have all been restored to your rights in his person!

CUVILLIER FLEURY.

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TO THE READER.

I NEVER should have determined to record, in writing, the events which have passed before my eyes, nor even those in which I have acted a part during eight-and-twenty years, had I not been involved in so conspicuous a manner in the catastrophe that put an end to the Imperial Government; but I thought it my duty to leave, both to my family and my friends, an indisputable testimony of my innocence and general conduct. It would, moreover, be but ill requiting the interest with which so many honourable persons have favoured me, to maintain a silence which my enemies might misuse to justify their persecutions.

My first intention was to describe only late events; but, having been for above twenty years attached to the Emperor Napoleon, it appeared to me that I ought not to pass over in silence one part, at least, of his glorious history. Could I look upon myself as at liberty to deprive posterity of any circumstances connected with a hero who will never cease to engross attention? He has been exposed to the insults of his ungrateful contemporaries, and it is my duty to oppose truth to those insults. No exertion has been wanting on my side to avoid being led away by the deep affection I shall cherish to the end of my life for a man who has been my general, my sovereign, and my benefactor. It is not, however, his public actions, and still less the wars which have shed a lustre over his life, that I pretend to describe. He

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has still friends left among the generals who shared his toil and his glory: to them the noble task belongs. I shall paint the private man. Few persons have known him as well as I have; and historians, gathering materials, may place full confidence in my recital. I shall mention no other facts than those of which I have been an eye-witness; and I am much mistaken if my character will not prove a sufficient voucher for their truth.

Still, I require much indulgence. I write far from my country,[1] in deep solitude, often depressed by misfortune, and deprived of the materials requisite for recalling facts, dates, and names. The impressions are, however, still vivid in my memory and in my heart.

Many persons, seeing my name on the title-page of these Memoirs, will perhaps expect to find in them an abundant feast of anecdote and scandal: they will be mistaken. During thirteen years I filled a delicate situation, thanks to which I have discovered some painful secrets of the human heart; but I will not disgrace my character by publishing them. It is not with rubbish that durable monuments can be raised.

It is my resolution that this work do not appear during my life. Not that I wish to escape criticism; but because a feeling which honourable minds alone can appreciate makes it a duty to me to occupy the public attention no longer with myself. My unfortunate celebrity has been dearly bought, and I now want rest rather than pity.

[1] A great part of these Memoirs was written in Bavaria, during M. Lavalette's banishment, in his various retreats on the borders of Lake Starenberg, at Eichstädt, and at Augsburg. It will, however, be observed in reading the conclusion, that they were revised and finished at Paris, or rather in the country near Sèvres.—*Note of the Editor.*

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MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT LAVALETTE.

CHAPTER I.

I was born in Paris in 1769. My father having enjoyed a liberal education, and being sensible of its advantages, watched over mine with constant application. I went late to school, because my health was indifferent, and left it in 1788; after having, for eight years, filled my head with Latin, in which I never was a proficient—and with Greek, which I have completely forgotten. My confessor was a most excellent man, but he heated my imagination to preserve my morals. He put into my hands a great many religious books, and took a particular pleasure in making me learn the sacred orators by heart. I was so pleased with the sermons of Massillon, and the funeral orations of Bossuet, that I had no doubt but the church was my real calling. I tormented my family until I got permission to follow a course of lectures on theology; but the very first year was sufficient to disgust me. The method of disputing in bad Latin, the everlasting passion for proving both sides of the question, without presenting fixed ideas upon any subject whatever, inspired me with an aversion for that study. I could not conceive why so much trash should be deemed a

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necessary introduction to the eloquence of the pulpit. I resolved, therefore, in preference, to follow the bar. My father observed with satisfaction the turn my taste had taken, and it was decided that I should be placed, first in a notary's, and then in an attorney's office. The notary's business appeared to me still more irksome than theology. I remained, however, nearly a year with him, after which I went to the legal practitioner, and was fortunate enough to find him a sensible man. His name was Dommanget, and his love of his profession was confined to the profits he drew from it. He possessed a large and well-chosen library; and as I cost him no salary, he suffered me to pass my time among his books. There I read many excellent works, and gained a taste for literature that has never diminished. I studied, in particular, the history of France, of which I had not previously the least idea. A strange system of instruction prevailed at that time. Thousands of young men every year left the university, after having finished their studies, their heads being filled with republican maxims, their minds inflamed with admiration of the virtue of the ancient commonwealths, most cordially despising all monarchical governments, and at the same time shamefully ignorant of the history of their mother country. Not once during my eight years' studies did I hear the name of Henry the Fourth pronounced; and I must own that at the age of seventeen I was acquainted neither with the time nor the manner in which the House of Bourbon mounted the throne.

The events that preceded the grand drama of 1789 took me by surprise in the midst of my books and my love of study. I was then reading "L'Esprit des Lois," a work that charmed me by its gravity, depth, and sublimity. I wished also to become acquainted with the code of our own laws; but Dommanget, to whom I mentioned my desire, laughed, and pointed to the Justinian Code, the common law code of the kingdom, the parliamentary decrees, and the statutes of our kings, accompanied by an immense number of inter-

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preters and commentators. So monstrous a heap of folio volumes made me shudder, and I concluded somewhat rashly, but like many other people, that it was better to remodel the whole than to load my memory with such obscure lore. To my graver studies I added the perusal of political pamphlets, which then began to be numerous. Thus my imagination was excited, and, wiseacre of twenty as I was, I thought I should do well to unite with the meditations of my closet the observation of those scenes of disorder that were the harbinger of the Revolution.

There lived at that time, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a wealthy paper-hanging manufacturer called Reveillon. This man employed several hundred workpeople, who, being dissatisfied with his refusal to raise their wages, and probably instigated by the enemies of their master, resolved to murder him and ransack the establishment by which they got their livelihood. The disturbance soon rose to a great height, and the *guet*, or guard of the town, not being strong enough to suppress it, a detachment of the regiment of the Gardes Françaises was ordered out against the rioters. Wishing to be a witness of the scene, I went to the spot, and was standing between the plunderers and the troops, when the latter arrived by divisions and fired. Many persons were killed, several were sent to prison, and one man was, I believe, hanged a few days afterwards. So brutal a manner of restoring public order exasperated me, and I soon understood that such is the custom of governments that wish, as the phrase is, to show energy and inspire respect; in one word, that it is easier to repress crimes by force than to prevent them by wisdom and resolution. The inhabitants of the suburb never forgot this military expedition; and I have good reason to believe that it contributed greatly to keep alive the spirit of revenge and sedition that prevailed so long among the population of that part of Paris.

The resistance of the Parliament to the orders of Government caused great agitation in the public mind. The

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magistrates would no longer consent to administer justice; the counsel and attorneys would no longer follow their suits; all the clerks of the bar assembled tumultuously, and sided openly with the Parliament. These young men formed at that time a corporation called "La Basoche." They had their own chiefs, observed a sort of discipline, and wore a peculiar dress. Though I was not enlisted in their body, one of my fellow clerks proposed that I should join them, and I consented. We found them in the garden of the Luxembourg, several hundred in number, highly excited, and disposed to procure arms. I took it in my head to propose to several among them to attack the guard of the Théâtre Français, seize their muskets, and march against the battalion of the guards stationed in the Place Dauphine. My proposal was received with enthusiasm, and communicated to all the groups. Some young men, more reasonable than the rest, and who probably had come there with the sole view of dissuading and restraining the others, expressed a wish to see the author of so wise a plan. One of them examined me from head to foot. The shortness of my stature made him smile, and he found but little difficulty in proving the extravagance of a resolution, the consequences of which must inevitably be fatal to us. The most violent among us left the garden to proceed towards the Place Dauphine. The soldiers stood dispersed with their arms piled beside them. We looked at one another; and I know not what would have been the result, if the drum had not suddenly beat to rally the troops.

These tumultuous scenes had already lasted eighteen months, and, by the ridiculous success obtained in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Government seemed persuaded that the armed force would be sufficient to answer all ends. The States-General had assembled at Versailles, having been summoned at once by the Parliament, who wished to embarrass the Court and revenge itself,—by the Ministers, who knew not which way to act,—and by the majority of the nation,

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justly discontented with an incapable Government, and perhaps also tired of too uniform a tranquillity. The States-General soon felt that the system and prejudices of the Court would be insuperable obstacles to the redress of the evil. They wished for a plan of government in which the rights of the nation at large, rather than those of the privileged classes, might be considered. M. Necker, who was a clever financier, a philosopher, and by birth the citizen of a republic, encouraged them. But the King, yielding to the representation of his courtiers, and to a secret aversion he entertained for M. Necker, dismissed him from his councils. The news of this event reached Paris abruptly on the 12th of July, at a moment when the inhabitants were dispersed in the several public walks. It spread confusion and grief on all sides ; whilst the busts of M. Necker and the Duke of Orleans were carried in triumph through the streets. Orators, mounted on chairs in the Palais Royal, drew crowds around them. "All is lost," they said : "the States-General are to be dissolved. Already your most zealous defenders are obliged to fly, and soon you will groan under an insufferable load of taxes, and the sanguinary caprice of a horrible despotism." The agitation occasioned by speeches of this kind was considerably augmented by the presence of the Swiss soldiers. Government wanted to make use of the regiment of the Guards to disperse those whom they called rebels ; but the soldiers pushed their officers back, and took the part of the people. A detachment of the regiment of Royal German cavalry presented itself, and was hooted. They tried to charge the crowd, but they were fired at, and the Swiss encamped in the Champ de Mars were sent away. The mob, grown furious through exasperation, then fell upon their natural enemies, the persons employed by the Ferme Générale for the collection of the excise duties. These persons were forced to conceal themselves, and the barriers were set on fire. In the midst of this disorder a rumour suddenly spread, fearful even in its uncertainty, that robbers

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were approaching to ransack the capital. This was at best but a ridiculous joke, the inventors of which, however, seemed well acquainted with the character of the Parisians. The citizens, after remaining peaceful spectators of this great tumult, showed at last some signs of spirit, and on the 13th of July above two hundred thousand men had armed themselves with whatever weapons they could find. The news of this general insurrection terrified the Court, and all the regular troops disappeared from the environs of the capital.

At length arrived the 14th of July, a day for ever famous, an era for ever memorable, in the annals of France, and almost equally so in the history of every other nation; for there exists no people whose political and civil existence has not been considerably modified by the French Revolution.

For the mob to pursue police officers, collectors, and spies, is a natural thing; but how did an immense population first conceive the idea that their fate was connected with the taking of the Bastille, and persuade themselves that their victory was complete when they were masters of it?

The fortress of the Bastille was built in the reign of Charles the Fifth, at a time when fire-arms were scarcely known. Situated without the precincts of the city, beyond the Porte St. Antoine, it was evidently never intended as a check upon the metropolis. It was said the King meant to keep his treasures there; but the interior distribution clearly evinced that it was destined to serve as a state prison. This pretended fortress consisted of five towers, about one hundred and twenty feet high, joined together by strong high walls, and surrounded by broad deep ditches. Its entrance was protected by drawbridges, and on the 14th of July it was commanded by a governor, and defended by about sixty Swiss veterans; a few old guns, of small size, were placed on the terraces of the towers. There was nothing very formidable in its appearance; but something like a superstitious terror pervaded the minds of the people, and most marvellous stories were told respecting the Bastille. For

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many ages, the most noble victims of despotism had groaned within its mysterious walls. Some prisoners, who had been fortunate enough to escape from it, had published most terrifying accounts. Those formidable towers, those vigilant sentinels, who suffered no one, even by stealth, to cast a look towards them;—these numerous ferocious-looking guards, frightful by their appearance, and more frightful still by their deep silence,—all united to excite terror and anxious curiosity. Nevertheless, this state prison was not dangerous for the people: it was designed for persons of high birth, or for literary people who ventured to displease the ministry. But to the wish of satisfying curiosity was added a noble feeling of pity for the numerous victims supposed to be shut up in the fortress, and the whole population of Paris resolved to make themselves masters of the Bastille. A considerable number of muskets and some cannon were deposited at the Invalides. The mob repaired to that place, seized them, and rushed against the Bastille, headed by the Gardes Françaises. A few cannon were fired, but did not much injure the walls. The governor answered by some balls that were lost in the Rue St. Antoine. Terror and rage soon rose to the highest pitch. The governor had neither troops nor ammunition sufficient to defend himself. He had not even received any positive orders to that effect. It is said that he lowered the drawbridge to receive a deputation of patriots summoning him to surrender. Hulin, afterwards a general, who was one of the deputation, assured me that, on entering the governor's court, he and his companions were fired on. The governor was arrested first, the Swiss major afterwards, and the Bastille was taken. These two officers were dragged to the Place de Grève, and loaded with blows and imprecations. I was there with the unformed battalion of my district. The unfortunate major passed before our ranks; his stature was tall, and his aspect venerable. Two men held him by the throat, and cried with furious gestures, "Here is the villain!" The major

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strove to keep up a bold appearance, but dismay and agony were painted in his countenance. A few minutes afterwards we heard the report of some fire-arms. A pistol shot had put an end to his sufferings. That terrible spectacle inspired me with a horror and disgust for the licentiousness of the mob that nothing ever could allay; and the scenes I have yet to describe were but too strongly calculated to augment those sentiments.

I could, however, in some way comprehend that foreigners who had killed Frenchmen might, in the first heat of battle, be slaughtered by ferocious conquerors who had no idea of the laws usually observed in war; but I never could explain the murder of Messieurs Foulon and Berthier de Sauvigny. The former had been, I believe, Intendant of Paris, and the latter was his son-in-law, and successor in that employ. In the province, an Intendant was, through his functions and influence, a considerable personage. His character or abilities might create esteem, or, as it more frequently happened, his incapacity might excite dislike. In Paris, on the contrary, the Intendant was in a manner lost in the immensity of the city. In times of scarcity, the people blamed the Prévôt des Marchands, the Lieutenant of Police, and sometimes the Parliament. The Intendant, not being a magistrate, was unknown to the multitude; and I dare assert, without fear of being contradicted, that among the middling, and still less among the lower classes, no one was acquainted either with his person or his name. They knew at best the way to his office, where the taxes used to be paid. All of a sudden, however, a rumour was spread about that the Intendant had said, and repeated aloud, that "hay was good enough to feed the Parisian rabble." Messieurs Foulon and Berthier had fled. Some zealous patriots pursued and overtook them at about twenty leagues from Paris. They brought them back, and some hundred wretches butchered them, under circumstances of atrocious barbarity. I crossed the Place de Grève to go to the Comédie Française; it rained,

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and there was no tumult anywhere but facing the Hôtel de Ville. I was standing on the parapet, when I saw raised above the crowd the figure of an old man with grey hair; it was the unfortunate Foulon being hanged at the lamp-post. I returned home to study my beloved Montesquieu; and from that moment I began to hate a revolution in which people were murdered without being heard in their defence.

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CHAPTER II.

THE tumult, which on the 14th had been only a riot, next day became a decided revolution, the consequences of which were not to be calculated. The taking of the Bastille had elated the minds of the people: three thousand disciplined troops (the Gardes Françaises) formed the vanguard of an army above one hundred thousand strong, of which at least thirty thousand were armed with muskets. It would have been impossible either to attack or disband that army. The Government, taken unawares, was forced to consent to its organisation, and to the choice of M. de Lafayette as commander-in-chief. The Prévôt des Marchands and city magistrates had fled. In their place were put a mayor and common council, titles already in use in several French towns. M. Bailly was elected. He was a celebrated astronomer and a clever writer. The States-General had chosen him for their president. The whole organisation was complete in three days; and on the 17th the King came to Paris, where he legitimatised by his presence and his speeches all the outrages that had been committed. This step taught his friends what they had to expect of him, and the partisans of the Revolution all they might dare to undertake. Rebellion had reached its highest pitch: soldiers and official persons had been killed in the exercise of their duty, and still the Sovereign spoke hesitatingly on the subject of these crimes. The provinces, encouraged by the example of Paris, hastened to follow it. The same couriers that brought down

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to the country intelligence of the revolution of the metropolis carried back accounts of similar occurrences in the several places they had passed through. The States-General, which had given the impulse, received it in their turn. The two first estates were obliged to unite to the third. The States took the title of a Constituent Assembly, and from that moment set themselves to work to raise a monarchy where the nation was to be represented by its deputies. Then began the long struggle between new interests and uncurbed passions. The King was a stranger to all the ideas that had circulated for thirty years among his subjects. Bred in the maxims and customs of an absolute monarchy, he could not but observe with dismay the conduct of the Assembly; and, if he rejected the violent measures he was pressed on to adopt, it was owing to the weakness of his character rather than his wish to spare blood, and also to the hope that some more favourable chance might replace in his hands the authority that rebels had wrested from him. The only reasonable step would have been to awe the Assembly he no longer possessed the power of dissolving, by going still farther than they did; and to give of his own accord a constitution which would have maintained some of the privileges of the nobility, and determined the rights of the people. Such was, in fact, M. Necker's proposal: the King rejected it, and all was lost.[1]

The plan of quitting Versailles, and establishing himself in some stronghold, appeared to the King the most advantageous one; but it was soon discovered, and the patriots

[1] The translator cannot help remarking that M. de Lavalette has been betrayed by his memory in several parts of this passage. 1. The Prévôt des Marchands (M. de Flesselles) had *not* fled; he was murdered at the Hôtel de Ville, on the 14th of July, whilst presiding over the electors of Paris. 2. The States did *not* take the name of *Constituent Assembly*, that name having been used for the first time two years later. 3. So far from rejecting any plan of M. Necker, the King, of his own accord, three weeks before these riots (on the 23rd of June), proposed to the Assembly a complete constitutional charter, in thirty-five articles, which the Assembly rejected without even vouchsafing to discuss it.

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felt alarmed. The inhabitants of Paris had not only organised their military force, but also their political institutions. The sixty headquarters of the several battalions were at the same time so many centres of districts, each of them having a president, secretaries, and officers. There all the idlers of the middle and lower orders went to listen to the popular orators, who practised themselves in that flow of hollow words that afterwards proved so fatal. Three months later a rumour was suddenly spread in the districts that the King was preparing to fly. The population of the Faubourg St. Antoine was soon set in motion. An immense number of people assembled before the Hôtel de Ville, declaring they would march to Versailles and bring back the King. M. de Lafayette for a long while refused to put himself at their head ; but at last, intimidated by their threats, and foreseeing that they would otherwise do without him, he sent word to the principal officers of the National Guards, inviting them to lead to Versailles all the reasonable citizens they could collect, to prevent if possible the fatal consequence he but too clearly anticipated from these disturbances. A great many National Guards, among whom were some incomplete companies of my battalion, went to the Hôtel de Ville, where I hastened to join them. There we found an enraged multitude exclaiming that they were betrayed, and stirring one another up to murder and all manner of outrage. At last the torrent began to move, thickening as it advanced. The commander-in-chief marched foremost, followed by cannon and caissons, driven by inebriated women, the refuse of human kind. Then came the National Guards, the pelotons of which were continually broken through by those furious wretches.

My company grew dissatisfied, and received so ill those who came amongst us, that no one would venture to approach us. Our march lasted eight hours, and night had closed in when we arrived at the avenue of Versailles. If the Court could have resolved to take violent measures, they must un-

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doubtedly have succeeded. The National Guards did not amount to above six thousand men. The ruffians that preceded and surrounded them were in number about eight or ten thousand, but kept such bad order that one charge of a few squadrons of horse would have been sufficient to disperse them, whilst a volley or two of cannon-ball would have effectually prevented their return; but the Court lacked courage, and the King thought his family safer in a badly guarded palace than on a high-road surrounded by faithful troops. The arrival of the rabble dismayed the palace, made the regular soldiers stagger, and satisfied the Assembly. Those members who influenced its decisions were not unacquainted with the insults lavished on them at Court, nor with the fate they had to expect if the King succeeded in escaping. The courtiers openly acknowledged that the most disgraceful death awaited the members who had begun to distinguish themselves in the contest. It was therefore resolved that the King should come to Paris and remain there; but in all probability no one knew by whom he was to be escorted, and what outrages were about to be committed. We halted in the great square facing the palace. The Flanders regiment was drawn up before us. The mob surrounded the military. Women, holding glasses of liquor in their hands, entertained the soldiers with vulgar tales and low jests. This was too strong a seduction for men indifferent to all political discussions. The want of discipline was too general for them to be able to resist such temptations, and all the exertions of their officers to maintain order were useless. The colonel either knew not what to do, or dared not come to a resolution, for he had no positive orders. M. de Lusignan, who commanded the regiment, and whom I knew at a later period, was an honourable man; but how could he extricate himself from so difficult a position, when, at fifty steps from him, the King was in as great a perplexity as he? The regiment being seduced, the Monarch had no other defence left than the Life Guards, the Cent Suisses,

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and his unserviceable Court. The National Guards remained under arms until one o'clock in the morning, when they got permission to retire to rest, but with orders to be ready at the first beat of drum. M. de Lafayette went up to the palace, where he strove to comfort the Royal Family, but was received with an appearance of distrust and coolness, at which, in fact, he could scarcely be surprised; for, having arrived at the head of a troop of enraged ruffians, he was in some way to be looked upon as their commander. He could not dissemble that the population of Paris, and even the Constituent Assembly, wished the King to fix his abode in the metropolis. The Court had therefore to decide whether they would consent to go there, or set out in search of some distant refuge. I cannot say whether or not these points were ever discussed. It seems that the King expected either military assistance, or a strong resolution of the Assembly, that might impress the multitude with awe. The proffered assistance of M. de Lafayette was rejected. The King declared that his guards were sufficient for his protection, and that, far from accepting the service of the National Guards of Paris, who were extremely devoted to his person, he did not even require those of the Versailles Guards, over whom Alexander Berthier (afterwards Marshal Prince of Neufchatel) was second in command. From him I heard that he was very ill-treated by the Court party; and, though sincerely attached to the King, no one would hear his name mentioned from the day he had accepted a command in the National Guard.

At one o'clock we received permission to go to bed. I sheltered myself under the roof of a citizen, who granted me a chamber for my money. The man was attached to the King's household—I cannot recollect in what quality: he pretended to be a warm patriot; and if I had lent an ear to all he had to say of the inhabitants of the palace, and of the Queen herself, I might have thought myself fully justified in mixing with the rebels. I inquired very coolly from

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whence he had collected all those infamous stories. My question at first disconcerted him, but he soon answered in an angry tone: "What I have been telling you is the talk of all Versailles: and yet if the Parisians take the Royal Family from us, they'll beggar the whole town." I turned my back on the man, and went to sleep till six o'clock, when the drum beating the alarm summoned me to the square. The crime had already been committed in the shades of night. The report was, that the wretches had entered the palace by a secret and feebly guarded door; they had murdered the guards that defended it, and pursued the Queen to her bedchamber, from whence she had but just time to escape to the King's apartments. I must own, that so great was my surprise and indignation that I joined in the hue-and-cry of some of my comrades against the Marquis de Lafayette. We had been summoned by him to come and protect the Royal Family and secure public tranquillity. Why then were we left to be witnesses of such horrible crimes? Why had we not been employed? Could there have been any doubt entertained of our fidelity? Surely one-half of the six thousand men we mustered would have been sufficient to defend the palace, and would not have been overawed by an ill-armed rabble, exhausted at once by fatigue and intoxication. But it was too late; the victims had fallen, and those who were doomed to perish next were as yet beyond their reach. The Life Guards had barricaded themselves round the King's apartments; their resistance had dismayed the assassins, and given General Lafayette time to come up. He took all the military he fell in with, and the rabble filled the marble court, rending the air with their savage cries. I remained long in suspense concerning the general's conduct during that fatal night. The details of the proceedings instituted a short time afterwards against many persons who perhaps were not guilty appeared to me far from satisfactory. I learned the truth at a later period, and Madame de Staël has published it in her Memoirs.

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The whole misfortune was owing to the aversion of the Court to the Marquis de Lafayette,—to the stupid opinion still entertained that the Royal Family was sacred in the eyes of the multitude, who would not dare to look them in the face; and, above all, to the foolish presumption of the nobility, who wished to preserve their exclusive privilege of defending their Sovereign. M. de Lafayette had insisted on guarding the palace with his faithful troops, and I venture to assert that he had brought with him all the members of the National Guards who were most distinguished for their honourable feeling, courage, and loyalty; but his offers were coolly and sarcastically rejected. However, notwithstanding that refusal and the insults that accompanied it, the general did not give way to culpable confidence. He visited the posts, and showed himself everywhere, until midnight. Tranquillity then prevailed on all sides. The rabble lay dispersed and asleep. At two in the morning the deepest silence reigned in the courts, the great square, and the streets of the capital; nothing seemed to forbode the approaching outrages. The palace was attacked a little before daybreak. All eye-witnesses have declared that the mob entered by one of the communication doors which had been left open; the unfortunate Life Guards who defended it did their duty, for they were killed at their posts. But why was that door open, so near to the Queen's apartments? The palace being of a vast extent, the Life Guards were not sufficiently numerous to protect it effectually; but then why not close all the outlets? or, rather, why not augment the guard with all the loyal persons that could be found? Why, at the moment of attack, were not ten thousand swords drawn by that nobility, so clamorous in their speeches, but who never knew how to defend the King they so bitterly regret? Emigration had at that time not yet commenced. There were in Paris, Versailles, and the environs, more than twenty thousand noblemen, devoted by feelings of honour and interest to the defence of the throne and the life of the

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monarch ; notwithstanding which, Louis XVI. was forsaken by them on that fatal day, the plans of which had been openly arranged and proclaimed by those whose real aim was undoubtedly the murder of the Royal Family. I have not yet done with the nobility : their conduct on other occasions was more disgraceful than on this.

The mob crowded in the marble court, and wandering on the outside of the palace, began to express again their designs with frightful howlings. "To Paris ! to Paris !" were the first cries. Their prey was promised them, and then fresh cries ordered the unfortunate family to appear on the balcony. The Queen showed herself, accompanied by her children ; she was forced by threats to send them away. I mixed in the crowd, and beheld for the first time that unfortunate Princess : she was dressed in white ; her head was bare, and adorned with beautiful fair locks. Motionless, and in a modest and noble attitude, she appeared to me like a victim on the block. The enraged populace were not moved at the sight of woe in all its majesty. Imprecations increased, and the unfortunate Princess could not even find a support in the King, for his presence did but augment the fury of the multitude. At last preparations for departure did more towards appeasing them than promises could have done, and by twelve o'clock the frightful procession set off. I hope such a scene will never be witnessed again. I have often asked myself how the metropolis of a nation so celebrated for urbanity and elegance of manners,—how the brilliant city of Paris could contain the savage hordes I that day beheld, and who so long reigned over it ! In walking through the streets of Paris, it seems to me, the features even of the lowest and most miserable class of people do not present to the eye anything like ferociousness, or the meanest passions in all their hideous energy. Can those passions alter the features so as to deprive them of all likeness to humanity ? or does the terror inspired by the sight of a guilty wretch give him the semblance of a wild beast ?

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These madmen, dancing in the mire and covered with mud, surrounded the King's coach. The groups that marched foremost carried on long pikes the bloody and dishevelled heads of the Life Guards butchered in the morning. Surely Satan himself first invented the placing of a human head at the end of a lance. The disfigured and pale features, the gory locks, the half-open mouth, the closed eyes, images of death, added to the gestures and salutations the executioners made them perform, in horrible mockery of life, presented the most frightful spectacle rage could have imagined. A troop of women, ugly as crime itself, swarming like insects, and wearing grenadiers' hairy caps, went continually to and fro, howling barbarous songs, embracing and insulting the Life Guards. This scene lasted eight hours before the Royal Family arrived at the Place de Grève and alighted at the Hôtel de Ville, their first resting-place during protracted misery that terminated some years afterwards in a horrible death.

Thus terminated the memorable 6th of October,—a day during which it is difficult to decide what is most to be regretted—the imprudent weakness of the King, or the terrible necessity that forced the representatives of a noble nation to trample on the sacred rights of humanity, and the majesty of the throne, for the accomplishment of their grand design.

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CHAPTER III.

THE impression that frightful spectacle made on me taught me that nature had not designed me to play a part in the Revolution, and that I ought to keep carefully aloof from it. But the sight of the Queen so shamefully insulted, and the fate that was preparing for her august children, inspired in me feelings of loyalty which grew stronger every day. I could not bear to think of the situation of the Royal Family, and the success of the patriots had caused them to show a presumptuous exultation which made me hate them. At that period a lucky circumstance allowed me to resume my studies. The convents were suppressed, and a friend of my father got me admitted among some persons chosen to make out the catalogue of the monks' library. Some time afterwards, M. d'Ormesson de Moiseau, one of the presidents of the Parliament of Paris, who had been appointed King's librarian, wished to employ a well-informed and laborious young man. I was introduced to him. He received me with a kindness that delighted me. He had been told that I knew a little Greek; he was himself deeply versed in that language, and, to try my knowledge, he laid before me a Xenophon in two columns, Latin and Greek. I blushed at the sight of the formidable book. The hero himself, during his celebrated Retreat of the Ten Thousand, never was more perplexed than I. However, my courage revived when I looked at the president, whose amiable features inspired me with confidence. I owned that I had made but superficial studies in an obscure college; that I never had any share

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in the triumphs of the university; and that my utmost exertions in Greek had not gone beyond the explanation of some fragments of Demosthenes. He smiled at my candour, and began to read fluently the Greek in French, requesting me to follow him in the Latin translation. During the time, he placed his hands between the two columns, so that I might see he made no use of the Latin. I could scarcely follow him. I had never met with so learned a Greek scholar, and I expressed openly my admiration. He appeared satisfied with me—partly, perhaps, because he was so with himself, and he promised to provide for me. I felt completely happy. A part of the day was spent among dusty old books, but I passed every morning a few hours with M. d'Ormesson. All I had to expect through his influence was merely an inferior employment in the King's library; but I looked upon that as the highest pitch of good fortune; and often since, when in the most brilliant situations, I have sighed in thinking of the sweet obscurity I had been promised. We were then far from entertaining an idea that the same scaffold was designed for both of us, and, in conscience I must own, for having both done our duty. The painful gratitude with which I remember the kindness of that respectable gentleman will last as long as I live. I never hear the name of Ormesson without emotion; and whenever chance brought me in presence of some person of his family, I have felt an involuntary wish to address him, to speak of his unfortunate relation, and to solicit his friendship.

The generous kindness of M. d'Ormesson extended not only to my pecuniary welfare; he also gave me some excellent advice on the conduct I was to observe in the world—pointed out to me, with truly paternal solicitude, the different quicksands I might encounter. In speaking of the King, he showed himself a subject whose loyalty was carried to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, though he deplored the fatal weakness that hurled the Monarch down the precipice

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through torrents of blood. "The King," he said, "shudders at the thought of spilling one drop of blood; and all his most faithful friends will die without being able to save him. He has been warned of his mistake, but nothing can make him open his eyes; we have therefore no choice but resignation and death." All our conversation was upon the same subject; and M. d'Ormesson communicated to me the ardour of his own sentiments. Notwithstanding the horror I felt at the scenes of tumult that we witnessed every day, I still comprehended well enough that, the Revolution being a struggle between the privileged classes and the nation, the latter would, if successful, reap advantages which it had a right to claim. I also felt, that as I did not myself belong to the privileged classes, I was at liberty to remain indifferent to their interests and their contest. But M. d'Ormesson fixed all my thoughts on the deplorable situation of the King and his family. My imagination took fire, and all I then perceived was a virtuous Prince in durance—his noble consort and her children exposed to the most barbarous treatment; and I vowed from that moment to take a share in all the plans that should be attempted for their deliverance.

I must acknowledge that my disgust for the idle prattling of the Revolution not a little contributed to make me a Royalist. I am far from refusing a just tribute of esteem to the eminent talents of the Constituent Assembly, and only mean to speak of the assemblies of my section that were held every day, and where I was forced to assist as a national guard. The citizens of Paris are unquestionably very honourable men; but it must have been impossible for any person of good sense and some little instruction not to feel disgusted at their foolish and extravagant speeches. Their mania for political assemblies and long orations were encouraged by the immense number of gentlemen of the Bar, who made themselves quite ridiculous by misusing perpetually their excessive facility of elocution. In my neighbourhood

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there lived a lawyer of some repute called B——, whose exuberance of speech was truly marvellous. The objects of the deliberations were necessarily very circumscribed; but when that man opened his mouth, we were sure to be overwhelmed with a deluge of quotations and moral sentences, all frequently about a lantern or the stall of an apple-woman. His stentorian voice made the roofs ring; and, after speaking for two hours, he was sure to be rewarded by thunders of applause. The orator then seemed to think himself a Mirabeau, and his auditors the Constituent Assembly deciding over the fate of France. These people setting the example, others, who at first listened to them patiently, wished to speak in their turn; and three years afterwards they cut the throats of their instructors, and of those whom the latter had taught them to regard as hostile to their views.

In 1790, I frequently mounted guard in the palace. I expected to find in the countenance of the King some marks of grief and pride; but, I must own, I saw nothing but listlessness. His enormous *embonpoint*—his eyes without expression—his gait deprived of all manner of dignity, disconcerted a little my enthusiasm;—but it rekindled at sight of the Queen and her children. She was a woman and a mother. Born in a foreign country, she had been entrusted to the honour of France. How strong were her claims on our profound devotion! The errors of which she had been accused, even supposing the truth of the accusations, were surely deserving of pardon among a nation frivolous enough to be vain of its corruptness. For that unfortunate Queen, therefore, and for her children, my heart was moved by the most tender and respectful admiration. Madame Royale was then about thirteen years old: the dignity of her countenance—the melancholy expression spread over her features at so tender an age—the sincere piety that seemed to fortify her in her misfortunes, drew tears from my eyes. I followed the Princesses to the chapel, and returned quickly to the saloon of the guards to behold

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them again. I would willingly have given my life for them. So much grandeur in such abasement, so much innocence and beauty threatened with such a fate, might well have ensured to them the protection of every Frenchman. Wherever I went, I spoke of them with a warmth of which, however, I could not succeed in making other young men of my age partake.

I could not imagine that there was not in the Constituent Assembly a strong and active party to save the Royal Family. I knew that M. de Clermont-Tonnerre was very much attached to the Queen. I wrote several letters to him to express my grief, and to beg he would employ my youthful courage. I suppose he looked upon me as a young enthusiast who might bring him into some trouble:—he never answered me, and I believe he acted wisely.

I soon observed that M. d'Ormesson became less unreserved than usual in his conversation. I suppose he was himself terrified with the success of his plan for making me a Royalist; for, having tried in vain to moderate the warmth of my zeal, he probably feared I should ruin both him and myself at the same time. When I asked him whether any measures had been taken to place the Royal Family in safety, he observed that the time for that would come; and then entered into general remarks, of which I could not comprehend the drift. One day, I had just left him when I learned the imprisonment of the Marquis de Favras. It was ten o'clock in the morning: the particulars of the crime of which the Marquis was accused were not yet known; and already the speech delivered at the Hôtel de Ville by Monsieur, brother to the King, had been published. The Prince had demanded during the night that the Council should assemble at eight o'clock; and there he betrayed M. de Favras, his former servant,[1] who had received his instruction

[1] M. de Favras had been attached to Monsieur as Captain of the Cent Suisses, or guards of the door.—*Note of the Author.*

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and acted by his orders, with whom he had arranged the flight of the King, of the Royal Family and himself. He made many protestations of his attachment to the new order of things and to the Constitution, and declared himself the first citizen of the kingdom. By that means he delivered over his confidant to the rigour of the laws and to an infamous death on the gallows. The Royalists were overwhelmed with dismay and indignation. The most sensible amongst them felt convinced that the royal cause was irretrievably lost, and that no hopes were left for the King. Such treachery, which could not but be the consequence of the most shameful cowardice, discouraged all the friends of the King. "What is to be done," said they, "for a Prince who suffers those who take up his defence to be sent to the scaffold,—who, far from trying to protect them, finds informers against them among his own family?" Of all the faults committed by the Court, this was the most unpardonable. Excuses may be found for want of experience, resolution, and strength of mind; but to deliver up one's friends out of fear,—to abandon them without once raising a hand to save them from the scaffold, is unpardonable baseness! M. de Favras was sentenced to death. I was on duty on the Quai Pelletier when the unfortunate man passed it in a cart, with a halter round his neck, and his hands tied before his breast. His confessor seemed as dejected as though he himself had been doomed to die. Favras, on the contrary, by his noble attitude, his proud and animated look, reminded me of Samblançay, on whose death Marot made those celebrated lines, "Lorsque Maillard," &c. He walked up to the Hôtel de Ville, uttered a few noble sentences, took great care not to expose the man who had so cruelly betrayed him, and courageously submitted to his fate. Some wretches were base enough to applaud. A few days before his death, he expressed a wish to see M. Talon, the Advocate-General. To him he told in confidence all the particulars of his plan, and the orders he received from the Count de Provence. "Have you these orders in

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writing?" asked the magistrate. "No."—"In that case you have nothing to do but to recommend to the King's generosity your wife and children, for you are a lost man." I heard twenty years ago, at Dresden, that the family of the unfortunate Favras lived in Bohemia in the greatest misery. My indignity at the strange and odious conduct of the Court in this affair was so strong that I made no secret of it to M. d'Ormesson. "You are too young," he said, "and at too great a distance from the Court, to be able to judge of its motives. Supposing even M. de Favras had received orders, could the Royal Family acknowledge them? That man's death is undoubtedly a very unfortunate circumstance, but it was a necessary sacrifice to the King's safety. He has perished, the victim of his loyalty. He has suffered an ignominious death; but God will receive him in grace, and his sentence will be rectified by posterity." I had too much respect for M. d'Ormesson to make any reply; but he must certainly have perceived that he had not convinced me.

Twenty-eight years have now elapsed since the death of M. de Favras. I have read more than twenty times over all the particulars of his trial. Neither age, knowledge of mankind, experience, nor the various events I have witnessed, have had power to weaken or modify the first impression I received. I am still convinced that those who sacrificed him were guilty of a total want of honesty and good policy, and acted with the utmost baseness. By his conduct in this affair the King was irretrievably lost; and a part of his family inspired sentiments of hatred and contempt that still subsist to this day. Those sentiments were not felt alone by those who were by birth and rank connected with royalty; they were shared by every honest citizen. Many years afterwards I discovered in all classes the same energetic indignation; and when Louis XVIII. re-entered the metropolis, all those who were not led away by the enthusiasm of novelty, and the number was great, had at the bottom of

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their heart and on their lips the name of the unfortunate Favras.[1]

This enterprise, which so fatally terminated, augmented the distrust of the people, and was of wonderful service to the revolutionary party. Those who still believed that the King really intended to give the people their promised advantages were undeceived, and his enemies turned it to account to envenom their accusations. Libels were spread about with so much profusion and such rapidity, that it became impossible for the Court to offer any defence. It was about that time that the rage of emigration began. It appeared an easier task to go to Coblentz to threaten than to remain in Paris to assist the King, or to commence in the provinces a civil war, the chances of which would at that time have been doubtful, especially when waged by men who were unable to cast off their luxurious habits, and who, unknown to themselves, carried in their breasts some of the seeds of the revolution, that is to say, want of discipline and subordination, discontent and a taste for innovation. The Royal Family remained, therefore, surrounded by a few hundred noblemen, whom duty, or the most noble and courageous fidelity, still retained in France; but this fidelity was accompanied with so much hatred of the patriots, and so much foolish presumption, that it proved more dangerous than useful to their master. They were jealous of the National Guards who did duty in the palace; their everlasting derision and threats disgusted all the citizens honestly attached to the King. As soldiers, the National Guard undoubtedly were not undeserving of some little ridicule; but ought they to have been thus irritated whilst they were giving such disinterested proofs of fidelity, and when they might have been so extremely useful? The commander-in-chief

[1] The reader must here not lose sight of the peculiar situation in which Count Lavalette was placed, as a devoted friend of the Emperor and a *personal* enemy of Louis XVIII. A very different account of the affair of M. de Favras may be found in Bertrand de Moleville, *Histoire de la Révolution*, vol. ii. page 341.—*Note of the Translator.*

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of the Guards was more particularly the object of their bitter satires. This soured our temper, and I observed with regret that many honest men who would have laid down their lives for the King took the fatal resolution of abandoning him. I must say, however, that the Royal Family were far from approving the conduct of their pretended friends. The King and Queen always showed the greatest affability to the National Guards; but their example was not followed, nor were even their remonstrances listened to. I may quote one instance, of which the consequences were fatal. The Duke of Orleans had for some time felt that he stood in an equivocal light, and that his position at Court was unworthy of his name and character. He wished to come to a reconciliation with the King and Queen. A negotiation, prudently managed, succeeded completely. It was agreed that the first Prince of the Blood should come publicly to pay his respects—I think it was on Easter Sunday. The apartments were crowded. The Prince appeared at the moment dinner was being served up to the Royal Family. Immediately some silly young men, thinking themselves very clever, cried out—"Take care of the dishes! Here comes the Duke of Orleans!" Another imagined he was doing some wonderful achievement in brushing by the Prince, and saying insolently—"That was a kick." The Prince, seeing himself thus insulted in the King's presence, left the palace abruptly, convinced that the Queen had drawn him into an odious snare. From that moment he joined the most violent of the factions, and the fatal and shameful consequences of that step are but too well known.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE members of the Constituent Assembly were still chiefly occupied in preparing an ill-combined Constitution ; by it, however, they laid the foundation of the Representative System, which cost us so dear, but by which alone France can be saved. All the powers of the state became vested in that Assembly, from the time that the King was unable to wield them. Public Opinion, a jealous and capricious sovereign, had commenced her stormy reign : Louis, whom she was driving from his throne, aware that her strength no longer reigned, imagined that he should recover his sceptre and his crown, where his brother, and the small troop of emigrants that surrounded him, were under foreign control assuming a threatening attitude. As he could not hope to find any Frenchman that would aid his flight, the King confided his design to a foreigner, the Swedish Ambassador. The plan was executed with an address and a zeal deserving of better success than it obtained. The 21st of June, at eight o'clock in the morning, the city learned with the greatest astonishment that the whole Royal Family had disappeared ; but the first feeling of surprise was immediately succeeded by an indifference so general, and by so decided a resolution to dispense with the King and with the royal authority of King, that the grand question of a republic seemed decided. However, some persons,

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ashamed of having been deceived, wished to stop the fugitives : the particulars of the King's arrest at Varennes are well known. The postmaster Drouet, with whom I became acquainted a long time afterwards, told me that the King might have passed without hindrance, if he had not mounted on horseback the moment he was stopped. Drouet was then too agitated to have acted in such a case with decision. Besides, the escort was more than sufficient to overawe the few persons whom curiosity had drawn round the carriage ; and even when the tocsin had collected a greater number, a few firm words from the King would have dispersed them or checked them ; but the King would not, or rather dared not speak. How severely would history have judged this prince, had he been less unfortunate !

His return to Paris was at the same time a most dismal and most imposing scene. An immense population crowded around him as he passed ; a hundred thousand armed men lined the road and the Champs Elysées, to the Tuileries ; a feeling of delicacy, as well as pride, dictated to this multitude the deepest silence. A man deprived of the faculty of hearing might have fancied he saw the triumphant entrance of a conqueror, whilst, in truth, the solemn scene was only an escort of prisoners. This was the second time they passed in agony the square embellished with the statue of Louis XV. ; they were destined to visit it once more, and there to suffer by the hands of the executioner. The sight of that family was heartrending. Their incomprehensible fate excited horror in some, whilst the timid recoiled from them as from beings bearing a mark of inevitable doom, and whose approach brought with it the contagion of misfortune.

The National Assembly adopted the only reasonable course left to that body, namely, to suspend the royal functions. Louis, on the contrary, chose the worst possible course—that of wishing to remain a king, after his flight

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had proved his resolution not to execute sincerely the new laws, and his antipathy for all that had taken place since the Revolution. His forced return, and all the circumstances with which it was accompanied, had degraded the majesty of the throne, and dissipated those illusions without which royalty cannot exist in France. A short time afterwards, the Constitution was completed and presented to him for his acceptance. He signed it, and here begins that long series of acts with which he was reproached in his trial. All things are difficult to a weak mind. A thousand dangers presented themselves to the King's imagination, and it must be owned that he was still more unfortunate in the people that surrounded him than in his own disposition. A crowd of ambitious men besieged the gate of his palace. The King, who himself had no faith in the Constitution, chose ministers who wished to make it serve their private ends, and who sometimes indeed struggled with the public folly, but who frequently caressed it. At first the King was suffered to try quietly enough the scanty prerogatives of a constitutional royalty. He was allowed to form a guard for the protection of his person, but he entrusted the command of it to friends of his own, who were enemies of the Revolution. The law completed this guard with non-commissioned officers and privates influenced by the revolutionary spirit, and a few sons of citizens were admitted into it as a proof of the King's sincerity. The division between these different elements surpassed the most sanguine hopes of the Republicans, besides which the King took no pains to attach his new guards to his person: attentions, kind words, and all that amiability of manner by which men are won, had been since Henry IV. unknown to his posterity; a contemptuous etiquette scorned the use of such means, and regarded them as vulgar intrigue. The consequence was that the Assembly, under I know not what pretence, disbanded this troop, which already amounted to fifteen hundred men. Two obscure municipal officers came to the

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Palace of the Tuileries; induced the Guards to follow them to the Military School, where they peaceably laid down their arms; the next morning not a trace of them was remaining. By a chain of those extraordinary circumstances which belong to the history of our age, there arose from the ranks of these obscure soldiers, who thus passed under the most ignominious yoke, a Marshal of France (Bessières), a man equally distinguished by his gallantry and by his faithful devotion to his master, when acknowledged as King by all the Sovereigns of Europe. The life of Bessières was distinguished by brilliant feats of valour, and would have occupied many bright pages in history, had he not in his latter days disgraced his crown of glory by odious ingratitude towards his benefactor.

The Constituent Assembly, fatigued by long struggles, had resolved, as much perhaps out of disinterestedness as discouragement, to abandon the field of battle. It was succeeded by the Legislative Assembly, who found itself surrounded by hatred of royalty among the people, hatred of the Constitution on the part of the King, discouragement in the hearts of all honest men, and a faction full of energy in favour of a republic. The Assembly divided under two banners. The most numerous party, and, what is more singular, the most talented one, set to work at the destruction of the monarchy, with an ardour and a blindness so inexplicable that the members of that party who still survive have never been able to assign any reasonable motives to justify so much fury. The Legislative Assembly, on opening, received the King in a very decorous manner, and the Book of the Constitution with a ridiculous solemnity. It is sufficient to point out to a people the road to ruin and degradation, and they will stride in it with giant's steps. In the present circumstance they did not mistake the mark. They began by loading the King with obloquy, and then they ridiculed the Constitution itself. But the King was a defenceless victim held in reserve, whom they were sure of

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finding whenever they might be disposed to sacrifice him. First of all, it was necessary to overthrow the fundamental laws. The Constitution was therefore attacked in its essence —in the Ministers and the King that were to put it in execution and protect it. During the last three years, a boundless profusion of laws had been enacted,—a circumstance which deprived them of solemnity, their most necessary appendage. It was consequently not very difficult to bring them into contempt. After them nothing remained but the Sovereign, despoiled and insulted, a true *Ecce homo*, who had borne the greatest outrages, and had not resolution to look in the face a people whose first and constant idol had always been courage. They were to overthrow that King, and never was design wrought with more open audacity. The numerous insults, their regular progress, their variety until the terrible day of the fall,—all was calculated with a coolness and a depth of combination of which there is no other example in history. If the hour of destruction were protracted, no merit is due to the exertions of the Court. The abettors of the Revolution wanted to dispose all things according to their plan, and one of their chief points was to degrade their victim before they slaughtered him.

However, the Sovereigns of Europe now began to imagine that they ought not to remain idle spectators of our contentions. The French Revolution had not alarmed them, for they hoped that our troubles would weaken us. The power of our brilliant nation had made others pay dearly for our glory; and our civilisation, which they were forced to admit amongst themselves, wounded their pride. But when at last they saw that the great question of social organisation assailed their thrones, they resolved to stop the torrent that threatened them. Two of the Sovereigns had a conference together, and with the Elector of Saxony at Pilnitz, who, although too wise to approve of their plans, was still, as a monarch, too weak to reject them. Thus, in conjunction

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with an Emperor of Austria and a successor of Frederick the Great, a French prince was planning the dismemberment of France, without uttering a word in the defence of his country. The news of this act, so like the partition of Poland, fell on Paris like a thunderbolt. The great question of war was discussed in the Legislative Assembly. The debates that took place there had less influence on public opinion than those of the Jacobin Club, where Robespierre began to rule. This man voted against the war. Was it a forewarning that military glory would one day be fatal to him? Did he fear that the French would be beaten?—that foreigners would overthrow the Republic he wanted to raise up, and punish him for the crimes he was about to commit? However, in spite of his faction, war was resolved on. It was undoubtedly the wisest measure; for the enemy was resolved to begin, and France, ill prepared, would have lost all the advantages of the attack. The King gave the command of the army to generals who had taken part in the Revolution, such as Messieurs Lafayette, Luckner, Montesquiou, Biron, De Broglie, Custines, Kellerman, Beauharnais, &c.

But the Jacobins, who already possessed a formidable power, had by far outrun the patriots of 1789. Their cherished government was the Republic, whilst the latter remained true to the constitutional Monarchy. The first action of the war was disgraceful. Our troops attempted an attack on the enemy at Mons, but were repulsed in such confusion that, if the uprightness of our generals had not been so well known, the affair might have seemed concerted either with the Court or with the Jacobins. M. de Dillon, one of the commanders, was on his return assassinated by his soldiers, exasperated at the disgrace they had suffered. But in Paris the Jacobins threw all the blame on the King, and persuaded the people that it was impossible for the troops to gain a victory when commanded by generals appointed by him. In fact, the Monarch, having no more

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power, was unable to transmit energy and discipline to the army. The generals themselves, placed in a most false position, and foreseeing political changes, no longer knew for whom they fought. The soil of France was undoubtedly to be protected; but it was necessary to know in favour of what government. All the generals were noblemen; they had wished for freedom, but with a Monarchy; and the principles of the Jacobins could not be very pleasing to them. The latter resolved to put an end to all uncertainty, by hastening the fall of the throne and the establishment of a republic.

I have already described how the National Guards, who were the King's real defenders, had been discouraged by the Court; they were afterwards intimidated by the faction of the Jacobins. The destruction of the throne, and the establishment of a republic, determined and proclaimed by furious men, whom torrents of blood were incapable of withholding, spread dismay among the respectable citizens of the metropolis. Had they been gifted with but a small portion of energy, had unity reigned among them, and had they themselves known how numerous they were, the throne would have been preserved. But could obscure citizens be required to show that foresight in which men of the highest rank had been wanting? Could they be expected to die for a Sovereign who did not choose to defend himself? They in consequence kept aloof, and the disaffected, delivered of that obstacle, had only the regiment of Swiss Guards to conquer. The King had preferred being protected by them, because he thought it easier to pay foreign troops than to gain the good-will of the French. The Jacobins found but little difficulty in exciting the people against the Swiss; and, thanks to their speeches and writings, the fury of the citizens equalled that of Spanish bulls at the sight of a red flag. "Why," said they, "do Swiss peasants act as guards to the King of the French? Why do those men, so foreign to our customs, our manners, and our language, place themselves

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between the people and their constitutional King? Are there no more French soldiers? The National Guards have lost the confidence of the Court, who seek the protection of foreigners, and a time will come when foreigners will triumph over them. The Royal Family, the generals, the foreign powers, are bound by a secret compact, the execution of which grows every day more visible. There is treason everywhere, and, if adequate measures are not soon taken, all France, but particularly Paris, will be delivered up to fire and sword. Not a moment must be lost."

Sedition of this sort was circulated in a thousand pamphlets, and repeated in all the assemblies of the mob with that vulgar energy so powerful over them. It afforded increased excitement to minds in which all ideas of order or submission were long since obliterated. The Jacobins began their operations; but they wished to begin by a trial, in the hope of gaining amidst the fury of a new riot what might perhaps not succeed in a regular attack. On the 20th of June, the whole faubourgs set themselves in motion, and came down to the Palace of the Tuileries, under the pretence of claiming from the King his assent to several decrees he had rejected. General Lafayette was no longer in Paris; the heads of the divisions commanded by turns the National Guards; but none of them had any influence. The orders that were given to the citizens to assemble at the palace were not executed, and the Royal Family had only to depend on its own influence and that of the courtiers who did not show themselves. The rebels entered the palace, broke open the doors, and advanced to the apartments of the King, who came to meet them with noble spirit. The sight of the Monarch, and the calmness of his manner, disconcerted those who marched foremost, and who were probably the most desperate of the gang. That first moment saved the King and his family. The shouts and imprecations of the mob that followed were without effect. The opportunity

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was lost for slaughter, and the rebels attempted in vain to regain their advantage. A sort of strange dialogue took place between the King and the leaders of the mob. The vanity of the latter was flattered, but the Monarch could not avoid the humiliation of putting on the red cap. The roof rang with horrible cries and frightful abuse. The Queen, in particular, was the object of most terrible threats, and she was present all the while. This time the King's condescension was not an act of weakness. His fate must be deplored, and the barbarous insult of the red cap must be considered in the same light as the crown of thorns placed on the head of the Christian lawgiver.[1] That despicable triumph satisfied the Jacobins. They let the mob depart, firmly resolved, however, to take more decided measures.

The 20th of June was a signal victory for the rebels; but did it cause the Court and the Royalists, who prided themselves in being so courageous and powerful, to open their eyes? If the King still entertained hopes, they could only be founded on the enemies of France. A pitiful resource! Ought he not to have felt that their triumph would be a sentence of death for him? When a great body of men, led by bold and able chiefs, have once placed outrage between themselves and reconciliation, their success can only be ensured by crimes. One step alone, and the noblest, remained to be taken by the King;—that was, abdication: he should have laid down all the ensigns of royalty, have left the Tuileries in broad daylight, on foot, surrounded by his family, and, having disbanded his guards, put his life in the hands of the magistrates. That would have been a bold act; but the King had no comprehension of such a step.

I know that it is easy to reason on events after they are passed; but in this case the Monarch's conduct was traced

[1] Le Législateur des Chrétiens. The translator begs his readers' pardon for M. Lavalette's impiety.

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out by circumstances. He had no more hope left—no more friends whose devotion amounted to the sacrifice of their lives—no more power, for his enemies turned it against him. When disgraced on the throne, it was high time to become a private citizen. Such a noble step would have struck awe in the minds of every one. In the eyes of the people, he had been till then an every-day King; but that King, divesting himself of his purple robes, stepping down from the throne, and saying to the nation, "I have governed you during eighteen years with moderation; you deprive me of the necessary power to hold the reins of the state; you wish for a republic; establish one; I submit to your will. In giving up the throne, I only ask for the lives of my wife and children. As for myself, I remain in your hands. You may subject me to insult and bodily suffering; but my soul belongs to God—you can neither enfeeble nor debase it." I am much mistaken if such words addressed to the French people would not have deeply touched and perhaps reclaimed them. Instead of that, the unfortunate Monarch wished to retain a sceptre already broken in his hands: the result is but too well known.

Among the persons whom I met in society, my attachment to the royal cause particularly attracted the attention of the Marquis de Verdière. He was an old man, of an ardent and chivalrous mind. His long services in India had raised him to the rank of a major-general. He was not rich, and at the age of sixty-five he came to court dangers in defence of his King, with as much spirit as he formerly had sought them in battle for the sake of glory. That amiable old gentleman had conceived a particular friendship for me. I used to see him every day, especially in the interval between the 20th of June and the 10th of August. It was through him that I was enabled to form some idea of all the childish delusions with which the poor defenders of the King fed their fantastic hopes. They had suffered during three years all the insults of their enemies, and instead of fixing

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their eyes on the inevitable future, they triumphed when perchance some biting pamphlet, well seasoned with witty sarcasms, was published with success. I frequently left the Marquis in the evening hopeless and dejected, and the next morning he appeared full of the most extravagant hopes. Letters had been received from Coblentz, announcing the advance of three formidable armies, or one of the provinces had risen up in arms, or some secret plot was to burst like thunder and level the Jacobins with the dust. Even after the 20th of June he still dreamed of the most decided successes: an immense party was forming among the National Guards, under the protection of the Ministry, and the Federation of the 14th of July was to give the signal of the King's triumph over his enemies. The long wished-for day came at last, and brought with it only fresh insults to the unfortunate Monarch.

The inhabitants of Paris were at that time infatuated with a deputy of the Legislative Assembly, called Petion. He was a member for one of the departments of the late province of Picardy. I have in vain consulted my memory to discover in what manner he became mayor of Paris. The publications of the time have recorded of him not one action, not one speech, capable of explaining his celebrity. It is, however, probable that his party found him possessed of some talent, or they would not have conferred on him the highest magistracy of the metropolis, at a period when that office gave so much influence over the Assembly to the man who enjoyed it. Petion was in the meridian of life; he was a man of tall stature and dignified appearance; his manners were polite, and his character bold, which latter quality was, I suppose, the circumstance that determined the choice of his party. Perhaps, however, that boldness was nothing more than ambition in a shallow mind; for nothing resembles courage more than ignorance of danger. Petion was then the idol of the people. He succeeded M. Bailly, who, a little while beforehand, had exercised the

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greatest rigour of the law against the rebels who assembled in the Champ de Mars to proclaim the Republic. On their refusal to disperse, he hoisted the red flag as a signal that martial law was to be executed, and gave orders to fire upon them. A mayor who, on the contrary, caressed the caprice of the mob, and who had devoted himself entirely to the Republicans, could not fail to excite considerable enthusiasm. On the 14th of July, Petion appeared at the head of all the most vulgar and turbulent part of the populace of Paris. Above one hundred thousand men wore on their hats, *in large characters*, the inscription: *Petion or death.* This was the watchword of the day, and appeared like a fundamental maxim of the horrible anarchy that was about to exercise its fury.

The King was dragged to the ceremony with his family. There he heard once more, and not for the last time, expressions of hatred and rage. He took his station in the same palace, and at the same window, where two years before the better portion of the nation had assembled in his presence, to render him the homage of veneration and gratitude, which was then sincere. Undoubtedly at that time the illusion which a faithful people had impressed on the King's mind was removed, and this new and gloomy representation must have appeared to him as the consequence of the first, but how different in the eyes of those who observed with attention the succession of events! In 1790, a great people, inflamed by liberty, powerful by the consciousness of their strength and their rights, demanded sincerely a monarchy founded on law: the most affectionate concord seemed to reign between the people and the Sovereign. The storms of July and October, 1789, the agitations which had taken place in some of the provinces, had grieved all honest men, who detested them from the bottom of their hearts: love for the Monarch, and an abhorrence of anarchy, seemed a sacred pledge that France would be no more troubled by it. In the month of July, 1792, on the con-

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trary, that nation, so generous, so united, had in a manner disappeared before a horde of barbarians. Feelings of hatred and revenge had succeeded nobler sentiments. The Monarch, but lately so beloved by the country, and his family, her most cherished hope, were disgraced by cruel insults, and dragged to the public squares like as to the place of execution. At the ceremony of the Federation, the King was forced to pass between two files of ruffians uttering insults and threats of rage, on his way to the Champ de Mars to swear once more that he would maintain a Constitution he had signed in spite of himself, and that had already disappeared under the rebels' feet.

M. de Lafayette, having received the account of the criminal attempt of the 20th of June, wanted to lead his army to Paris to protect the King against the Republicans; but he soon discovered that all feeling of love, and even of interest for the fate of the Monarch, was extinguished in the hearts of his soldiers. A king seemed now to be a thing superfluous, or out of place, in the Constitution. The army was in the enemy's presence; its chief desire was to wash off the disgrace of its first defeats, and to lay by victory the foundation of national independence. M. de. Lafayette had the noble courage to attempt alone what he could not obtain of his army. He came to Paris, appeared at the bar of the Assembly, complained with energy of the insults the King had suffered, of the acknowledged plan of destroying the Constitution, and of the anarchy with which France was threatened. This noble step, although supported by the minority of the Assembly, did not succeed, and Lafayette was on the point of being impeached. From thence he went to the Palace of the Tuileries, where he was received with coolness. Instead of appearing grateful for this act of fidelity, the prejudices of the Royal Family were so strong, that it is said the Queen declared she would prefer dying to being served by such an enemy. The general left Paris, sorely grieved for the fate of his King and country. He was

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soon followed by the emissaries of the municipality; and a few days after his return to the camp, he was obliged to fly to a foreign country for refuge; but, instead of finding that refuge, he was, in violation of all the laws of nations, made a prisoner in the dungeons of Austria.

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CHAPTER V.

THE enterprise of M. de Lafayette, notwithstanding its ill success, made the Jacobins sensible that they had not a moment to lose for the accomplishment of their plans. The Court was upon its guard: it was no longer possible to attempt assassination; an attack by open force was in consequence resolved and fixed on for the 4th of August. But whether the conspirators were not yet ready, or whether that day had only been named to deceive the Court, the attack did not take place then. M. de Verdière passed all day at the palace, and on returning in the evening he used to make me share his fears without being able to inspire me with his hopes. He told me that emissaries were dispersed through all the suburbs, and even in the club of the Jacobins itself; that all their designs were known; that the National Guards were commanded by M. Mandar, a late officer of the Gardes Françaises; that on the first order he might give, twenty thousand citizens would rise in arms; that all the loyal nobility and citizens of Paris would go to the palace; that the King would mount his horse; and that the day intended for his ruin would be his triumph. I did all I could to convince him that the National Guards would not march; that they had lost all confidence in their own power; that they were divided in their opinions, and, above all, discouraged; in one word, that they were afraid of the Jacobins. I observed that M. Mandar was scarcely known, and inspired no confidence; that three or four battalions of gallant men

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would be insufficient to repulse the aggressors, who were the whole populace of Paris; that the Swiss Guards were objects of horror, and would be overpowered by the irritated people; that it would therefore be wiser to make use of the protection of these troops, for the purpose of leaving Paris, and retiring towards Normandy, where a numerous body of cavalry might join the Court. I insisted chiefly on the necessity of leaving the Tuileries in the night. The Swiss being masters of the post at the turning bridge that communicated with the Place Louis XV., the first hours of the retreat would pass off tranquilly. But it was impossible to make Verdière listen to reason. He continually referred to the marks of courage and loyalty exhibited in petitions signed by two hundred and twenty thousand citizens, who every day, and on every occasion, openly declared their love for their King and their implacable hatred of the rebels. "These are only signs manual," I said; "the citizens will fly on the firing of the first cannon. You do not know what it is to hear women lament and children cry. The good people will retire to their beds and weep." I was unable to convince him, and he was a faithful echo of all those who surrounded the Royal Family. However, this noble old man behaved very gallantly; he escaped by a miracle the massacre at the palace, went to Coblentz, and having returned to Paris a short time afterwards, he perished on the scaffold.

The 10th of August was at last decidedly fixed upon by the conspirators. The battalion of St. Antoine, in which I served, was not decided to take any share in the day, although it was commanded by a staunch Royalist; but my company of chasseurs was under the orders of a young architect named Blève, a man of determined spirit, and one in whom we placed entire confidence. He sent us word at two o'clock in the morning. The greatest part of the company joined him, and at four we set off for the Tuileries. A dismal sight presented itself to us in the way. Numerous groups of common

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people, armed with sabres, pikes, and pistols, crossed the Rue St. Antoine, going towards the suburb, and casting threatening looks, as if they were surprised to see us march another way. Some of them abused us, others called their neighbours. The women were at the windows, or in the streets, embracing with tears their husbands and sons. The gloomy energy of these men was depicted in their countenances and motions. As we advanced, the deepest silence reigned on the quays ; daylight seemed to recoil before the sacrilegious spectacle of a city abandoned to all the horrors of civil war and crime.

We arrived in the court of the Tuileries a little before five o'clock. At that time the palace had not the imposing aspect which now renders it one of the most noble royal residences. The large court, separated in all its length from the square by an iron railing, was divided in three parts, each encumbered by houses and walls. Instead of the railing there were old decayed buildings, occupied by tradespeople, and the grand entrance closed with a folding door. A short while after we had arrived in the middle court, a company of artillery of the sections of the Blancs Monteaux entered with two field-pieces, crying *Vive le Roi!* The battalions of the Petits Pères and the Filles St. Thomas had preceded us, and were drawn up in line of battle in the court. We soon joined together, interchanging the most touching tokens of friendship for one another, attachment to the King, and hatred of the rebels.

At five o'clock we learned that the King was going to review us. He soon appeared, accompanied by a few officers of his household and about twenty persons in plain dresses, armed with pistols and muskets. His cold tranquillity and apathy under such terrible circumstances produced a painful impression. He addressed to us, as he was passing by, a few words we did not hear, and returned to the palace. This scene made a dismal impression upon us, but it was quickly dissipated when the grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles

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St. Thomas proposed to us to sign a proclamation in favour of the King, written by one of their officers. We went into a room on the ground-floor, which has since served as antechamber for the home department of the Council of State. The gallant author of the proclamation had been wounded a few days before by the Marseillais in the Champs Elysées, and had been carried to the Tuileries in a handbarrow. We had the pleasure of embracing him. I suspect he must have perished a few hours afterwards, and I am sorry I do not recollect his name.

The emissaries we sent to the Faubourg St. Antoine came every now and then to tell us that the enemy was setting out and would soon arrive. We were fully determined to repulse him. Nevertheless our unbounded devotedness to the royal cause could alone make us blind to the smallness of our numbers and our desperate situation. I can affirm that there were no more than three hundred men in the chief court, and none at all either in the Pavillon de Flore or in the Pavillon Marsan. The Swiss occupied all the apartments of the palace, and, to crown the whole, the general in chief of our well-disposed army was M. de Wittinghoff, an old man above sixty, who spoke barbarous French, knew nothing either of France or Paris, was rather lame, and certainly had not the least idea of the enemies he had to oppose or the position he had to defend. In fact, if the Jacobins themselves had arranged the order of our defence, and chosen our general, they could not have done better for their own interest.

On the approach of the enemy, the King resolved to seek refuge in the Legislative Assembly. A grenadier of the National Guards informed us that he had carried the Prince Royal in his arms on the terrace of the Feuillants, and described all the insults the Royal Family had endured from the populace, who already filled that part of the garden. A little while afterwards, M. Roederer, syndic or president of the directory of the department of the Seine, came to us,

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and desired us, in the name of the law, not to attack, but to repel force by force. This was, no doubt, very prudent on his part; but what were we to defend? Was it the palace and its furniture? or did not the King, by leaving his residence and going to the Assembly, seem to declare that he surrendered himself up to that Assembly which was now the sovereign authority, and whence we were to receive our orders? The King's retreat, and the speech of M. Roederer, spread discouragement and confusion among the National Guards; the cannoneers of the battalion of Blancs Monteaux threw down their matches, stamped upon them, and said there was nothing more to be done, there being no king to defend.

During this scene, I was on duty at the gate of the court, facing a Swiss, an absolute machine, with whom it was impossible to exchange a word. But an aide-de-camp of General Wittinghoff passing near me, I asked him what his general intended doing. He shrugged up his shoulders and said, "I do not think he knows himself; but I believe we are in an awkward situation. We have to fight the Marseillais; I know the people of Provence; and if the plan is to spare them, we are lost." He had scarcely spoken, when howlings gave us notice of the enemy's approach, and the doors soon gave way to the repeated blows of the thick beams with which they struck them. All the guards that were in the court dispersed, and I followed gravely my Swiss companion, who, according to the orders he had received, returned at a slow pace to the palace, and we entered together the saloon of the guards.

The Swiss were ranged on the two sides of the great staircase, and in all the apartments facing the windows, three in depth. The officers were trying to stimulate them, but their faltering voices betrayed their consternation. I had expected to find National Guards in the palace. Surprised to see nothing but foreigners, I was uncertain as to the manner I should act, when a Swiss officer, taking me by the arm,

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begged me to accompany him to the garden, where his company was stationed. My regimentals were a sort of protection. We went down together to the first landing-place, facing the door that leads to the old chamber of the Council of State. There we found the great staircase barred by a beam, and defended by several Swiss officers, who were politely disputing the way with about fifty men, whose dress made them look like robbers in a melodrama. They were intoxicated, and their coarse accent betrayed their origin: they came from Marseilles. The officer repeatedly told them that the Royal Family were gone to the Assembly, that there was nobody in the palace, and that the Swiss had received a positive order to defend its entrance. But reason was of no avail with them. "We will enter! we will examine all the apartments!" was their only answer, mingled with cries of "Vive la Nation!" The soldiers, by command of the officers, returned in bad French the same cries, and raised their hats on their bayonets. At last the conspirators succeeded. The barrier gave way to their efforts; they forced their passage, and we seized the opportunity to go down. We were still in the vestibule, when a well-directed fire began from the apartments and almost at the same moment the cannon were heard. I am convinced that the Swiss fired first; my memory has never for a moment deceived me in respect to that circumstance. It is, however, useless to discuss the point; for it is certain that the conspirators came with a view to attack the King: if the Swiss began to fire, it must have been because the Court had hopes of gaining the victory. But in that case the Swiss ought to have gone down, or rather to have marched against the enemy, and have attacked him in the streets before he had time to draw up in the square. It seems that the plan was to attack the enemy's flank, as some Swiss, posted in the court of Marsan, made a sortie, and even took two field-pieces; but they were repulsed. The first discharges from the palace had killed or wounded a great many, and the principal court had been

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quickly evacuated : but the cannonade brought disorder and consternation into the ranks of the Swiss. They abandoned the windows ; the enemy advanced with renewed courage, crossed the court, and rushed into the apartments. The unfortunate Swiss were unable to defend themselves any longer. The most horrible massacre began, and terminated only when the last of them fell. They were pursued from chamber to chamber ; the most obscure corner, the most solitary cabinets, even the chimneys into which some had crept, could not save them. They were thrown out of the windows, and their bodies were stripped and exposed to the barbarous derision of women of the lowest class, as those of the murdered Protestants after St. Bartholomew were subjected to the indecent railleries of the ladies of the Court.

Two hours sufficed to exterminate twelve hundred warlike and well-disciplined soldiers commanded by brave and devoted officers. Three or four hundred noblemen stationed in the apartments that join the Pavillon de Flore, and who were undoubtedly designed to attack the enemy's left flank, had the good luck to escape through the gallery of the Louvre. They had been hoping for a triumph in the result of the battle.

A battle it really was, and ability as well as courage ensured the success of the revolution party. The manner in which the royal troops were disposed, was, as I mentioned above, quite contrary to common sense. The throne and the existence of the Royal Family were at stake, and they were trusted to an old Courlander in the service of France, and to Swiss soldiers. In such a populous metropolis, where so many brave men might have come to assist the Monarch, he was left with only four hundred defenders. The King might at least have stimulated his troops by his presence and his courage ; instead of which, he left them in the decisive moment to seek refuge among his most inveterate enemies. On the part of the conspirators the plan for the attack had

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been well combined ; the vanguard was composed of Marsellais and enthusiasts, who feared no danger and looked upon death as a glorious martyrdom. The army was protected by fifty cannons, well served, and had determined chiefs. Among these were principally distinguished an Alsatian named Westermann, who acquired a great name in the war of the Vendée afterwards, and Ragowski, a Polish refugee, a well-informed man, and tutor to the son of one of the first noblemen in France. Forced to leave his country, after having fought for his liberty, he had carried to his new home all the hatred he entertained for the treachery of his Sovereign. Louis XVI. appeared to him as guilty as Poniatowski, and he seemed on the 10th of August inspired with a wish to avenge the indifference which the cabinet of Versailles had shown to Poland at the time of her first misfortunes. He was killed at the head of the column he commanded.

Cannon-balls fell on all sides in the garden of the Tuileries. I sought refuge in the Legislative Body. What a scene did I witness there! The King and his family were crowded into a reporter's box near the President. The King remained motionless, and affected the air of an indifferent spectator ; the Queen softly pressed her children to her bosom, and seemed from time to time to wipe away her tears with her handkerchief. In the hall some persons showed marks of fear, while others took pains to disguise their fury and their satisfaction ; all betrayed an agitation, an anxiety that did not allow them to remain in their places. The debates continued, however, with an appearance of order, on subjects foreign to the terrible tragedy that was acting. Victory was at last announced by the conquerors themselves bearing into the hall the spoil of the palace, and proclaiming the massacre of the vanquished amidst furious cries of "The Nation for ever! Death to all traitors!" The King had been obliged, in the beginning of the contest, to sign an order forbidding the advance of the Swiss battalion at Courbevoye ; and it is

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a circumstance worthy of remark, that the Court, being resolved to defend itself, did not call in that battalion during the night.

I left the melancholy scene and went to the Marquis de Verdière. The unfortunate old man was not yet come home, but he soon arrived, half dead with despair and fatigue. He had passed the night in the palace, and had escaped by a sort of miracle through one of the doors of the gallery of the Louvre. We embraced one another, and both of us shed tears. He was at last convinced that no hope remained, and I pressed him to leave the country as quickly as possible. He wanted to take me with him, but I told him I was going to join the defenders of my country. "Your cause is no more mine," I said; "I am not born a nobleman; I have paid my debt to my Sovereign, and now my country claims me. I must defend her against foreigners who wish to divide her for their spoil, and I shall remain faithful to her." He had no more illusions to offer me; he yielded, and we separated never to meet again. I learned since that, after having made a pilgrimage to the Royalist army, where he was badly received, because he came too late, he returned to Paris, was denounced as a returned emigrant, and died on the scaffold.

The day after the 10th of August, the fate of the Royal Family was at last decided. They had passed the night in the cells of the convent of the Feuillants, near the hall of the Assembly. They stepped into a large coach, and were led in triumph to the tower of the Temple, along the Boulevard, and across the Place Vendôme, where the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. had already been thrown down. I wished to cast a last look on the unfortunate family before their imprisonment, and I forced my way into the mob while they were getting out of the coach. Among the number of persons that surrounded the carriage, I observed a horrible-looking man. Half his face was covered with a long and thick beard; he was dressed in a sort of smock frock, which

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soon after became the uniform of the Jacobins. Though his look was haggard and furious, he seemed embarrassed on observing the anxious curiosity of those that stood around him. I asked who he was. "It's Jourdan of Avignon," was the answer; "Jourdan, Coupe-Tête." In fact it must have been either the wretch who distinguished himself by the massacres of the Glacière d'Avignon, or some one resembling him, placed there with a view to augment the terror of the Royal Family.

A few days after the 10th of August, the Legislative Assembly closed its session, and decreed that another Assembly should sit in its stead. The members of the Gironde party, who had contributed most to the fall of the throne, hastened to get themselves re-elected.

Among the members of that party, some have so many surviving friends that they ought not to be condemned rashly. Great praise is still bestowed on the uprightness of their intentions, their rigid honesty, their eminent talents, and their invincible courage. I am far from disputing these two last qualities; but what was the situation of France when they entered the Legislative Assembly, and what did they do to maintain the Constitution which that Assembly was appointed to protect? Had it become utterly impossible to support it? Was the King an invincible obstacle, or the republican faction an enemy whose progress could no longer be stopped? Was not a courageous struggle in favour of constitutional monarchy a sacred duty? Was not unanimous, firm, and heroic resistance preferable to the miserable presumption of wishing to reign on the ruins of the throne and the Constitution? I fear history will accuse the Gironde party of having been led away by the desire of shining as orators; and it will probably be said that the greater part of them were more intent on keeping up a successful contest with the heroes of the Constituent Assembly than impelled by the noble ambition of saving their country by following a steady line of conduct.

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The last twenty days of the month of August were not lost for the revolutionary party. They knew the maxim, that a victorious general must not leave a moment's rest to his vanquished enemy. As soon as they had shut up the Royal Family in the Temple, and butchered all the Swiss soldiers that remained in Paris and its environs, they hastened to imprison all persons suspected of being attached to the King. Noblemen, clergymen, servants of the palace, women, and even children, who had had the least connection with the Court, were seized without any exception, and prisons were soon more numerous than playhouses. A new misfortune roused to the highest pitch the rage of the Jacobins, and filled the public with consternation : a foreign enemy obtained alarming successes, whilst the ridiculous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick announced to the city of Paris the terrible punishment that threatened her. The frontier towns of Longwy and Verdun had surrendered ; and, by a shameful and criminal policy, the Sovereigns who came to assist the unfortunate Louis XVI. placed their banners on the conquered cities, as a proof that they would never restore them. The French nation, insulted in its independence, united its exertions to the fury of the Jacobins, and France was saved amidst torrents of blood.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE news of the surrender of Verdun, and the impossibility of stopping the advance of the enemy, reached Paris on the morning of the 2nd of September; and by five o'clock some members of the municipality began to ride about the streets on horseback with flags in their hands, and crying, "To arms!—The enemy," they added, "approaches —you are all lost! The city will be a prey to fire and pillage! Take up your swords, join the armies, and the infamous foreigners will be repulsed! You have nothing to fear from the traitors and conspirators you leave behind; they are in the hands of the patriots, and national justice will strike them with its thunderbolts." These terrible words, repeated on all sides, spread general dismay. What was the meaning of the thunderbolt of justice? Alas! that expression was but too soon explained: about two hours after, it was reported that the prisoners were to be executed! I ran to the hall of my section, where I found M. Dutillet. He took me aside, and said, "Within an hour the prisoners at the Hôtel de la Force will be butchered. I have an order from Tallien for the release of Madame de Tourzel and her daughter. Blève, captain of the Chasseurs, accompanies me. We want a third person: will you go with me?" I accepted most readily his proposal. It was agreed that Dutillet should enter the prison; that Blève and he should take charge of the two ladies; and that I should accompany

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them, for the twofold purpose of engaging the attention of such as might stop them in a part of the town where they were so well known, and to help to defend them in case they should be attacked. We encountered no difficulty in getting the ladies out of prison ; we passed along the Rue du Roi de Siècle, and boldly crossed the church of the Petit St. Antoine, where the Assembly was held. By good luck, night was beginning to protect us ; we were in no manner disturbed, and Madame de Tourzel found in the Rue St. Antoine her friends, who placed her in safety. When we returned to Dutillet's, we deliberated on the means of preventing the massacre of the prisoners of La Force. The consciousness of doing a good action augments one's courage. It was impossible to think of beating the *générale* without an order from the commander-in-chief ; time pressed, and, besides, the commander was Santerre, one of the leaders of the Jacobins. We had no alternative but to run to some of the National Guards whom we looked upon as the most steady. I spoke to a great many of them in the space of an hour and a half, and, notwithstanding my most pressing entreaties, I could make no impression on them. Men in the prime of life and health, in whom I thought I had discovered a strong love of liberty, feelings of humanity, and respect for the laws, remained unmoved, while I pictured to them the slaughter they were going to witness. "What can we do ?" was the answer of all those I saw. I could not excite them to a noble effort. Some did not believe the massacre ; others said they could not march without an order from their chiefs. Some even said to me—"The prisoners are conspirators who deserve no pity ; our sons are going to the army ; civil war will break out ; we shall perish the victims of our humanity ; it is said, besides, that there will be judges, and that the innocent will be spared." The exertions of my two companions were not crowned with more success than my own ; we separated at nine o'clock. The massacre was already raging in all its force. Being less known than my friends, I flew to the

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prison. Before the wicket that leads to the Rue des Ballets, I found about fifty men at most. These were the butchers; the rest had been drawn there by curiosity, and were perhaps more execrable than the executioners; for, though they dared neither go away nor take part in the horrid deed, still they applauded. I looked forward, and at sight of a heap of bodies still palpitating with life, I uttered a cry of horror. Two men turned round, and, taking me abruptly by the collar, dragged me violently to the street, where they reproached me with imprudence, and then, running away, left me alone in the dark. The horrible spectacle I had witnessed deprived me of all courage: I went home, overwhelmed with shame and despair for humanity so execrably injured, and the French character so deplorably disgraced.

The particulars of the massacre having all been recorded in the memoirs of the time, I need not repeat them here. I was moreover no spectator of them. They lasted three days, and, I blush while I write it, at half a mile from the different prisons nobody would have imagined that their countrymen were at that moment butchered by hundreds. The shops were open, pleasure was going on in all its animation, and sloth rejoiced in its vacuity. All the vanities and seductions of luxury, voluptuousness, and dissipation, peaceably swayed their sceptre. They feigned an ignorance of cruelties which they wanted the courage to oppose. And still there existed an Assembly, the organ and supreme protectress of the laws, ministers entrusted with the executive power, a paid guard and magistrates. The unfortunate prisoners that were slaughtered had friends and relations, on whom they could not bestow a last look. They perished, after horrible agony, in the midst of the most cruel torments. Twelve hundred persons were killed in those three days.

Still, so much bloodshed did not satisfy the rage of the September murderers! They were sensible that the slaughtering of twelve hundred persons would spread dismay and indignation over France and Europe. Victory

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was therefore become doubly necessary. National pride and the bad policy of the enemy were of wonderful service to them. In less than a fortnight, more than sixty thousand men left Paris for the army. The youths of the departments, animated by the most generous patriotism, did not wait for the example of the metropolis, and in a short time the armies were augmented threefold. I did not dare to enlist in a battalion of volunteers, being noted as an enemy of the country,—that is to say, of the Jacobins. The more indulgent blamed me: they said I was hot-headed, heedless, and had thrown myself through vanity into a party I ought to have detested. I had moreover signed all the petitions in favour of the Court, and had been at the palace on the 10th of August: that was more than sufficient for a sentence of death. Not knowing how to get away, I went and consulted one of my best friends, Bertrand, the same who has since made himself so honourably known by his talent and his devotion to the Emperor, and who is at present at St. Helena. I had made his acquaintance at the office of the attorney Dommanget, where he studied for the bar. His family had designed him to fill a judicial post in his provinces; but since the suppression of the parliaments his studies were without aim. He acted more wisely than I had done. Instead of meddling in political quarrels, he applied himself during eighteen months in perfect retirement to the study of mathematics. Gifted with judgment and a tenacious character, he could not but succeed. He had just passed his examination, and, having been received, he was going to Chalons to study engineering. To take me with him was not to be thought of; but he advised me to enlist in a free corps, and gave me the address of Lieutenant-Colonel d'Hilliers, who was then organising the Legion of the Alps. Some of my friends were in the same situation as myself; we went therefore together to that officer. There were five of us—young, well educated, possessing some fortune, desirous to fight, but, above all, to leave Paris.

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M. d'Hilliers received us very well; he gave us orders for our route, and next morning, the 7th of September, at five o'clock, we were on the road to Fontainebleau, our knapsacks on our backs, military caps on our heads, and perfectly well disguised by a sort of sailor's dress called a *carmagnole*.

I must beg leave to stop for a few moments before I enter the army. I feel a wish to cast a look behind me on my conduct during the latter years. My education had been rigid. The principles on which it was formed were excellent in all respects. Until I was twenty years old, all scenes of corruption had been carefully kept out of my sight. My parents, my tutors, all the persons who surrounded me, had shown me no examples but those of the purest morality. At a period when the most important political questions were discussed, my educators preserved me from sharing the errors that were most generally adopted. The ridiculous harangues of the section orators saved me from the wish of imitating them. To the study of the works of Montesquieu I added those of Fénelon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mably, &c.; but the authority of the first awed me. I should have imagined I had committed a bad action if, even in language, I had swerved from the discretion a young man must be inspired with by reading such works. I was therefore wise enough to await a maturer age before I manifested political opinions of any sort, and to consult for my conduct my conscience and my heart. These two guides kept me within the bounds of reason and modesty. The Revolution took me by surprise when I was twenty years old. I was born in too obscure a class to be acquainted with all the abuses which that Revolution was meant to correct. I think, however, I did my duty in embracing the Royal cause; and still, at this present moment, I recur with pleasure to the feelings I experienced. Nevertheless, since I grew acquainted with the emigrants, I have frequently asked myself what I had to do among those privileged persons who reckoned the commoners for nothing—I who

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was born a commoner? Whether, after victory, they would have shown me any gratitude for having fought with them? and also, whether, in case a civil war had broken out, I should have done a good action in destroying the sacred cause of Liberty, and marching against my countrymen, and perhaps against my family? I did not wish for the new revolution which took place four years ago, to answer some of those questions against myself. But at that time I did not yet know all I have since learned by experience.

We arrived at Auxerre on the third day after our departure, delighted with having quitted Paris, but full of anxiety for the dear friends we had left there. The Revolution had also passed through that town, and had left bloody traces behind it. The inhabitants were full of consternation, and deploring several young clergymen, sons of the most honourable citizens, that had been slaughtered. We lodged with the uncle of one of these victims, the corpse of whom had been left for three days on a dunghill, his parents not being suffered to bury him. We thought that we ought not to remain long in that city. We set off in consequence for Autun, and we arrived next day at a village, not far from Vermanton, situated amidst woods, and the inhabitants of which got their livelihood by making wooden shoes. Two days before, a bishop and two of his grand vicars, who were escaping in a post-coach, had been arrested by them. The coach was searched, and some hundred louis-d'or having been found in it, the peasants thought the best way to gain the property would be to kill the real owners. Their new profession being more lucrative than their former one, they resolved to continue it, and in consequence set themselves on the look-out after all travellers. Our sailors' dresses were not very promising, but we carried our heads high,—our manners seemed haughty; and so a little hunchbacked man, an attorney of the village, guessed we might perhaps contribute to enrich them. The

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inhabitants being resolved not to make any more wooden shoes, applauded the hunchback's advice. We were brought to the municipality, where the mob followed us. The attorney placed himself on a large table, and began reading with emphasis and in a loud voice all our passports : Louis Amedée Auguste d'Aubonne, André Louis Leclerc de la Ronde, Marie Chamans de La Valette. Here the rascal added the *de*, that was not in my passport. On hearing these aristocratical names, a rumour began : all the eyes directed towards us were hostile, and the hunchback cried out that our knapsacks ought to be examined. The harvest would have been rich. I was the poorest of the set, and I had five-and-twenty louis in gold. We looked upon ourselves as lost, when D'Aubonne, whose stature was tall, jumped on the table and began to harangue the assembly. He was clever at making verses, and knew besides at his fingers' ends the whole slang dictionary. He began with a volley of abuse and imprecations that surprised the audience ; but he soon raised his style, and repeated the words country —liberty—sovereignty of the people,—with so much vehemence and such a thundering voice that the effect was prodigious. He was interrupted by unanimous applause. The giddy-headed young man did not stop there. He imperiously ordered Leclerc de la Ronde to get upon the table. La Ronde was the cleverest mimic I ever saw. He was thirty-five years old, of a grotesque shape, and as dark as a Moor. His eyes were sunk in his head and covered with thick black eyebrows, and his nose and chin immeasurably long. D'Aubonne said to the Assembly : "You'll soon be able to judge whether or not we are Republicans coming from Paris." And turning to his companion, he said to him : "Answer to the Republican catechism. What is God ? What are the people ? What is a King ?" The other, with a contrite air, a nasal voice, and winding himself about like a harlequin, answered, "God is nature ; the people are the poor ; a King is a lion,

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—a tiger,—an elephant—who tears to pieces, devours and crushes the poor people to death." It was not possible to resist this. Astonishment, shouts, enthusiasm, were carried to the highest pitch. The orators were embraced,—hugged, —carried in triumph. The honour of lodging us grew a subject of dispute. We were forced to drink, and we were soon as much at a loss how to get away from these brutal wretches, now our friends, as we had been to escape out of their hands while they were our enemies. Luckily, D'Aubonne again found means to draw us out of this scrape. He gravely observed, that we had no time to stop, and that our country claimed the tribute of our courage. They let us go at last. On the road my companions blamed me for having taken no share in the scene, and having maintained an air of gravity that might have become suspicious in the eyes of people who only sought a pretext to murder us. I had nothing to answer to their observations. I had admired their presence of mind and their gaiety; but my humour did not accord with such tricks. Nature cannot be forced. During the farce they had acted, I recollected a fact I had read, I think in a work of M. Lebœuf, on the History of France during the thirteenth century. A monk of Auxerre, or Dijon, intimated to the abbot of the Benedictines of Paris, who had expressed a wish to see him, that at his age he could not leave his country and undertake so distant and so perilous a journey. Alas! at the end of the eighteenth century, the journey was more perilous still!

From this haunt of robbers we went to Autun. One of us had letters of introduction to a member of the Legislative Assembly, who had not been distinguished in the Convention, and was afraid of showing himself at his usual abode. His family consisted of a respectable and clever wife and three charming daughters. Our stay with them might have endangered them; we therefore continued our journey. There, as well as everywhere else, terror was carried to a great height. Not a motion, not an attempt

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had been made to counteract the enterprises of the factious. People remained silent, or left the place, for fear of exposing themselves. The most honest were denounced, the lower classes made everybody tremble with their clamour, and became everywhere masters, through the misunderstanding and want of courage of those who, having property to save, did not blush to fall back before those who had nothing to lose.

We arrived at last, on the 12th of September, at Villefranche, near Lyons, where the legion of Montesquiou was in garrison. M. d'Hilliers had shown us a pattern of the regimentals, and had boasted to us of the discipline and good appearance of the regiment. We were to be received in the most flattering manner by the officers, all of them well-bred young men, and who would undoubtedly live as brothers with us. We formed to ourselves most delightful ideas of our new manner of living. As we got nearer to Villefranche, our excited imagination made us hasten our pace. We came to the side of a very extensive field, at the other end of which we saw some troops manœuvring. My companions, either through some illusion, or indistinctness of vision, fell into rapture at the wonderful good order of the troops. In fact, their muskets glittered in the rays of the sun, and their lines seemed to present admirable regularity. As for me, I saw nothing but strange dresses, or rather the rags of misery; and the reader may judge of our consternation, when, on approaching, we found four or five hundred wretches in tattered garments, and none but the officers dressed in the elegant regimentals we had so much admired. We were going away, and should perhaps have taken the dangerous resolution of deserting, when an officer came up to us, and asked us, in a strong German accent, whether we had not the honour to belong to the corps. Without waiting for the answer of my companions, I showed my *feuille de route*. They were all obliged to do the same; and, as soon as the manœuvres were finished, the officer placed us in the rear of

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the troop and we entered the city, marching like experienced soldiers, but ashamed of being seen in such bad company by the fair ladies of Villefranche, who looked at us as we passed, and did not seem greatly to admire our appearance.

This still incomplete legion, whose existence, by the bye, was neither long nor brilliant, consisted of the remainder of the regiment of Royal Liegeois that had been disbanded for some wild freaks, and of young men who had enlisted for ten crowns each. They were all of them averse to discipline, and wished to fight for diversion; but the major, M. Ross, was a grave man. I have never since met with a person who carried to so great a degree as he did his enthusiasm for the military catechism, and for all the minutiæ of the service. He knew just French enough to command his troop, which consisted almost wholly of Flemings and Alsatians. After five-and-twenty years' service he had attained the rank of major; but still M. Ross was not satisfied. Since he could no longer maintain discipline by flogging, he complained that command fatigued him. I had become his friend because he had found me exact, attentive, and serious at my exercise. "My friend," he used to say to me, "war is always fatal to an army; there is no more discipline, no more order, no more subordination; woe to the regiment that leaves its garrison for the field of battle! Oh! if you had seen the camp at Verberie or St. Omer; what a beautiful sight that was! The tents all in straight lines; the troops under arms at four o'clock in the morning, their dresses clean, admirable manœuvres, and in the evening at the calling over, nobody missing, everybody ready! Now I have to command nothing but tattered wretches! What am I to do with these young men, whom it is impossible to keep in order? This will be a war indeed! Things will go as bad as they can. But I am resolved to retire from the service." Poor man, he did, in fact, retire the following year, and I hope he lived long enough both to wonder and rejoice at our victories.

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I suffered a great deal in the beginning. I had lived in affluence in Paris in the midst of my family, by whom I was beloved, and in the society of agreeable friends. Now I was forced to live with soldiers: the sergeants vouchsafed to protect me, but the officers never cast a look on me. I began to feel some disgust; but luckily, before it was too late, I made deep reflections on my situation, and I conceived it might be possible to raise myself out of it by giving myself up entirely to the duties I had to fulfil. Till then I had passed my time in coffee-houses, or in reading novels. I left off that idle life: I studied the military law, and rigidly obeyed it in all its details; so that within six weeks I was made a corporal. My situation was growing better. I still obeyed everybody, but I commanded a few.

M. d'Hilliers arrived. Our troop was soon completely equipped; and as that officer had served in the regiment of Alsace, he subjected us to such severe and rigid discipline that in less than two months our legions could vie with the finest corps of the Northern army.

The duties prescribed for each moment, instead of discouraging me, made me fond of them. The manœuvres of a battalion gave me a desire to learn the elements of the art of war, and I read with eagerness several new works that had lately appeared, such as "La Guerre de Poste," by Cossac; "Les Fortifications de Campagne," by De Belair, and others. My colonel, who had taken a liking to me, gave me lessons in strategy and castrametation, and taught me to understand military maps. I was soon raised to the rank of sergeant, and my hopes knew no more bounds when, all on a sudden, General Custines summoned Colonel d'Hilliers to the Rhine army, instead of General Houchard, his first aide-de-camp, who had been appointed to the command of the Moselle army.

The departure of M. d'Hilliers was a thunderstroke for me. But he promised to transfer my companions and myself to the Rhine army, and he kept his word. A short time

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after his arrival at Mentz, we received commissions of second-lieutenants in the 93rd regiment of infantry of the line.

It was at Bourg I received the order to go to the Rhine, and just then arrived the news of the sentence and death of the King. Although the Jacobins were masters of the town, and added, by their vociferations, consternation to the terror their threats and conduct had already inspired, still the fatal account caused a deep impression on the minds of the public. To form a just idea of that terrible sentence, we must consult a pamphlet published by M. de Chateaubriand in the beginning of 1815, wherein he explains with great sagacity the secret motive that induced so many deputies to vote for the death of Louis XVI. The municipality of Paris ruled with all the energy of savage and desperate tyranny. That body insisted at any rate on the death of the King, and threatened openly to murder the whole Royal Family, who were then in their sole power. Many deputies imagined that the only way to save the heir to the throne and his family was to offer up the unfortunate King as a victim to popular fury. They were mistaken, but still deserving of pardon. On the other hand, if it be true that Louis XVI. signed the treaty of Pilnitz ; that he persuaded the privileged classes to leave France and enlist under foreign banners ; that he had agreed with his brothers and their party that they should try to deliver him by means of a war that was to expose his country to all the horrors of invasion, though he had sworn to maintain and execute the Constitution :—if all this be true, I do not hesitate to say that he was guilty ; he could reign no longer. But the Convention had no right to try him, and by putting him to death they committed a most impolitic fault. Did they not see that by taking the life of Louis XVI. they gave the crown to Louis XVIII. ? that they ought to have kept the King prisoner, lest they should place a King in the hands of the enemy ? that the life of a Monarch

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so celebrated for weakness, and for false and contracted ideas, ought to have been carefully protected, as he would soon or late be succeeded by his brother, the qualities of whose mind were so superior to those of the King, and whose character, already known, would have so deplorable an influence over the destiny of France? But the Convention was pressed by passing events, inflamed by resentment, and by the contest of the 10th of August. It consisted in a great part of men without experience, who, seized with a fatal mania for celebrity, wished to impress the minds of the people with a sort of horror mixed with admiration, by a great act of injustice, which they called an act of national justice. They succeeded; but the revenge of Europe fell heavily on France, and France, mighty through the fury of her government, subdued the armies of Europe.

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CHAPTER VII.

None but young men can well feel the happiness of wearing an epaulette, and particularly those who rise from the ranks. It is a feeling of vanity, I own ; but that vanity makes heroes. I was not destined to be one ; but it is not my fault, for I never felt a greater degree of incitement. During the journey, I constantly reflected on the duties I should have to fulfil. My heart beat at the thoughts of my country ; I was proud at the idea of shedding my blood for her. War then raged in all its force. At every place where we stopped to rest, I read the newspapers ; I questioned my landlords ; and whenever I learned that the Rhine army had fought, I burned with impatience. It seemed to me as if I ran the risk of arriving too late. All the ideas that had tormented me in Paris were forgotten ; the happiness of fighting for my country had absorbed them all. If I speak of these deep impressions, that every Frenchman shared, it is because at present they are considered as criminal.

In the Holy Week of the year 1793 I arrived at Worms, where the second battalion of my regiment was in garrison. I went to see my colonel, M. de Loriol. He was an old man, who bore in his countenance all the austerity of a former major, and all his vexation at being obliged to command plebeian officers. He received me very ill, assigned me a company, and sent me away. I then went to my new captain. If the colonel's reception was haughty, that of the captain was impertinent. He had served as sergeant in the

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King's regiment, the non-commissioned officers of which used to learn a little mathematics, to distinguish them from their comrades of other corps. This poor man consequently looked upon himself as an officer of old standing. He spoke ill of his comrades and superiors; said a number of absurdities about war, which he did not understand; and would perhaps have succeeded in making me very unhappy in my situation, if I had not found a protector in M. de la Poterie, my lieutenant-colonel. This respectable gentleman invited me to come and see him frequently, and promised to advance me if I behaved well. He was killed a short time after, at the head of his battalion. His memory has always been dear to me, and I shall never forget the kindness he showed me.

The success of our armies began, however, to diminish. Our conquests had been rapid, but we were in danger of losing them again. Dumouriez, after having deceived both the Court and the Jacobins, wanted to draw the King out of the abyss, and crush his enemies. His presumption led him to hope that he should be luckier than M. Lafayette. But the army took no interest in the King, being bound by no tie to his person; and, though the troops had no affection for a Provisional Government scarcely established, they still remained nobly faithful to their high duty of defending the territory, and insuring the independence of the country. Dumouriez lost Belgium, and was obliged to seek refuge in foreign countries, after having committed two disgraceful acts;—namely, treating with the enemy of his country, and delivering over the commissioners of the Convention, among whom was one of his own old comrades, General Bournonville. The army of the Rhine also was attacked by the enemy with renewed force. Frankfort was evacuated, and we retired to Mentz, and from thence farther back. General Custines left there, as commander-in-chief, General Doiré; as commander of the engineers, Colonel Meguier; as commander of the fortified camp, Major-General Kleber;

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and as commander of the fortress, M. Aubert Dubayet. General Blou was ordered to leave the town at the head of a body of some thousand men, and the garrison of Worms was to cover his retreat. The command of the four battalions of that garrison was given to a young officer of the staff: this was Desaix, who subsequently distinguished himself by so many noble feats, and by his heroic character. General Blou, embarrassed in his retreat by an enormous quantity of equipages belonging to persons unconnected with the army, that had been sent out of the town, was unable to resist the imposing force of the enemy, and was obliged to re-enter the city. He and his troops contributed largely to the loss the enemy suffered during the siege.

General Custines might have taken a fine position behind the Queich, but he preferred retiring behind the lines of the Lutter, resting on the mountains of the Vosges, and on the Rhine at Lauterbourg. The intention of the general in choosing a position so far from Mentz, a place that could not long be left to itself, was undoubtedly to take leisure to instruct and discipline a young and inexperienced army. But he was blamed by many generals, and particularly by Coquebert, one of his aides-de-camp, an officer of distinguished merit, and much esteemed by his commander, not only for his extended information in different branches of military science, but also for a frankness of character which was perhaps not devoid of some asperity. Two days after the arrival of the headquarters at Weissemburg, Coquebert came to the general, and after having again brought to his mind the weighty reasons that ought to have led him to prefer the position of the Queich, he said somewhat harshly that evil reports had been the result of his contrary resolution, and that even the word treason had been pronounced. Custines immediately seized his pistols, and, throwing them on the table, cried, "If I am a traitor, blow my brains out!" Coquebert, struck with the noble indignation of a man so unjustly aspersed, was himself confounded, and the only

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answer he gave his general was, to discharge one of the pistols off in his own face. He fell: his jawbone was broken; but he did not die of his wound. At the trial of General Custines, Coquebert was called as a witness, in the hope that he would renew his charge; but he behaved like an honourable man, completely justifying his general, and accusing himself of a fit of madness. He was subsequently taken prisoner at the battle of Hondschoote. I saw him afterwards in Paris; but probably the sufferings he experienced during his captivity deranged his intellects, for he completely lost his senses, and died in a madhouse, notwithstanding the pains that were taken for several years to cure him.

The departure of General Houchard left the post of chief of the general staff of the army vacant. Custines bestowed it on Colonel d'Hilliers, who was made a major-general, and who chose me for his aide-de-camp. I occupied that post with a great deal of pleasure, because it was an advancement, and procured me means of instruction. The army was at that time not above forty thousand strong. The generals were well chosen; most of them belonged to that part of the nobility which had given proofs of fidelity to their country, in defending it against foreigners, but for which they were cruelly punished. Distrust of the nobility was growing stronger every day in the new Government. Near the armies were placed commissioners of the Convention, who shared the same sentiments. The extent of power with which they were invested prompted them to misuse it. The general-in-chief was forced to communicate and discuss with them, not only his plans, but even the particulars of the service. They were the fountains of favour, and their influence soon became dangerous and fatal to the respect due to the general-in-chief. Several commanders bore impatiently the contumely with which these pro-consuls affected to treat things, and they frequently uttered offensive railleries against their persons.

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The violent temper of General Custines made him repel with anger contradictions that were rendered unbearable by a total absence of propriety and military knowledge. His situation grew more difficult from day to day. It became, however, necessary to act. The communication with Landau had ceased to be militarily established. The siege of Mentz was urged with vigour. Custines was at this time made commander-in-chief of the Northern army, in the place of General Dampierre, who had been killed. He would not, however, leave the army of the Rhine without having drawn it out of the unfortunate position in which it then was; he attacked the enemy along his whole line, but without success. It was reported that his intention was to get his army beaten by the corps of emigrants—an absurd calumny; we scarcely saw that body on the 17th of May. The fact is, that the general who commanded the right of the army at Lauterbourg did not obey the orders he had received, or executed them ill. The enemy, who, according to the plan of the general-in-chief, was to have had his left wing turned, not being attacked on that side, found himself in full force before the centre of the army commanded by Custines; a charge of cavalry was repulsed by a masked battery of two field-pieces, and in their flight the cavalry hurried along with them some battalions. I only mention this battle because it became one of the charges against the unfortunate Custines. He left us on the following day for the Northern army, where the same prejudice and calumny awaited him. He was soon after deprived of his command, and summoned to Paris, where he died on the scaffold. His condemnation was one of the first crimes of the sanguinary tribunal which afterwards committed so many. Custines was a lover of liberty, and never did a thought of treason enter his mind. The consolation of religion soothed his last moments; and such was the fanaticism of his time, that a man who had always shown himself full of intrepidity under the greatest trials was accused of cowardice

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because he walked to the scaffold accompanied by a clergyman.

General Custines had his son with him at the army of the Rhine. All who have known that young man loved him for the noble qualities with which he was gifted. He accompanied his father to the Northern army, and afterwards to Paris, and he soon followed him to the scaffold. It is of little importance to know what pretence was employed to condemn this amiable youth ; the judges had already begun to trample on the most sacred forms. His age, his profession, his manner of living, made him equally a stranger to all factions. He left an only son, who will, I hope, not betray the noble qualities of his father and the glory of his grandfather.

General Alexander de Beauharnais, who took the place of Custines, had also been a member of that Constituent Assembly so replete with honourable men. He had neither the faults of his predecessor, nor his habit of command. The former was violent to an excess, and sometimes incapable of listening to the voice of reason ; still, he was beloved by the soldiers for his frankness and popularity. M. de Beauharnais, on the contrary, had a cultivated mind and a calm temper ; he was fond of order and discipline ; his activity was boundless ; his perception was quick and accurate ; his valour cool and brilliant. The army soon became fond of him. Modest, and even a little circumspect, he showed reserve in the presence of the troops ; and as he did not say much to them, he did not inspire them with the same enthusiasm as General Custines, who liked to make speeches, knew the name of every private soldier, visited the men in the camp and hospitals, and whose blunt good-humour and repartees were quoted everywhere.

General d'Hilliers was also superseded and summoned to Paris, where he was thrown into prison. His successor as chief of the staff was Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, of Irish extraction, who some years before had been attached to the Duke

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of Orleans. At the battle of the 17th of May he commanded a troop of the 2nd regiment of cavalry. His horse having been killed in a charge, and being unable to procure another, he took up a musket and placed himself in the ranks of a company of grenadiers. That action was then considered as very courageous, and he was made a colonel. M. de Beauharnais took him for chief of his staff, and procured him the rank of major-general. M. Clarke added to a taste for his profession all the suppleness of a man who wishes to advance, and that sort of spirit of intrigue for which his countrymen are reputed. He left the army on the 12th of October, having been superseded and sent to Paris. That campaign was the only one in which he ever served. He died a marshal of France. I shall have more than one occasion to mention him; and, although I have cause to be dissatisfied with him, I hope to do him justice.

M. de Beauharnais hastened his march to Mentz; and, though the resistance of the enemy grew stronger from day to day, he succeeded in repelling him. After having fought for five days, we made ourselves masters of Spire and Frankenthal. Two days more and we should have arrived under the walls of Mentz, when accounts of the town having capitulated were received at our headquarters. We were forced to return behind the Lutter.

Courage and good intention were the only qualities of the garrison of Mentz at the beginning of the siege. The generals were intelligent and bold; but the attacks of the besiegers were so vigorous and repeated that the besieged, soldiers as well as officers, acquired both experience and valour in so remarkable a degree that they might afterwards be looked upon as the most formidable body the Republic was able to oppose to its enemies.

The Prussians, eager to make themselves masters of that barrier of the Rhine, and not caring what use the French Government might make of these troops, were satisfied with stipulating that they should retire into the interior of the

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country, and not serve against the Allies for the space of a year. This article of the capitulation saved the Republic, and cost the enemy dear. The garrison of Mentz, commanded by the intrepid general Kleber, flew to the western departments, defeated the Vendeans, and when the year was expired reappeared under the walls of Mentz.

Having returned to Weissemburg, we were soon obliged to prepare for the attacks of an enemy that had become formidable by his junction with the Prussian army, and was besides free in all his movements. But the commissioners of the Convention wanted first of all to abolish the distinction that still subsisted between the troops of the line and the battalions of national volunteers. The amalgamation was a difficult and dangerous operation at the moment of a decisive action. The generals explained their fears; but instead of being listened to, they became objects of suspicion; and, just at that instant, a decree of the Convention having ordered the dismissal of all the officers who belonged to the nobility, the Army of the Rhine was thrown all of a sudden into a state of confusion, of which the enemy did not fail to make use. The decree also concerned M. de Beauharnais: by disobeying, he would have placed himself in open defiance to Government. The commissioners, however, proposed that he should wait for an individual order and the appointment of his successor; but the Committee of Public Safety had already named the officer that was to command in his place. The choice had fallen on General Delmas, a young man of great merit, but as yet too inexperienced for so important a command in such difficult circumstances: he was, besides, at Landau, and that town being blockaded, his return to the army was impossible.

General Beauharnais was deeply grieved at leaving the army: his noble spirit could not brook the thought of departing from the scene of the glorious contest to which the voice of the country called all Frenchmen. In returning to the interior of the Republic, he moreover was exposed to

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innumerable dangers. He had constantly supported the system of representative government; and although he felt the necessity of defending a Republic born amidst storms, yet the system of the Jacobins and their cruelty inspired him with horror. All the members of the Constituent Assembly were persecuted, and even the purest and most prudent conduct was far from ensuring him tranquillity in an obscure retreat. I was in his closet at the moment that he was confiding his grief and regret to the bosom of his faithful friend Lahorie, who had been his secretary, and who was then one of the officers of his staff. This gentleman advised him to attack the enemy and seek an honourable death, rather than expose himself to all the outrages of his foes in the interior of France. The advice was more courageous than wise. The general answered: "I must first of all consider the interest of the army and my country. I do not flatter myself as to my future fate; but the death of so many brave men must not rest on my head, nor all the fatal consequences of a defeat. The army will perhaps be commanded by a more fortunate chief; besides, the decree that supersedes me is positive: even victory would be looked upon as a crime, and I see no possibility of gaining one at present: we have scarcely thirty-five thousand men, in bad order; and the enemy have eighty thousand; my death would be of no use; I must go." The day after, he resigned his command and left the army, which remained without a commander in the presence of a formidable enemy, and the organisation went on but slowly. Little attention was paid to that state of disorder. Forty thousand farmers arrived without arms or regimentals: they were undoubtedly well disposed; but they had no experience, having never faced the enemy. The choice of a general-in-chief was a difficult one: the post was first offered to General Laudremont, who commanded the vanguard; but he was a nobleman, and, though he had great merit, he was recalled a few days after his appointment. Thus it was necessary to seek somebody else, and one

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Colonel Corbin did not fear to take the burden on his shoulders. Two days after his appointment, the commissioners of the Convention, to put him entirely at his ease, dismissed abruptly from the army thirteen generals, the chief of the staff, the commander of the vanguard, generals of division; no one was spared. This foolish measure was adopted on the 12th of October, 1793, and on the 13th, at four o'clock in the morning, the enemy attacked us on the whole length of our line, broke through our ranks, put us to the rout, and at eight o'clock we had lost the lines and were in full retreat towards Brompt in the greatest disorder. By good luck, our forty thousand peasants were so active in their flight they did not long embarrass our retreat; they had their houses and families to defend. The second day there was not one of them remained behind: nevertheless they afterwards became very excellent soldiers when they were recalled; but they had been rendered able to fight before they were placed in front of the enemy. The rear-guard was well enough commanded to cover our retreat: it fought courageously on the heights of Brompt during a whole day, so that the army had time to arrive at Haguenau; there the commissaries and the general-in-chief deliberated whether it would not be best to retire to Saverne and leave Strasburg to defend itself; happily, before they came to a resolution, they thought it necessary to consult M. de Villemanzy, commissary-general of the army. He declared that Strasburg having constantly furnished the army with provisions and stores, its magazines were completely exhausted, and that some time would necessarily elapse before the town could be put in a state to support a siege; so that, if left to itself, it was to be feared it would be obliged to capitulate. M. de Villemanzy was taken prisoner at Haguenau, where he had remained to keep an eye on the evacuation of the magazines: the general opinion at the time was that he had delivered himself up. If that be true, I think he acted wisely; he would undoubtedly have been

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arrested on his arrival at Strasburg, and probably have died on the scaffold. He passed for an enemy of the Republic. I can say nothing as to that: all I know is that he was a well-bred, agreeable man, and that his situation was an object of envy. Villemanzy's observations made the council resolve to cover the town; the headquarters were established at Schiltikeim, a village a league from Strasburg. The army extended in a line of more than ten leagues, from the banks of the Rhine to Saverne, and until orders from the Government could be received, the chief command was entrusted to General Michaud. This temporary choice was a wise one. General Michaud was a prudent man, who felt the danger of his situation, and did his utmost to make the best of it, presenting to the enemy an appearance of strength that forced them to be cautious.

It was Wurmser who commanded the combined armies opposed to us. With a little more resolution he might have beaten us once again, and perhaps made himself master of Strasburg. But he reckoned on the friends he flattered himself he possessed in Alsatia. He was persuaded that the bad government of the Jacobins, and his own intrigues, would make the whole population of the province fly to him. He was mistaken. The Austrians were still more detested than even the Jacobins, for the Alsatians were Frenchmen. While he was contriving low intrigues, the army had time to recover, and the eastern frontiers were saved.

At last the arrival of a general-in-chief was announced; but our astonishment was great when we heard the name of Pichegru: he was completely unknown to the army. After many inquiries, we learned that he had had an obscure command in the department of the Upper Rhine; that he had served in the artillery as a non-commissioned officer; and that he had a little while before been chief clerk in the War Office. The name of Pichegru, which a short time after became famous in France and all over Europe, was mentioned with contempt by all the giddy-headed youths of

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the army. A few days were, however, sufficient to gain him the esteem of every one. I was still on the staff, and was one of the first persons who saw him. He was about thirty-five, and of middling size. His eyes were fine, full of fire and intelligence; his air was martial, and his deportment calm and dignified in the highest degree. He began by restoring order in the army, and by rectifying as much as possible all that was faulty in its positions. He again inspired the troops with a consciousness of their strength, spoke to them of their duty without harshness, and promised them success without exaggeration. The winter was then in all its rigour; many were the obstacles to be surmounted, but they were the same for both armies. The Prussians and Austrians did not agree well together; their generals hated one another; and M. de Wurmser appeared timid and irresolute. Our part was therefore to make use of the favourable chances those circumstances presented us, to attack and raise the blockade of Landau. We soon received reinforcements, and St. Just, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, arrived unexpectedly at the army. The conduct of that young man made me acquainted with the existence of a government most terrible from its energy, while we imagined we were swayed by a turbulent and stupid Assembly. St. Just severely reprimanded his colleagues, and sent several of them away. He asked also an account of the causes that had led to the loss of the lines of Weissemburg; he arrested several generals, and eight or ten superior officers. Among them were the poor noblemen who had not yet left the army. A sanguinary tribunal sentenced them, and they were shot in front of the ranks. This was a useless act of cruelty; for no treason had been committed, and the loss of the lines was much less owing to the generals than to the bad measures of the commissioners of the Convention; but St. Just had read that the Romans sometimes made use of cruel severity to re-establish discipline among their troops; and that man, who imagined he pos-

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sessed the genius of Sylla because he had his cruelty, thus made a prelude to the scenes of murder which a few months after he extended all over France. He probably thought he had made a just compensation by threatening the president of the atrocious tribunal he had employed. This man was a wretched foreign priest, called Schneider, who gloried in his assumed title of the Marat of the Rhine. For several months he had acted as president of the tribunal and general of the revolutionary army, and terrified Alsatia with his cruelty and debauchery. He used to travel through the province, followed by judges who were no better than robbers, and by soldiers who were his executioners. A guillotine drawn by horses, like a field-piece, accompanied him everywhere; and when he arrived in any town, not one of the inhabitants could count on escaping. Sex, age, beauty, respectability, fortune—nothing was sacred in the eyes of this wretch. Of all the ferocious men that made themselves famous during that period, Schneider perhaps bore the greatest resemblance to Nero. The sight of death and blood gave him a sensation of unspeakable delight. The examples of this monster of cruelty have in them a sort of originality that makes one shudder; and one would wish to doubt their truth, if the testimony of one hundred thousand inhabitants and the evidence of facts were not certain proofs of their existence. St. Just had the monster arrested and sent to Paris. There he was condemned, not for the crimes he had really committed, but for prior conspiracies that never existed; so far was justice reviled in those deplorable times.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE campaign opened in the month of December. The right wing of the army was commanded by General St. Cyr, and the left by General Desaix. General Hoche, who was at the head of the Army of the Moselle, seconded our movements by vigorous and perpetually renewed attacks. Brilliant though dearly-bought successes brought us to the heights of Brompt; they caused us both to love and respect our new general-in-chief.

It was near Brompt that we had a cavalry engagement with the corps of Condé, in which we were on the point of taking prisoners a part of that corps, with the three Princes who commanded it. The Duke of Bourbon was wounded, but he escaped by the devotion of the brave men that surrounded him, and by one of those chances the influence of which so strongly modifies events. An officer of the 39th regiment of dragoons, called Dieudonné, had distinguished himself by valour on those same heights of Brompt during our retreat. The commissioners of the Convention sent him to Paris to present two standards he had taken. He was received with marked distinction by the Assembly, and he returned to the army a month afterwards with the rank of general of brigade. In the battle which might have been so fatal to the Bourbon Princes, Dieudonné commanded two regiments. That was too much for his experience. He did not know how to develop them in due time, and the Princes were saved. His error was

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considered a crime: he was arrested and sent to Paris as a traitor; he died on the scaffold.

The battle of Brompt gave us a superiority over the enemy which we did not afterwards lose. General Hoche continued advancing on the right of the enemy. He succeeded in turning his position near Pirmasens; and a few days after, while debouching from behind the mountains, the two French armies met near Weissemburg. The enemy, discouraged, began to retreat, and Landau was delivered. Pichegru's fame was from that moment firmly established. He also displayed his character in a trait I must not omit. General Desaix was of noble extraction; but the decree that excluded all noblemen had not yet been applied to him. The commissioners of the Convention hesitated to deprive the army of an able, valiant, and beloved officer. The Committee of Public Safety, nevertheless, sent three times to Pichegru orders to dismiss him; but he did not obey them, and even took care not to mention the fact to any one. It was not till the campaign was over that Desaix learned it. Thus, by his generous disobedience, he saved a general who, during ten years, shed lustre on the armies of France, and whose noble character may be offered as a model to all soldiers.

The junction of the two armies, after such great successes, was a beautiful scene. The generals congratulated one another on their mutual exertions; but discord soon created between them dissensions more dangerous than even the enemy had proved. Each pretended to the greatest share of the glory, and wounded vanity would perhaps have soiled the field with blood, had not Government checked the misunderstanding by separating the commanders. Pichegru was sent to the Northern army, and Hoche to that which was assembled near Nice. He had scarcely arrived there when he was arrested, and shut up in the dungeon of the Conciergerie, where he remained until after the 9th of Thermidor. Thus the Committee of

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Public Safety made him expiate his glory, and humbled his proud character.

The Army of the Rhine pursued its successes during the remainder of the year 1794. Our position on the Queich was secure: the Austrians had repassed the Rhine. We had some other brilliant actions with the Prussians; and I remember that at the close of one of them that had proved entirely to our advantage, in the environs of Germersheim, we saw the words chalked on the doors of a village we had taken—"Adieu! brave Frenchmen!" A short time after, the treaty of Basil was signed, and established friendship between two nations which already esteemed one another. The common hatred awoke again at a more recent period, and a long time will now be required to suppress it.

In the month of October the army established itself before Mentz, to keep the enemy in awe, and prevent him from advancing on that point. The soldiers constructed huts underground in a very ingenious manner. Protected by field fortifications that covered this new sort of camp, they passed there one of the longest and severest winters ever recorded. The result aimed at in taking that position was obtained, at least, during six months; but it was too dearly bought. In the month of January, one-half of the army lay sick in the hospitals. In June the enemy again began his operations, and, as we might have foreseen, he crossed the Rhine behind us, turned our position, and obliged us to fall back on the Lutter. General Moreau came to take command of the Army of the Rhine. The history of that campaign is known; I shall therefore enter into no particulars concerning it. I left the army a little while before its retreat. General d'Hilliers had just got out of prison, and had been appointed chief of the staff of the first military division in Paris. He proposed to me to return and resume my duty as his aide-de-camp. I was happy in the army, but I wished to see my family once more; so I set off.

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Before I leave the Army of the Rhine, to which I shall not again allude, I must beg permission to take leave of it with a few lines. That army was by no means the first, either by its consequence or its exploits. Its duty was to protect Alsatia and defend that part of the Palatinate it had conquered. It succeeded by battles strongly disputed, but in the issue always favourable; and it was of great service to France, for the enemy coveted that part of our frontiers that he would perhaps never have restored. Lorraine is the cradle of the Imperial house, and the Germans look upon Alsatia as a part of the empire, which it is as much their advantage as their honour to unite again to the mother country;—there prevail the same language, the same customs, the same religion, and, above all, the strong wish of weakening France, and enabling themselves to attack her in the very heart. The plan is not yet given up.

The Army of the Rhine shared at that period with our other armies the advantage of being commanded by generals and officers, almost all of whom had risen from its own ranks and been instructed among them. At the head of the most able must be placed Kleber, Desaix, and St. Cyr. Kleber was born at Strasburg: he had served before the Revolution in the Austrian army, and he came to ours as commander of a battalion of volunteers of the Upper Rhine. His stature was strong and gigantic, and called to mind the heroes of Homer: his voice was sonorous and imperious; his spirit rose and warmed at the sight of danger; though learned in all the branches of military science, he was not gifted with that boldness of execution that distinguished other generals: but he possessed the prudence which long experience gives, joined to the resources derived from an imperturbable coolness and rapid perception. Of all our generals, Kleber is perhaps the one of whom the soldiers retain the most flattering recollection, for he loved them as if they had been his children, was continually thinking of their comforts, and diverted them

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in the midst of their perils by quaint sayings, which were rendered more piquant by the harsh accent of his mother tongue.

Desaix, who was born in Auvergne, had served for several years as an officer in the regiment of Brittany. His stature was tall, and his figure singular. He had fine black fiery eyes, and a nose that seemed to descend from the top of the forehead; his thick and usually separated lips showed a set of teeth of sparkling whiteness; his hair, flat and black as jet, shaded his dark face. His gait was embarrassed, but still without awkwardness, and betrayed bashfulness and want of knowledge of the world. Altogether, he resembled a savage of the banks of the Oroonoko dressed in French clothes. But one soon got accustomed to him. His voice was soft, and, when once drawn out of his usual reserve, he delighted by the variety of his information and the simplicity of his manners. He had none of the faults of men accustomed to camp life: I never heard him utter a vulgar expression—an indecent word made him blush. As he was constantly easy and kind, his staff led a merry life, and the pretty girls of the Palatinate used frequently to visit his headquarters. He smiled at our pleasures without sharing them, but with the indulgence of a father who shuts his eyes on his children's wild tricks. I do not think I ever saw him dressed in the uniform of his rank: he usually wore a blue coat without any lace, and the sleeves of which were so short that we used to say in jest he had certainly worn it when he first took the sacrament. He frequently mounted his horse without a sword when he went to visit the posts. One night, having ordered an attack on the convent of Marienborn, near Mentz, which the enemy occupied in force, he suddenly found himself without arms in the midst of a surprised body of infantry which was defending itself with the bayonet amongst the vines. Desaix, perceiving he had forgot his sword, pulled a vine-prop out of the ground, and continued fighting as if he had had Orlando's sword in his

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hand. Savary, who was then his aide-de-camp, threw himself before him, just in time to save his life, and killed a Hungarian grenadier that was about to pierce him with his bayonet.

I must not forget General St. Cyr, though still alive and in the enjoyment of power ;—but this work is not meant to appear till after my death. He entered the army as captain of a free corps raised in Paris during the terrible month of September, 1792. This troop, which consisted of Parisian vagabonds (I need not say any more), boasted on the road that they were going to teach the army the right step, meaning that they would make it Republican ; for, to say the truth, we were neither robbers nor braggers. However, they committed such terrible outrages that General Custines ordered his cavalry to surround and disarm them, after which they were disbanded. St. Cyr remained in consequence unemployed. He had in his early youth visited as an artist Italy and Greece, and he had a great facility for drawing. One day he was busy near Mentz sketching the positions of Oekheim, when General Custines, whose glance was piercing, observing him at a distance, darted towards him with all the swiftness his horse was capable of. Seeing him dressed in a uniform he detested, he asked him angrily what he was doing, and tore the paper out of his hands. Finding, however, that the positions were taken accurately, he asked him some questions, appeared satisfied with his answers, and appointed him officer of the staff. A few months afterwards, and shortly before our disaster at Weissemburg, chance was still more serviceable to him. We had been repulsed in the pass of Annweiller ; the commissioners of the Convention, seeing treason everywhere, knew not to whom they ought to entrust the command of the troops : St. Cyr was crossing the street under the windows of the headquarters ; an officer pointed to him as a man in whom the greatest confidence might be placed. He was called upstairs, and, after a few questions, the commissioners proposed to him to march off with two thousand

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men and attack the enemy. His surname Gouvion, however, made them frown; the same had been that of a friend of M. de Lafayette, a former major-general of the National Guards of Paris. Though the latter had been killed in the army, his relations were not the less persecuted for that, St. Cyr beat the enemy, made some hundred prisoners, and retook the positions. Three months later he was a general of division. He constantly commanded the centre of the army, and was called its shield. Next to these celebrated generals shone a great number of young men, who have all acquired lasting glory—Sainte Suzenne, Guyot, Boursier, Bellavesne, Ferino, Haxo, Dode, Nempde, Clemencel, Fririon, D'Astrel, and the unfortunate Lahorie! so praiseworthy for his constancy of spirit, which ten years' adversity was unable to shake, and who received death with a smile. And you also, my old chiefs, my dear friends! why cannot I surround your names with all the splendour of your noble deeds? You greatly contributed to save France! Could you expect that your services would one day be rewarded by forgetfulness and persecution?

With such chiefs, and friends of the soldiers, most of whom had commanded as private officers, discipline was exact but gentle. They all loved their profession, and were well acquainted with it. Mean jealousy, hatred, and backbiting were unknown. The oldest of these generals was scarcely thirty, and the Revolution having found them in a middling condition, and at a time of life when luxury and corruption have not yet gained an empire over the mind, they had no wish but for glory, and glory itself pleased them only when surrounded by perils. I have frequently heard doubts raised as to the skill of our generals, notwithstanding the constant successes by which their fame has been established. It has been declared impossible to learn so quickly and so well the most difficult of all sciences, and that which more than any other requires a number of different branches of knowledge, which can only be acquired by a great deal

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of time, particularly where the peculiar education is wanting, as was the case with most of the Republican generals. It is not sufficiently known that the first quality necessary to attain distinction in the military career is strength of mind. That gift of nature, which is so little esteemed, and of so little use in ordinary life, is however so important that it might have saved France a few years ago, if those who at that time influenced her fate had been possessed of it. It is quite indispensable in the military profession. Nature alone can give it; and she did give it to all our celebrated generals. In the second place, it is not true that their education had been neglected; for, to speak only of those of the first period of the war, Pichegru, Bernadotte, Jourdan, Moreau, Kleber, Desaix, St. Cyr, and Hoche (the latter was bred at the school of the sons of the *gardes Françaises*), had all studied the military art. The education of most of them had been as well attended to as that of the nobility. It must also be considered that in other professions the most ambitious student can scarcely devote more than twelve hours a day to his studies, and is frequently interrupted; whereas, in the army, every instant is given up to military knowledge. A passion for glory, ambition, the pleasure of command, freedom from the duties of the world—all induce soldiers to talk and think unceasingly of their profession. The variety of events, their rapidity, their number, hourly correct the wrong judgment of young officers, enrich their memory, multiply the examples they may want, and complete their improvement. Their mistakes appear in open daylight; they are quickly punished; and as the blow strikes not only the guilty, but also those who are placed below or around him, each individual is in some respect answerable for his neighbour, and all have the greatest interest in acting well.

The composition of the troops, as well as their valour, contributed also to our successes. The love of their country and the hatred of a foreign yoke had animated them even

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under the paternal roof since the year 1789. At the first call, the citizens flew to the frontiers; a great number of well-educated young men, whom the passion for glory and ambition had assembled under the banners of the army, were like a nursery of excellent officers. The warlike Marseillaise hymn filled every breast with such deep emotion and enthusiasm that its first notes were sufficient to make the troops rush on the enemy with irresistible impetuosity. At Gaisberg, near Weissemburg, the enemy had crowned the plateau with thirty cannons, which dealt death and devastation into our ranks. The troops advanced nevertheless with a slow step: when they arrived at the foot of the frontier, the warlike song was heard, and at the same instant the soldiers, as if they had been borne up by a whirlwind, overcame every difficulty. The position was taken, the cannon were in our power, and the enemy put to flight.

The perils and sufferings our troops endured at that period were the more deserving of admiration, because they had no other compensation than the love of their country and their ambition. The most simple enjoyments were unknown to us. We were all of us poor. The soldier received no more than an écu per month in money; and the officers, of all ranks, only eight francs. Our salaries were paid us in assignats, which were already depreciated in France, and were of no value at all in foreign countries. During the severe winter of 1794, I shared with some of my comrades a peasant's room in the village of Fintheim near Mentz: we had only one bed amongst us, and every week we drew lots who was to sleep in it; the rest lay upon straw. Our assignats were barely sufficient to procure us a little bad wine three times a month: we knew that our landlord possessed a considerable quantity, but not one of us ever cherished the idea of forcing him to give it us for nothing. My companions were all young officers of engineers. Three of them, Haxo, Dode, and Nempde, became celebrated generals in that corps—the rest were killed.

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I beg pardon for having dwelt so long on this subject. To the Army of the Rhine I owe those qualities that have embellished my life, and the strength of mind that decided my fate. When I entered it, I was full of enthusiasm, but my ideas on military subjects were confused, and I wanted experience. I had not yet seen the enemy, and I was very anxious to know what figure I should cut in the first battle. My ardent courage did not leave me at full liberty for reflection; but I was lucky enough to be attached to the division of General Desaix. The easy and immovable calmness, the soft cheerfulness of that excellent man in the midst of the most murderous fire, made me sensible that there exists no real valour without those qualities. I reflected seriously, and was discontented with myself. I did not know how to manage my horse when in the direction of the balls; I crossed too rapidly the field of action; and I frequently went a round-about way, when I could have rode straight before me. I blushed at such foolish conduct, and schooled myself so well that case shot soon lost all power of embarrassing me. It required time before I arrived at that degree of self-possession. How often did I not go back and place myself purposely in the middle of the fire! How satisfied I was when I had remained long in such a situation! That moral strength did not contribute considerably to my advancement, but it made me worthy of being the aide-de-camp of the Conqueror of Italy, and gained me his esteem: it also made me bear prosperity with moderation, and was a strong support to me in the days of misfortune.

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CHAPTER IX.

I ARRIVED in Paris towards the middle of August. When I left that city in 1792, the people, freed from the wholesome restraint of the laws, intoxicated with fury, and elated with their abominable triumphs, were madly enjoying a savage licentiousness, and, ever threatening, ever oppressive, set no bounds to their tyranny. What a change did I not find after the short space of three years! Scarcity was terrible, misery at the highest pitch, and the dethroned Sovereign scarcely dared to complain. The people were no better than a vile rabble, devoid of energy, shrinking under the rod that chastised them, but having not even the thought of resistance. In the morning, the city presented a deplorable spectacle: thousands of women and children were sitting on the stones before the doors of the bakers' shops, waiting their turn for receiving a dearly-bought bit of bread. More than one-half of Paris lived on potatoes. Paper money was without value, and bullion without circulation: this lasted nearly a year. A still stranger sight struck the observer's eyes. The unfortunate prisoners had recovered their liberty, and, having escaped almost certain death, they enjoyed their good luck with a sort of ecstasy. The dangers to which they had been so long exposed excited a lively interest in their favour; but vanity, so ingenious in France, discovered the means of turning their situation to advantage. Each person pretended to have suffered more than his neighbour; and, as it was the fashion to have been persecuted, a great

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many people who had remained safe in their hiding-places, or had bought their security by base concessions, boasted of having languished in prison. An immense number of innocent persons had, in fact, perished on the scaffold; but, if credit could have been given to the accounts propagated by hatred and vanity, one might have thought that one-half of Paris had imprisoned or butchered the other half. Confusion was at this period at its highest pitch in society: all distinctions of rank had disappeared; wealth had changed possessors; and as it was still dangerous to boast of birth, and to recall the memory of former gentility, the possessors of newly-acquired wealth led the ton, and added the absurdities of a bad education to those of patronage devoid of dignity. The class of artists, more commendable, acquired consideration through the general thirst for amusement, and through the necessity many persons were in of seeking a livelihood in the arts of imagination. This same taste for the fine arts, so universally diffused, caused in the fashions and even in the morals of the metropolis a most inconceivable licentiousness: the young men dressed their hair *en victime*—that is to say, raised up at the back of the neck as if they were going to suffer on the scaffold. The women, on the contrary, imitated in their dresses the costume of ancient Greece. It is scarcely credible to those who have not seen it, that young females, well-bred, and distinguished by their birth, should have worn tight skin-coloured pantaloons, sandals on their feet, and transparent gauze dresses, while their bosoms were exposed, and their arms bare up to their shoulders; and that when they appeared thus in the public places, instead of making modesty blush, they became objects of universal admiration and applause. The palaces and private gardens were changed into scenes of riotous pleasure, called Elysium, Paphos, Tivoli, Idalia, &c., where crowds of people, boisterous diversions, bad manners, and an utter contempt for decency, created both shame and disgust.

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Between the two extremes of the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Marceau and the Chaussée d'Antin were still to be met with the estimable citizens, and those numerous well-informed men, friends to their country and to freedom, whose indignation, hitherto suppressed by terror, blazed up with an energy that at last brought on the catastrophe of the 13th of Vendémiaire. To unfold the causes of that catastrophe, it is necessary to cast a look on the government of the Conventional Assembly.

That Assembly had been loaded with an enormous burthen. The King had been precipitated from his throne, and the monarchy existed no longer. The Republic had been established without consulting the people; and the King had been put to death because his existence was troublesome to the Assembly. The members soon became few, and they were composed of elements too hostile to one another to be able to direct affairs securely and rapidly; they enacted therefore among themselves a government called the Committee of Public Safety, that was to superintend the general administration of the country, and to direct the exertions of France against her foreign enemies. They instituted also a Committee of General Safety, that was to suppress the attacks of interior foes. The successes of the Vendeans and of the allied armies carried these two committees beyond all reasonable ideas, and made the Convention feel that it must conquer or die. Defence was maintained with all the force and energy that personal safety and revenge can inspire. The excellent direction given to the armies, which they followed with admirable courage, preserved France from a foreign yoke; but the progress of civil war, and the secret exertions of the royalists, could scarcely justify the massacres and the horrible tyranny under which the country groaned for so long a period. The rulers of the Assembly will remain for ever loaded with the odium which their barbarous government (of which history does not present another instance) will excite among future genera-

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tions. Of all the lessons given by the history of human passions, there is one especially on which the moralist must insist with force—I mean, the impossibility, which the most honourable men will ever experience, of stopping, if once their passions draw them into the path of error. Surely, if a few years before so many crimes were committed, they could have been pictured before the eyes of the most barbarous among their perpetrators, I fear not to say that all, even Robespierre himself, would have recoiled with horror. Men begin by caressing theories; heated imagination presents them as useful and easy of execution; they toil, they advance unconsciously from errors to faults, and from faults to crimes, till the contaminated mind corrupts sensibility, and adorns by the name of state policy the most horrible outrages.

It must, however, be acknowledged that several of those men felt themselves justified, and perhaps encouraged, by the praises which historians of all ages have lavished on the scourges of humanity. The pulpit itself has not been able to avoid so fatal a folly. Every schoolboy has learned by heart the beautiful picture of Cromwell drawn by Bossuet: "A man was found," &c. What ambitious mind can hesitate on the road to crime, when he reads such praises written by the first of sacred orators? The Cardinal de Richelieu found a defender in the grave and wise author of "L'Esprit des Lois;" his cruelty, his thirst of blood and revenge, are considered by most historians as the workings of a superior mind, or at least as a proud contempt for humanity. The memory of that man has perhaps done more harm to France than his genius did her good. The execrable maxim, "The dead never rise again," is written in letters of blood throughout his history; and I have many reasons to believe that the rulers of the Convention had chosen him for their model. The horrible system of killing one's enemies instead of subduing them, and of reigning by the aid of terror, is convenient to cowardly and narrow minds; but men of elevated genius

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follow other maxims. They know that scaffolds are but indifferent means of government. Henry the Fourth was the most indulgent of sovereigns, and he made himself popular by gaining the affections of every one. Once he gave way to a fatal and sanguinary policy. It is but too sure that the death of Biron was of no use, either to his own authority, or to the happiness of the following generations.

The rage of the Convention necessarily drew to an end. The government they had established exercised their tyranny on themselves: fear gave birth to despair; thousands of victims had been butchered under the eyes of the Assembly, which remained insensible, and at last sacrificed the government to its own safety. But it did not foresee that general contempt would succeed to terror. In vain did the Convention expel and punish such of its members as had bathed themselves in blood—in vain did it recall those who had made themselves respected by their courage and humanity. Hatred and indignation assailed it on all sides; and such was its situation, that even when adopting an amended course it was surrounded by the distrust of all honourable men, and the clamour and threats of a populace whose perverseness it had itself completed by encouraging outrage. In the month of Prairial, the Faubourg St. Antoine besieged the Assembly, and came to seek for victims in its bosom; and if the Convention was not forced to submit, it was owing to the heroic resistance of Boissy d'Anglas, whose admirable courage subdued the mob. The Assembly resolved at last on a desperate measure, the only one that could succeed: regular troops were called in, and Pichegru led them to the suburb. The rebels were disarmed and humbled. This victory, which did not cost a drop of blood, has delivered us for a long while, I hope, from the fury of the rabble.

When I arrived in Paris, these events had already taken place. The Convention was at that time completing a Con-

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stitution which was not good, but which at least gave force and independence to the executive power, while it preserved the representative system. But the nation would accept nothing from that polluted Assembly; and, notwithstanding all its exertions, the Constitution was but little approved of. The Convention, not wishing to renew the fault committed by the Constituent Assembly, who had abandoned the fruit of their labours to jealous and hostile hands, had passed a law declaring that two-thirds of its members were necessarily to belong to the new councils established by the Constitution. Public opinion, however, was against them all; so that, when the citizens came together in the primary assemblies, to vote on the Constitution and on the Law of the Two-thirds, they were exasperated publicly by orators whom misfortune and resentment had soured, and secretly by crafty royalists. "Must we," they said, "continue to see for several years sitting among our legislators and deciding over our fate, men who have favoured and practised the most horrible tyranny? We will have nothing more to do with them; let them go. It is sufficient that we accept their labour and insure their safety by a generous oblivion of their crimes." Such violent speeches, repeated with emphasis in all the assemblies, stirred up the spirit of the citizens, who, after having in vain attempted to reject the Constitutional Act and the Law of the Two-thirds, resolved to repel by force of arms those whom they had not been able to remove by their votes. General Menou was commander-in-chief of the military division. General d'Hilliers made me acquainted with all the details of his staff. The regular troops at the disposal of Government did not amount to above five thousand men. They were sufficient to maintain tranquillity, but not to oppose thirty thousand hostile and well-armed national guards. It was not possible to draw any troops from the armies. The war was going on actively; the disturbances in the Vendée were not suppressed; and strong forces were required against the rob-

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beries of the Chouans. It was therefore resolved to deceive the people in regard to the weakness of the garrison by multiplying its movements, so that it continually marched out of one gate and into the other. This little stratagem was soon discovered: it augmented the assurance of the leaders of the sections, and the day for the attack was fixed. On the evening of the 12th of Vendémiaire (2nd October), several battalions of national guards had taken up arms. Those of the Petits Pères and Filles St. Thomas assembled in the Rue Vivienne. General Menou surrounded them with regular troops, and summoned them to disperse. He might have forced them to do so without engaging in a battle; but an orator stepped out of the ranks and began to harangue the general with a warmth which he communicated to his comrades. Menou had the weakness to listen to him, and even to answer him. From that account all was lost; the battalion remained, and the general retired, giving them a proof of his irresolution, and leaving Government in doubt concerning his fidelity. The Convention felt that such a man might ruin its cause: the command was taken from him during the night, and given to the deputy Barras. A Commission of Public Safety was also appointed, to whom very extensive powers were given. Barras was a man of resolution, and had greatly contributed to the fall of Robespierre on the 9th of Thermidor. Having been a commissioner of the Convention with the Southern army in 1793, he had remarked a young officer of artillery, whose courage and advice had a great influence on the retaking of Toulon. This young man, who, after the 9th of Thermidor, had been dismissed by one of his former comrades called Aubry, a member of the Convention, had come to Paris a few months before, where he was soliciting without success his restoration to his rank of general of brigade. Vexation and disgust had, it was said, made him at last seek permission to go at the head of a troop of cannoniers, to serve among the Turks, to teach them the manœuvres of

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artillery. He was ready to set off when Barras sent for him, and presented him to the Committee, who consulted him on the difficulty, which they were resolved to get out of at any price. The members of the Committee agreed with one another on one point only ; that is to say, that all was lost if the sections gained the victory. Civil war would then extend its ravages all over France, and nobody could calculate its consequences. On the other hand, they could not bring themselves to fire upon the people. Some wanted to make concessions which would have destroyed all hopes of redress ; others spoke of stoically awaiting death in their chairs like true Romans. The artillery officer laughed both at their scruples and ridiculous resolution : he demonstrated to them that the Parisians were nothing but fools, led on by cunning rogues ; that Government had in its favour power and right ; that nothing was easier than to disperse, without spilling much blood, inexperienced battalions, which had neither clever leaders nor artillery. His firmness, his eloquence, his consciousness of great superiority, which his countenance itself betrayed, inspired confidence and carried persuasion into the minds of every one. This young man's name was Bonaparte. The command of the artillery was given to him, and he was left master of all the arrangements for the defence. He immediately assembled the officers, and made himself sure of their obedience. He then placed two cannons at the entrance of the Rue St. Nicaise, another facing the church of St. Roche at the bottom of the Petite Rue du Dauphin, two more in the Rué St. Honoré, near the Place Vendôme, and two facing the Pont Royal on the Quai Voltaire. Reserves of infantry were stationed behind the cannon, in order to protect them, and on the Place du Carrousel. The cavalry was posted in the Place Louis XV. He afterwards acquainted the battalions that they were at liberty to remain where they were as long as they chose ; but that if they went one step beyond the prescribed limits, or if they fired a single musket, he would repel them with his

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artillery. His firmness, instead of inspiring awe, convinced the enemy that he was afraid, and would not dare to fire. After a good deal of hesitation, the enemy's troops put themselves in motion, those who were behind pushing on those who were in front, and a discharge of musketry was the signal of the attack. At the same instant the grape shot of the three field-pieces carried death and terror into their ranks. Their flight was so rapid, so abrupt, and so complete, that a bullet shot off along the Rue St. Honoré did not touch a single person. General Carteaux had been placed on the Pont Neuf with a battalion of infantry of the line, in order to cut off the communication between the two banks of the Seine. I was sent to carry him an order to stand firm; but he had already retired under the garden of the Infante, and the columns of the sections appeared already on the Quai de la Monnaye, with a view to make themselves masters of the Pont Royal, and attack the Tuileries from that side. The general who commanded at the foot of the bridge sent them word not to advance any farther. They took no heed of it, and received the discharge of the two cannons, after which they dispersed. That was enough to make the citizens tired of fighting; but the most determined among them, whose fear had subsided when they imagined the danger distant, wanted to resume the attack. They had made themselves masters of the Palais Royal, and, like madmen, fancied they should be able to defend themselves there. Luckily night brings counsel: in the morning the leaders put themselves in safety, and the rest went home. Peace was signed next day, and order was re-established. I do not think that the regular troops lost more than four or five men. On the part of the sections the loss was more considerable. By the most exact calculation, it seems to have amounted to forty killed, and about two hundred wounded. This will not appear exaggerated if we consider that the steps of the church of St. Roch were covered with people; that the cannon fired in that direction was at no more than

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sixty paces distant, and that the battalion of the Rue St. Honoré filled the whole space to a great depth. The command of the Parisian army was entrusted to General Danican, a man almost unknown, even in the ranks, where he had served for some time, and whom the Restoration did not bring into distinction.

Government felt that a too severe inquiry on this affair would only contribute to exasperate the minds of the public, and that they ought to enjoy with moderation a victory which had been bought at the price of so much blood. A court-martial was nevertheless instituted, with a view to frighten the leaders; but they were all acquitted, with the exception of one unfortunate emigrant, named Lafont, who had got secretly into Paris in order to intrigue in favour of his employers, and who had made himself conspicuous by a very violent behaviour. He was sentenced to death; but even he would have been saved, if his intense devotion to the cause of the Bourbons had not made him reject all the means he might have used to avoid his condemnation.

The Royalists have pretended of late years that this insurrection of the Parisians was a generous effort attempted in favour of the Bourbons. I declare that this is not the fact. I was placed in the most favourable position for observing the passions and intrigues which brought about the unfortunate catastrophe of the 13th of Vendémiaire. I was acquainted with several honourable men who had taken part with the sections, and I saw neither in the people nor in their leaders any wish for the return of the Bourbons, much less a plan for recalling them. The death of the King was deplored by all sensible men; but liberty was beloved. Hatred of the Convention was carried to the highest pitch, on account of the horrors with which that Assembly had visited the country. I questioned the most violent as to what they wished to establish in the place of the expiring government. Their answer was, "We will have nothing more to do with *them*. It is the Republic we wish for, with

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honest men to govern us." No one went farther than this. It is true, that some insinuations were made in the sections, in favour of the Royal Family ; but so feeble, so ambiguous, that very little attention was paid to them. No one thought of pronouncing the name of that family. I have no doubt that, if the sections had triumphed, the attempt would have been more direct and more bold ; perhaps even it would have succeeded, but then civil war would have broken out on all sides. And if, eighteen years after, with the aid of all Europe, the Bourbons were unable to maintain themselves on the throne, what would have been their fate at a period when France, not yet accustomed to the yoke, was animated by republican habits and ideas, and uncurbed energy ?

Two days after the 13th of Vendémiaire, Barras introduced to the Convention all the generals and officers of the staff who had contributed to save that Assembly. General Bonaparte was there, but he mingled with the crowd. When Barras, in his speech, pronounced his name with compliment, those who surrounded him wanted to make him advance to the first rank. He pushed them aside with a look of ill-humour and diffidence which pleased me. There was in his actions less of pride than a delicate feeling of propriety. He was ashamed to be praised for such a victory. Besides, it is certain he felt no great esteem for those in whose favour he had fought, and who were thus lavishing their applause on him.

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CHAPTER X.

THE Convention hastened to put an end to its stormy session, so fatal to humanity, but still so memorable from the incredible vigour with which it saved France from a foreign yoke. The reins of government were delivered into the hands of the Directory. General Bonaparte was made commander-in-chief of the first military division and of the city of Paris. One of the first measures that were taken by the new Government was the disarming of all the citizens of the metropolis. They delivered up their arms without much regret: the trial they had just made of their strength was not of a nature to inspire them with great confidence in themselves. This measure was executed with great rigour. Swords and sabres were comprehended in the general confiscation. The widow of General Beauharnais was going to deliver up to one of the commissioners entrusted with these orders the sabre of her late husband, when her son Eugène, then scarcely thirteen years old, seized the weapon, and declared that they who wished to have it must first take his life. The commissioner consented to leave it him, provided he got a permission from the general-in-chief. Eugène flew to his house: the deep emotion the child evinced, his name, his interesting appearance, the ardour and simplicity with which he expressed his wishes, touched the general. He embraced him, allowed him to keep the dearly-beloved sword, and visited Madame de Beauharnais. She was young, amiable, and more than pretty. He fell in love

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with her, and soon after married her; so that their union, which was so long a happy one, had its origin in an amiable trait of filial piety.

When General Beauharnais left the Army of the Rhine, he had retired to one of his estates, situated a few leagues from Blois. There he lived in profound retirement, lamenting the deplorable outrages that disgraced liberty, and bitterly regretting the glory he could no longer share. But his name had been too celebrated for him to entertain a reasonable hope of escaping the persecutions to which the members of the Constituent Assembly were exposed. He was arrested, and thrown into the prisons of Paris, shortly before the 9th of Thermidor, and at a time when the people were at last returning to right feeling and beginning to shudder at the sight of the blood with which they had long feasted their eyes. The Jacobins invented the prison conspiracies, as a pretence for prolonging their measures. They had mixed with the prisoners some spies, who found men vile enough to purchase their lives by atrocious calumny. One of these wretches, enraged at having been discovered by M. de Beauharnais in the midst of his infamous intrigues, and at hearing him speak openly of the fact with all the honourable pride of an upright man, denounced him. He was sent to the scaffold, and suffered on the 7th of Thermidor, two days before the fall of Robespierre.

Madame de Beauharnais had been locked up, during eighteen months, in one of the prisons of Paris, where she had fallen seriously ill, when her indictment, which was no better than a sentence of death, was transmitted to her. Fortunately a Polish physician, an honest and courageous man, whose name I am sorry I do not know, attended her. He declared that she would not survive eight days longer, and by that means saved her life. When she came out of prison, she exerted with resolute benevolence all the advantages which her name, her misfortune, and the

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gifts of her amiable mind conferred on her, to obtain the liberty of the greatest part of her former companions in captivity. She was beloved and esteemed by the most respectable members of society. The excellent qualities of her heart made her fully worthy of her exalted station. I shall more than once recur with pleasure to her in the course of these memoirs.

The functions of commander-in-chief of the city of Paris gave considerable influence to General Bonaparte, and his conduct on the 13th Vendémiaire ensured him a just title to the confidence of the Directory; but Government soon felt itself troubled and even humbled by the authority of the young general. To say the truth, he continually acted after his own way, meddled with everything, decided on everything, and never acted but upon his own ideas. The activity and extent of his mind, and the pride of his nature, rendered him unable to obey in any circumstances. The Directory wished still to spare the Jacobins; the General locked up their assembly-room, and Government learnt the step he had taken just when they were going to deliberate upon it. Some members of the old nobility seemed dangerous in Paris. The Directory resolved to send them away; the General extended to them his protection, and Government was forced to yield. He prescribed measures, recalled disgraced generals, repelled with pride all prepossession, wounded the vanity of everybody, laughed at prejudices, braved hatred, and condemned the slow and embarrassed pace of Government. If the Directory happened to remonstrate with him, instead of appearing offended, he developed his ideas and plans with so much clearness, care, and eloquence, that no objection was possible, and two hours afterwards all he proposed was executed. But, if the Directory was tired of Bonaparte, the General was no less so of Paris life, which afforded no career to his ambition, no field for his genius. He had, a long time before, formed a plan for the conquest of Italy. Long service in the Army of Nice had

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procured him the necessary leisure to mature his designs, to calculate all their difficulties, and guess all their chances. He solicited of Government the command of that army with money and troops. He was made general-in-chief: he got troops, but only the small sum of one hundred thousand crowns. With those scanty means he was to conquer Italy at the head of troops who had received no pay for the last six months, and who had not even shoes to their feet. But Bonaparte felt the consciousness of his strength; and, looking forward with delight to the future, he took leave of the Directory, who saw his departure with secret pleasure, happy to be rid of a man whose character awed them, and whose projects were, in the eyes of the majority of its members, nothing more than the wild fancies of a youth full of pride and presumption.

General d'Hilliers had been dismissed on the 13th Vendémiaire, for having expressed himself in strong terms against that expedition. He went to General Bonaparte, who procured him a fresh appointment, and he was sent as chief of the staff to the right division of the Western army, whose headquarters were at Alençon. The war in the Vendée was brought to an end through fatigue and want of food. The consequences of the passage of the Loire had been too fatal to the Vendeans to leave them in a situation to prolong the contest. Their most able leaders were killed. "The grandchildren of Henry IV." had disdained to appear among those gallant soldiers, who fought without regimentals, without order, and whose appearance had not the sometimes useless brilliancy of regular troops. Charette, the only man who still might have supported his part, had been shot at Nantz by order of Government, who would have acted more honourably in granting him his pardon; and the unfortunate attempt at Quiberon had struck the last blow to the enthusiasm and hopes of the rebels. Scattered bands, acting without any decided aim, still ravaged some parts of the country. General Hoche, to whom the com-

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mand of the western departments was entrusted, succeeded in a short time, by his wisdom, moderation, and resolution, in destroying the last remains of civil war. He established a system of movable columns, whose motions were calculated with so much precision that, while they were continually crossing the country in all directions, they frequently met and were enabled to support one another in case they should be attacked by superior forces. The enemy, thus chased, unable to enjoy one moment's rest or safety, got discouraged, and at last preferred to exertions without aim a peace which ensured him the free exercise of those religious duties for which he had taken up arms, and the hope of better times. In Normandy, where I was, war was raging without glory, but not without peril. The Chouans, secured against surprise behind their high hedges, aimed close upon us, and cost us a great number of men. When they wanted to replenish their military chest, they stopped the stage-coaches, stripped the travellers, and frequently killed them. These gentlemen fancied that their title of Royalists ennobled even their profession of robbers. A little while before our arrival, a general and well-directed bush-beating had taken place against them, and had disgusted them at a profession which left them no other prospect than the punishment due to highway robbers. Count Frotté, who commanded those noble troops, gave his companions leave to make their peace, and went over to England, after having, as it was reported, broken his sword. The principal leaders then wrote to General Montigny, who commanded the division, to solicit an interview, which took place at the castle of Louvet, near Alençon. I went to meet these gentlemen into a wood near the castle. I was conducted there blindfolded ; and after a quarter of an hour's walk, I found in a thicket a dozen tattered wretches lying on the grass, exhausted from fatigue and want. Some of them were remarkable for a haughty expression of countenance which they did not belie during the conference. Their submission

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was unreserved. Several among them were obliged to leave the scene of their achievements, others joined the armies of the Republic. When the treaty was signed, we all stepped into a room, where a splendid breakfast was prepared. There were twenty of us standing round the table and looking at one another in silence. General Montigny invited them to sit down. An unequivocal motion of the head was all the answer they gave. Cold ceremonies were exchanged; after which, we all mounted our horses and separated.

One of the conditions of the treaty was that the leaders of the troops should recover the unsold part of their property, as those of the Vendean army had already done. This favour was justly due, not only to their valour and exertions, but also to their patriotic sentiments, which had made them prefer the dangers of civil war to the disgrace of serving under foreign banners. Now that the emigrants are happy in the enjoyment of the rank and confidence the Sovereign allows them, one may speak freely on their conduct. The first impulse which urged them to fly cannot be blamed; but how can one justify the disgraceful resolution of placing themselves in the pay of the enemies of their country? The Revolution was a family quarrel, from which foreign nations ought by all means to have been excluded. What was to be expected of the Austrians, the Prussians, or the English, but the subjection of France, her dismemberment, and disgrace? The Vendeans also fought to maintain their religion and the monarchy; but, far from giving themselves up to a foreign enemy, they never would suffer English troops to come to their support. They had not forgotten that Henry IV. was obliged to take German troopers into his pay, but that his magnanimous soul would have recoiled at the thought of receiving pay of the Germans. The cause of the Vendeans, thus defended, was respectable. They certainly could not hope to get the better of the determined will of a whole nation resolved to be free, and who could not be so under

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the government of the Bourbons; but at least they were Frenchmen, and the troops who fought against them experienced a feeling of pride at the sight of French peasants opposing them with more courage and firmness than all the kings of Europe united together.

This war against the Chouans was not more pleasing to General d'Hilliers than to myself. He did not wait for the pacification to solicit of General Bonaparte the honour of serving under his orders. The letters of appointment soon arrived. M. d'Hilliers set off post for Italy. I was obliged to travel on horseback. The name of Bonaparte greeted my ears in every place through which I passed. Each day brought in the account of some new victory. His letters to Government—his proclamations, so elevated in style and so wonderfully eloquent, roused all minds. All France shared the enthusiasm of the army for so much glory—for such brilliant and numerous triumphs. The words Montenotte, Millesimo, Lodi, Milan, Castiglione, were repeated with a noble pride next to those of Jemmapes, Fleurus, and Valmy.

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CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I arrived at Milan the victory of Castiglione had just been gained. General Wurmser, beaten, was flying in the direction of Mantua ; and after having come to force us to raise the siege of that city, he was himself obliged to seek a refuge within its walls. I was convinced that General d'Hilliers was to be employed in military service, and during the journey I indulged in glittering dreams of glory and advancement. How great was now my consternation when I found him governor of Lombardy ! I was going to be buried again in the paper business of a staff, sentenced to distribute the bulletins of our victories—to be busy about the thousand minutiæ of an office, so tiresome to a soldier—and at last not even dare to acknowledge that I had been in the Army of Italy, of which I should share neither the perils nor the triumphs. Besides, my sword was my only fortune, and could I hope for advancement when I had not deserved any ? These thoughts grieved me sorely, and made me adopt the resolution of soliciting the command of a troop of infantry in a brigade of the vanguard. General d'Hilliers attempted in vain to make me alter my mind. Forced at last to yield to my entreaties, he was about to give me my orders, when the intelligence of the victory of Arcola arrived at Milan. Two aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief had been killed—Muiron, an officer of artillery, for whom he entertained a great regard, of which his good qualities made him worthy—and young Elliott, a nephew of General Clarke. M. d'Hilliers spoke of me to General Bonaparte

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with great warmth, and got me appointed to succeed Muiron. My first sensation was joy at this unexpected favour of fortune, but it was soon troubled by the fear of being severely judged by one so well able to scan my merits. My uneasiness was such as to make me regret the success General d'Hilliers had obtained. I went to the General-in-chief, who lodged in the Palazzo Serbelloni. He was giving audience. His saloon was filled with military men of all ranks, and high civil officers. His air was affable, but his look so firm and fixed that I turned pale when he addressed himself to me. I faltered out my name, and afterwards my thanks, to which he listened in silence, his eyes fastening on me with an expression of severity that quite disconcerted me. At last he said, "Come back at six o'clock, and put on the sash." That sash, which distinguished the aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief, was of white and red silk, and was worn round the left arm.

When I went back to the palace at the appointed hour, the officer on duty introduced me into the saloon of the aides-de-camp. This was a new subject of perplexity. I was not acquainted with any of them. They could see by my sash that I was a new comrade, but not one came up to me. They communicated their observations to one another, directing towards my person looks that did not seem to me very favourable, until Marmont came in, and perceiving me, took me by the hand, and said, "Here is a new comrade, who will soon be a friend." "In the field of battle," I answered with a blush, "I shall be less embarrassed than I am here." A few days were sufficient to establish between us a degree of friendship that has never diminished. The aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief were at that time eight in number. Murat, who had been named general of brigade, was no longer one of them. The first was Colonel Junot, afterwards Duc d'Abrantes. He was born in Burgundy, and enlisted as a private soldier in a company of volunteer cannoniers of his department. At the siege of Toulon he

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was admired for an instance of intrepidity that has seldom occurred since. The famous redoubt called *Les Sans-culottes*, defended by the English, had been attacked for several hours, but its fire was still very troublesome to us. General Bonaparte ordered a battalion to take it by storm. Although Junot did not belong to that battalion, he rushed first of all into the ditch, climbed up the scarp, jumped into the redoubt through a battlement, killed two cannoniers at their posts, and by that means gave his companions time to join him. The redoubt was taken amidst cries of "The Republic for ever!" General Bonaparte made him sergeant; and his handwriting being clear and neat, he made use of him as his secretary during the remainder of the campaign. When I met him for the first time he was a colonel, and had been wounded at the battle of Castiglione. Junot added to great courage much natural shrewdness. After having served during twenty years, and passed through all military ranks, he ended his life in a deplorable manner. The cold he suffered in the Russian campaign disordered his mental faculties. The unhappy man died under his paternal roof. His reason returned a short time before he breathed his last, and seeing himself again in the humble chamber in which he had passed his youth, he was enabled justly to appreciate his glittering dream of fortune and glory.

Marmont, a colonel of artillery, was also born in Burgundy, of an ancient and respectable family in that province. His education had been particularly well attended to, and he had entered very young into the army. The principal features of his character were at that time an unbounded passion for glory and ambition, and an attachment to his general that amounted to enthusiasm. Duroc was the third aide-de-camp. Though less brilliant than the two former, he possessed greater solidity of judgment, and a remarkable tenaciousness of character. In 1789 he was an officer of artillery; he had emigrated, but had speedily returned to

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France. The General-in-chief was much attached to him. Duroc was grateful, and I believe his fidelity would have nobly borne the dangerous ordeal of the revolution of 1814. The fourth aide-de-camp was Le Marrois, a young man scarcely seventeen years old, and already covered with wounds. After him came Sulkowski, a true Pole, of chivalrous valour, passionately fond of adventures, with a romantic and restless mind, well informed, and speaking fluently all the languages of Europe. When almost a child he had fought for the liberty of his country. Wounded at the siege of Warsaw, and compelled to fly, he came to France. He was soon after sent to Constantinople with M. Descorches, our ambassador. The Committee of Public Safety wishing to have an agent in India, Sulkowski undertook that mission. He had already passed Aleppo, where the English discovered him, and got some Arabs to rob him of his papers. Having escaped out of their hands, he returned to Paris, and obtained an appointment in the Army of Italy. He was engaged at the siege of Mantua, when a report that he had addressed to the chief of the staff fell under the eyes of the general-in-chief, and the following day he was made his aide-de-camp. We had also among us Louis Bonaparte, then scarcely sixteen years of age, and whom his brother spared no more than the rest of us on the most perilous missions. Louis fulfilled them with a satisfaction which proved him worthy of his name. Elliott having been killed, as I mentioned above, the General-in-chief took in his place Crossier, a brave and clever officer of cavalry.

Such were my new comrades, whose acquaintance I made while waiting for the General-in-chief. He arrived at seven o'clock, and we sat down to converse. He placed me next to himself. All the guests were as much surprised as I was at this extraordinary favour; but I did not remain long in suspense as to the cause to which it was owing. The General wished to know what he had to expect of the new

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acquaintance he had rather rashly made. His questions began with the very first course, and lasted till we rose from the table; that is to say, during three-quarters of an hour. "Where have you served? In what army? At what time did you enter on service? Under what generals have you fought? What was the strength of the Rhine army? What position did it occupy before Mentz? Why did they not go to the assistance of that city? How were the lines of the Lauter lost? How was Landau delivered? What generals had the highest reputation in the Rhine army? What were the forces of the enemy on the 13th of October, and when the lines were retaken?" He listened attentively to all my answers, and shortened them when they were too diffuse. I perceived, by his pithy observations, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the history of the Rhine army. The distance and position of the different places, the abilities of the generals, their systems and faults—all were familiar to him. When dinner was over he ceased to speak to me. I was afraid he was dissatisfied with my answers. I was comforted, however, by the thought that the ordeal of the field of battle would be more favourable to me.

We remained a fortnight at Milan, waiting for the enemy to come once more down from Tyrol, and make a fresh attempt on Mantua. The General-in-chief was at that time just married. Madame Bonaparte was a charming woman; and all the anxiety of the command—all the trouble of the government of Italy, could not prevent her husband from giving himself wholly up to the happiness he enjoyed at home. It was during that short residence at Milan that the young painter Gros, afterwards so celebrated, painted the picture of the General. He represented him on the bridge of Lodi, at the moment when, with the colours in his hand, he rushed forward, to induce the troops to follow him. The painter could never obtain a long sitting. Madame Bonaparte used to take her husband upon her lap after breakfast,

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and hold him fast for a few minutes. I was present at three of these sittings. The age of the newly-married couple, and the painter's enthusiasm for the hero, were sufficient excuses for such familiarity. The portrait was at the time a striking resemblance. Some copies have been taken of it; but the original is in the possession of the Queen of Holland, Duchess of St. Leu.

We set off for Verona. The day after our arrival I received an order to reconnoitre the enemy posted on the banks of the Adige, facing Roveredo. My instructions were to force him to make some demonstrations, but not to come to an action. I was to bring back an exact account of all points the enemy occupied in the valley, with particulars —which, by the bye, the General was very fond of—on the respective positions of the two vanguards. Some troops were put at my disposal, and I learned some days after that a secret order had been given to one of the generals of the vanguard to follow me in all my movements, and rectify my blunders. This commission was not very important. The manner in which I acquitted myself of it was not very bad; and if the General bestowed no praises either on my behaviour or on my report, at least I received no reproaches.

The enemy soon returned in force. General Bonaparte had foreseen on which side he was to be attacked, the chief aim of the Austrians being naturally the deliverance of Mantua. He had in consequence placed the mass of his army along the Adige, at Rivoli and La Corona. He knew that the Archduke Charles was intent on taking Kehl, and that that small fortress, less formidable still by the strength of its walls than by the determination of General Desaix, who defended it, would cost the Prince a great many men and much time. The diversion the enemy made on Porto Legnago and St. Georgo was of no use; they were beaten at Rivoli by the division of Masséna, under the command of General Bonaparte. The consequences of this battle were beyond all calculation for the Army of Italy. Tyrol was

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open to us; Mantua surrendered, and the General-in-chief found time to explain himself with the Pope at Tolentino. A short time before the battle of Rivoli, General Brune had arrived at the army. He was sent by the Directory. He experienced such a flattering reception as surprised us. His name was utterly unknown. Report stated that he had come to make his first campaign, and we were curious to judge in how far he would deserve the distinction General Bonaparte had shown him, who was not often prodigal of his praises, and who knew so perfectly well how to appreciate real merit: however, General Brune justified them. I was not at Rivoli, having been sent to St. Georgo; but I learned the next day, through Sulkowski, that Brune had fought at La Corona with great skill and singular valour. He had acquired an extraordinary reputation as a Republican. In 1791, when the expiring monarchy was struggling against an enemy who crushed it at the end, Brune was one of the leaders of the club of the Cordeliers, and led the riot of the Champ de Mars, which the mayor, Bailly, dispersed by proclaiming martial law. He was imprisoned, and a report was spread that his Court friends had attempted to get rid of him by odious means. At the beginning of the war, Brune was employed in some obscure posts; but afterwards, whether the Directory was afraid of a man of such unusual spirit, or whether he felt himself that his courage would be better employed in the army, he obtained leave to serve in Italy. General Bonaparte, foreseeing that he should one day have great contests with the Jacobin party, resigned to General Brune a part of the honour of the victory of Rivoli, and made him a general of division. Some years after, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the same army, of which he had been one of the least distinguished generals. These distinctions were owing either to some talents he really possessed, or to General Bonaparte's wish of attaching to his person one of the leaders of a party among which several men of merit were to be found. The pursuit of the

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enemy and the conquest of Tyrol were entrusted to General Joubert, a young man, who had begun his military career in the Army of the Pyrenees, and whom the General-in-chief raised in a short time from the rank of colonel to that of general of division. His merit was so conspicuous that his comrades, though older than he, did not complain of a preference he deserved by his courage, talents, and prudence, which Masséna himself openly acknowledged. I was ordered to accompany Joubert to Trente, of which he made himself master five days after he had begun the attack.

While the Austrians were making so unlucky an effort to deliver Mantua and drive the French out of Italy, the Pope, excited by them, and discontented with the loss of the three Legations, hastily raised some troops and resolved to take a part in the formidable contest. The time when the pontiffs used to influence so powerfully the doctrines of Italy was long past: Pius the Sixth, a stately pontiff, possessed none of the dangerous qualities of Julius the Second. The General-in-chief marched against him with a single division. His aide-de-camp, Junot, was ordered to oppose this new enemy. He fell in with him near Faenza. A few cannon shots were exchanged; but all the troops he found laid down their arms with so much docility, that the Pope sent in haste three cardinals to sign a treaty, which caused him long to repent his imprudent attack.

By this treaty the cession of the three Legations was confirmed, while the Pope was obliged to pay fifteen millions for his perilous enterprise, and deliver up the most precious masterpieces of antiquity which adorned his capital and provinces. This episode of the war was very short. The Archduke Charles, having at last made himself master of Kehl, was marching to us in great haste to help General —— to deliver Mantua and the Holy Father. He arrived too late: the town had opened its gates, and the Pope delivered up his treasures. A certain number of emigrants were found in the fortress. The laws that had

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been passed against them were far from being repealed; the General-in-chief nevertheless ordered General Serrurier to let them pass unmolested. I do not know whether they showed themselves grateful for that act of generosity.

The General-in-chief, foreseeing that his new campaign would require great exertions, applied to Government for a fresh supply of troops. He could not continue fighting in exhausted Lombardy; but having his line of operations strongly supported on Mantua, he wanted to go in his turn to seek the enemy, and, uniting his operations with those of the armies of the Rhine, disgust the Republicans of a war which had no longer a reasonable aim, and was kept alive by malicious passions. In France, everybody was desirous of serving under General Bonaparte. Bernadotte obtained the preference, and his army arrived on the banks of the Piave, the day before the passage of that river. I was ordered to go and compliment him, and to seek a ford where he might pass the river. The most elegant politeness of manner distinguished the general and his staff; they appeared delighted at forming a part of the army, and especially at serving under the command of the hero of Italy. The interview took place next day, and it was marked by a degree of cordiality and candour which produced a good impression among the troops present at the scene.

The first attacks of the French army were made with so much impetuosity that the enemy felt himself unable to resist, and compelled to choose another ground. He retired to the Tagliamonte, the passage of which he resolved at last to defend. General Bonaparte settled everything so that the honour of the day might belong to Bernadotte: a corps of six thousand grenadiers was placed under his orders, and he received the command of the centre, where the enemy had the strongest forces to oppose to ours. Bernadotte passed the numerous branches of the rivers, at the head of his soldiers, crying, "The Republic for ever!" and under the most murderous fire; but Masséna, who commanded the

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left wing, had attacked with so much vigour, that the enemy before us only fought to get to the end of the day, and not to be too much harassed in their retreat.

The result of this battle made the General-in-chief sensible that the Archduke retreated to await him beyond the plains of Styria, and that the nearer he might approach to Vienna, the more equal the forces and the more stubborn the defence would become. Bonaparte resolved, therefore, to recall the division of Joubert that was at Brixen. He left, it is true, Lombardy open to the enemy, who would not fail to attack it; but he was very sure that if once the Austrians were vanquished and forced to make peace, it would not prove very difficult for him to recover his conquests and re-establish order everywhere.

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CHAPTER XII.

With two companies of grenadiers of the 69th, and some cavalry, I was sent to fetch General Joubert. General Zayonjeck, a Pole, newly arrived at the army, received an order to support me with some squadrons of dragoons. I arrived at Lienz without any impediment; but there I got certain information that I could not, without losing all my men to the very last, penetrate to the place where our first troops stood under the command of General Belliard. I wished, however, to carry my undertaking into execution, and what I could not do with my soldiers I resolved to attempt alone. I therefore left my troop at Lienz under the command of a good captain, and taking with me a lieutenant named Acyorte, a brave and resolute man, I threw myself with him into a calèche, both of us well wrapped up in our cloaks, hoping we might be able to cross that part of Tyrol in the character of Italian merchants. We advanced, in fact, some stages without meeting with any obstacle. We had already reached the first houses of Mühlbach at nightfall, when our carriage was stopped by the clergyman of the place, who said to me in Latin: "Do not enter; fly to the mountains, or you are lost. You are expected, and nobody will be able to save you." Since I had left college, I had entirely neglected the Latin language. I scarcely understood it, and I was making the clergyman repeat his speech, when his sudden flight, added to furious cries, warned us that we had not a moment to lose. In an instant we jumped

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out of the carriage and ran to the hills. We hid ourselves in a ditch : when up to our necks in the snow, we heard the Tyroleans pass and fire their muskets. The pursuit was long, and not without uneasiness to us. At last we ventured to change our position. We penetrated farther into the mountains, and the garret of a hovel was our retreat for the remainder of the night. At daybreak we were obliged to adopt some resolution. To advance was impossible : we decided, therefore, to return on foot to Lienz, avoiding the inhabited places. We succeeded for some leagues ; but after having in vain attempted to turn a village, we were forced to pass through it. The peasants were at church, the doors of which were open. Some old women called after us, and a dozen of the most alert among the men soon reached us. We were forced to yield to numbers. We did not know German enough to make ourselves understood by people who besides spoke that language very ill, and they resolved to lead us back to Mühlbach. The whole population of the town and environs were assembled together. We were introduced into the townhall, situated in the great square. The people were highly excited, and I could see, by the fear depicted on the faces of the municipal officers, that our situation was becoming dangerous. Several of those brutes were dragging us along, when, after having suddenly disengaged myself from their hands, I peremptorily insisted on being heard. But then came again the difficulty of making myself understood. I sat down, took up a pen and wrote in Italian, that I was an aide-de-camp of the General-in-chief Bonaparte ; that I was carrying to General Joubert the news that a truce had been signed with the Archduke Charles ; that they were at liberty to murder us,—but in that case, my mission not being executed, hostilities would continue in Tyrol, and my death be revenged on the inhabitants. This account being proclaimed from the top of the balcony, and repeated among the crowd, succeeded in calming them. I then asked leave to continue

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my journey, but the cries began anew. The only permission I obtained was to return to Lienz. We were escorted there by a gentleman and a clergyman respected by the peasants. On our arrival I gave them a written acknowledgment of their generous conduct, and hope one day to be able to record their names, and recommend them to the esteem of all friends of humanity.

I had scarcely arrived at Lienz, when I learned that I was about to be attacked by the Tyroleans who had assembled in the mountains. The inhabitants of the place were not very peaceably disposed ; but I hoped to awe them by my firmness. I could not entertain the intention of engaging in a useless action. I wished, however, to carry along with me about fifty wounded Frenchmen whom I found in the hospital, and whom the Austrians had abandoned in their retreat. While I was taking the necessary measures for their transfer, I was told that one of the posts placed at the entrance of the town had been killed by the Tyroleans, who were advancing against us. I returned to the inn to get on horseback ; but, just as I was coming out of the door, a dozen of these rebels, placed in ambush at thirty steps distance, fired at us and killed my horse, and also those my servant was holding by the bridle, and gave me a severe bruise in the belly. I had just time to extricate myself and rejoin the troops. To attempt resistance in the interior of the town would have been madness : we left it amidst a shower of bullets, shot from the windows. The Tyroleans were waiting for us at the gate. We were obliged to repulse them with the bayonet, and continued fighting till we arrived at Spital, several leagues off. There I found General Zayonjeck, who had at last succeeded in getting forward, and was coming to join me. This affair cost us five-and-twenty men killed and wounded, and three distinguished officers. This loss grieved me sorely, and though I had done all that prudence required, I was nevertheless anxious to know what impression it would make on

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the General-in-chief. My report had preceded me: I was well received, though he blamed me for having ventured alone, and without the hope of being assisted. The order I had been the bearer of had also been entrusted to an officer who went from Trente, and who was more fortunate than I. General Joubert hastened to join the General-in-chief with his whole army corps; but the truce was already signed.

After the victory of Neumarck, General Bonaparte had written to the Archduke to propose peace. The Cabinet of Vienna, tired of the long and unfortunate contest, and fearing that the loss of a battle might bring the enemy to the gates of their metropolis, eagerly seized the only means of stopping the French in their victorious career. The truce was signed at Judenburg on the 7th, and the preliminaries at Leoben on the 18th of April, by Messieurs de Gullo and Meerfield on the part of the Austrians, and General Bonaparte and M. Clarke on the part of the French.

The close of hostilities and the expectation of a speedy and lasting peace were hailed by the belligerent nations with the greater enthusiasm, because during the latter years the war had no longer for its object either the safety of the people or the dignity of the Sovereign. The Government of the French Republic was acknowledged by a part of Europe, and the conquest of the Austrian states was commemorated by twenty victories. However great might be the talents the Archduke Charles had displayed in his German campaigns, the Emperor could not expect to be able to beat the Army of Italy with troops discouraged by so many defeats, and by a system of retreat in which they only saw a proof of their inferiority, without guessing at the real plan of their leader, which was to draw his adversary out of Italy, from whence he got all his supplies.

The march of Bonaparte through the hereditary states, where he seemed obstinately pursuing an enemy continually retiring before him, was strongly criticised at that time when the lustre of his glory had surrounded him with envy.

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It has been said that, if the Archduke Charles had refused the truce, Bonaparte would have been obliged to follow him to the banks of the Danube, and that there all the chances of success would have been in favour of the Austrians; that a first check in that position would have been the certain prelude of a defeat, after which he would have had no means of retreating and avoiding total ruin. No one doubted but Italy would have been lost, General Laudon having penetrated into Lombardy through Tyrol, while the insurrection of the Venetian states had spread disorder among our troops, and consternation among all the friends of France. If all those assertions had been founded in truth, it must be acknowledged that Bonaparte not only wanted prudence in his campaign, but also that, by a degree of vanity contrary to all common sense, he resolved to expose to the most perilous chances his army, his glory, and Italy, to satisfy the frivolous ambition of vanquishing Prince Charles, and making himself master of the metropolis of the Austrian empire. But it was not so. In the first place, the necessity of repulsing the Archduke was urgent, the Prince having come to seek Bonaparte on the banks of the Piava. In pursuing him beyond the Julian Alps, the French general took all the precautions that the art of war and the most consummate prudence required. The left of his army had made itself master of the valleys of the Adige and the Drave, in those parts of Tyrol of which it was necessary that he should have possession in order to ensure his operations. When he saw that by the retreat of the Archduke he should be obliged, if he wished to pursue him, to penetrate into the interior of Styria, he recalled General Joubert, and reinforced his army by twenty-two thousand men. This augmentation of his troops gave him a superiority in numbers which the Austrians would not have been able to equal even under the walls of Vienna; for all the forces of the monarchy were already exhausted,—and the campaigns of Austerlitz and Wagram have sufficiently proved that the inhabitants of

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Vienna, and even those of the hereditary states, except the Tyroleans, do not readily take up arms. They would probably have remained peaceable spectators of the contest, of which the object was of no advantage to them. As to the loss of Italy, there was no likelihood of such an event. The small corps commanded by M. de Laudon might certainly have caused some confusion at first; but that general was without support—without any real line of operations. We possessed well-furnished fortresses, numerous garrisons, a body of excellent and well-commanded troops. The insurrection of the Venetian states, on which the enemy reckoned, had been much exaggerated. Some hundred wretches, urged by the Venetian Government, had massacred the sick at Verona, and some solitary Frenchmen on the highway; but there was a great difference between these outrages and a general strongly organised insurrection, gathering force from hatred and the thirst for revenge. The Venetian people were but little attached to their government. The creation of a powerful republic in the midst of them inspired them with a desire of making a part of it; while a taste for novelty made them shut their eyes on the sacrifices which revolutions require, and their vivid imagination had exaggerated the advantages they expected to reap from it. The friends of government were undoubtedly numerous, especially among persons in office and the priesthood, who cannot but lose in modern revolutions; but the mass of the people were strangers to their designs and their ambition. I have rather enlarged on the subject of this campaign, because I found in Paris, some time after, people who blamed it openly, notwithstanding its brilliant and solid result; but I was soon convinced that those reflections originated with the members of the Directory, who had been much less uneasy about the result of the conquest than dissatisfied with the haughty independence of General Bonaparte, who did not choose to submit to the plan traced out by Government. The passage

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of the Rhine by Hoche and Moreau was a powerful diversion which the conqueror of Italy had himself wished for ; but that operation, to have been really advantageous, ought, in his opinion, to have been put into execution much earlier. A last consideration, and which is in itself an answer to all objections, is the intimate and convincing knowledge the General-in-chief had acquired of the dispositions of the ministers and persons who enjoyed decisive influence over the mind of the Emperor.

After the signature of the Treaty of Leoben, the army took up its position beyond the Tagliamento, and the General-in-chief came to Milan ; but in his way he thought fit to punish the cruelties committed during the insurrection. He knew well that the insurrection had been prepared and directed by the Government of Venice ; and he had acquired proofs that it had been concerted with the enemy, and in his interest. But Bonaparte's revenge was one of an able politician. Austria had a great wish to get Venice into her possession. Bonaparte destroyed its government, and was enabled, by that means, to offer that rich prey as a compensation in the negotiation. It was accepted, without blushing, by a government which never hesitated in making its friends pay for faults caused by its own misconduct.

In the meanwhile a circumstance happened at Genoa that strongly fixed the General's attention. The government of that small republic had refused to admit one of our squadrons into its ports. The English party, that was uppermost in the Senate of Genoa, had stirred up a riot among the rabble; a Frenchman had been killed, and the frigate *La Modeste* had been burned. Such acts of violence required a speedy and energetic repression ; but General Bonaparte wished that such punishment might be inflicted by the French Government. Secret emissaries, sent from Paris, had been instructed to obtain, by all possible means, the union of Genoa with France. This was, however, not the opinion of General Bonaparte. It would have caused a renewal

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of painful discussions with the Austrians, at the very moment when the treaty was being put into execution. Besides, the Italian army derived considerable advantages from the Genoese republic. In consequence, General Bonaparte thought fit to send me to Genoa, with precise instructions, and an order to deliver to the Doge, in full Senate, the letter he addressed to him, giving him no more than four-and-twenty hours to execute the measures of which I was the bearer. My entrance into the city caused great anxiety, and the approach of a terrible though unknown danger made the magistrate, in whose hands the care of the public reposed, feel that the republic was irretrievably lost, if any fresh outrages were committed in the presence of an aide-de-camp of General Bonaparte. The people became calm, as if by enchantment. M. Faypoult, the French ambassador, was greatly dispirited ; and, when I declared to him that the orders of the General-in-chief were that I should deliver my letter to the Doge in full Senate, he recoiled with alarm, and said there was no instance of a stranger ever having entered the Petty Council presided by the Doge. I replied, that there was no instance either of an order of General Bonaparte not being executed, and that he was immediately to acquaint the Doge of my arrival ; that in an hour's time I would go to the palace of the Senate ; that I had nothing to do with the forms of the republic, nor to care for the peril I might run in executing the orders of my chief. Half an hour afterwards I was informed that I might go to the palace. When I entered the hall, anger and consternation were visible on the features of all the members of the Council. After having delivered my letter, and required the execution of the orders it contained within four-and-twenty hours, I retired ; and the agitation was so strong in the Assembly that I heard a powerful voice repeating the words, "Ci batteremo" (We will fight). However, they did not fight. Three senators were arrested.

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Despatches were sent to the General-in-chief. A provisional government was instituted, and a commission chosen to modify the Genoese constitution. Anxiety, agitation, and fear were carried to the highest pitch. I thought I should be able to set off the next day, when a vessel that entered the port gave me fresh cause of uneasiness. She had on board Madame Bonaparte (the General's mother), with two of her daughters—afterwards known as Queen of Naples and Grand Duchess of Tuscany—and M. Bacciochi, newly married. These ladies had not seen the General-in-chief for several years. They had come from Marseilles, fancying that Italy was tranquil. General Bonaparte had not received the letter in which they acquainted him with their arrival. No measures had been taken—no orders given; the riots might perhaps begin anew, and they might fall victims to popular fury. My first thought was, to remain with them, and to collect some means of defence, in case they should be attacked. But Madame Bonaparte was a woman of great sense and courage. "I have nothing to fear in this place," she said; "since my son holds as hostages the most considerable persons of the republic. Go quickly and acquaint him with my arrival. To-morrow I shall continue my journey." I followed her advice, merely taking the precaution of ordering some detachments of cavalry I found in my way to go to meet them. They arrived without accident the next day at Milan.

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CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE France and her armies were at last enjoying the repose bought by such heroic exertions, Government betrayed, by its internal dissensions, the fatal secret of its weakness and incapacity. The enlightened part of the country had soon become sensible that the Directory would never obtain any but a temporary and stormy existence. Besides the impossibility of preserving perfect harmony between five persons, possessing power in common, while they were swayed by different passions, prejudices, and characters, it was easy to be convinced that even the concentration of power in so few hands, being an homage paid to monarchy, would recall too many recollections, and too much regret for the old form of government, not to tempt its adherents to make efforts in its favour. In the eyes of the Royalists, the Directory was then only a passage to monarchy. They hoped that it would be short; and their wishes, inflamed by the expectation of success, made them bold. For the first time, they combined a reasonable plan by addressing themselves to the passions of their foes, and to ambition so ardent in its calculation. The Constitution of the Year III. had created two councils—one called the "Council of Five Hundred," and the other the "Council of Ancients." Among the persons composing them were still many members of the Convention, who could not bear the idea of the return of the Bourbons; but among them also sat some old Constitutionalists, who had

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united their exertions and wishes for the establishment of a representative monarchy. The greatest part among them were men of merit. All had been persecuted by the Committee of Public Safety. The members of the Directory had been all chosen out of the Convention, and the majority of them had voted for the death of the King. These were no titles to recommend them to the confidence of the people, and much less so that of the Constitutionalists. This difference between the conduct and the opinions of Government, and a part of the Chambers, soon created an animosity which betrayed itself in all their mutual concerns. Perhaps, however, it would not have brought on a catastrophe, if one of our most celebrated generals had not entered the Council of Five Hundred, already resolved to carry into execution a conspiracy in favour of the Bourbons.

Pichegru it was who conceived that fatal design a long time before. I was told by General Lahorie, who accompanied him to Paris when the Convention summoned the conqueror of Holland to her aid to crush the Jacobins, that when he left the metropolis after the affair of the 12th Germinal, Pichegru lost no opportunity of showing his contempt for the Assembly,—contempt so great, that he grew angry at the thought of the praises and honours that had been lavished on him. Such were his ideas when he took the command of the Rhine army, and soon after began his correspondence with the Prince of Condé. It could not remain long a secret: the Prince wavered, asked advice, and solicited orders of the Count de Lille. This hesitation, these numerous letters, let so many people into the secret that authentic papers were alone wanted to establish complete evidence of the plot. Those papers were soon found. Count d'Entraigues, a fiery and active-minded emigrant, though not very prudent, was one of the agents of the correspondence. He was attached to the Russian legation which had been sent to the former govern-

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ment of Venice, and he remained in that city, thinking himself safe in his foreign regimentals. The General-in-chief had him arrested. A great part of the correspondence was seized among his papers, and sent to the Directory.

A government that felt itself strong enough to be just would have had the traitor arrested, and the laws would have decided. But the Directory considered that Pichegru was protected by eminent services, by his great reputation, his title of Deputy, and the support of a whole party. The examination of the plot proved, besides, that if General Moreau had not taken a direct part in it, he had at least known of it. When he learned that Government was acquainted with it, he hastened to disclose it; but this tardy disclosure, instead of destroying suspicion, confirmed it. Besides that, other respectable names might be exposed. All these considerations made Government fear legal proceedings, the publicity and final result of which might too probably prove fatal to its members; so that it was deemed preferable to involve in one common destruction, by a *coup d'état*, the private foes of Government and those who had betrayed the Republic.

General Bonaparte followed attentively the progress of these sad dissensions. In the heat of the debates of the Council of Five Hundred, some aspersions had been directed against his lieutenants, and even against himself. He at first proudly repelled them; but on maturer thought, he resolved to send to Paris some one who could obtain exact information on the situation of affairs, and I was chosen for that mission. "Mix with everybody," he said; "do not let yourself be led away by party spirit; tell me the truth, and tell it me free from all passion."

I arrived in Paris in the month of May. The five members of Government were, at that time, Barras, Rewbell, Carnot, La Reveillière Lépaux, and Barthelemy. The first four had been members of the Convention; and

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although none of them had been famous during the Reign of Terror for any atrocious act, still the three first had voted the death of the King,—a vote which, notwithstanding the fatal though powerful Consideration that may be presented in alleviation, placed them among the most furious Jacobins, and was prejudicial to the respect with which they ought to have been invested. The people bore impatiently the yoke of men who recalled to their minds such fatal events; and they were especially disliked by the Constitutionalists of 1791, who reproached them at once with the destruction of their edifice, and the persecutions which had so long weighed upon them.

When I arrived, the contest was violent, and the antagonists of Government made no secret of their wish to overthrow the majority. My first visit was to Barras, who seemed to have preserved favourable sentiments for General Bonaparte, and who expressed to me a wish to maintain the friendship which had so long united them. After him I saw Carnot, who spoke to me with a reserve commanded by the intimate connection of General Bonaparte with Barras. A difference of systems and views on some points of government had created between these two Directors an animosity which betrayed itself in invectives and threats, that left no opening for reconciliation. Carnot, however, expressed himself with candour. "It is impossible," he said, "to go on any longer on the revolutionary road. If a lasting system of moderation be not adopted, all is lost. France feels horror for whatever brings to mind the deplorable measures to which the necessity of saving her has carried the country. The public mind is irritated, and unless great care be taken, the effect will be to involve us again in a confusion, out of which we shall be extricated only to bend under the yoke of the Bourbons. The faction against which I am struggling does not blush to charge me with being a Royalist; and nevertheless, nobody is more convinced than I am of Pichegru's treason, and the necessity of punishing

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but him; they want to govern France as they would a club. Narrow views, passionate factious spirit, the prejudices of ignorance and fear, ever suspicious and blind, preside over all our acts: they prefer the violence that irritates, while moderation and firmness would be sufficient to smooth everything. My situation is painful; for I am forced to move with a party in which, exclusive of Pichegru, there are men to whom I am obnoxious, who perhaps conspire with him, and who will ruin the Republic, without obtaining the secret aim of their endeavours. I have tried," he added, "to reclaim Pichegru; I was not personally acquainted with him; but the conversation I had with him convinced me that he is cleverer than I thought, and that he has taken his final resolutions. I do not know what are his means of execution, now that he is no longer with the army; but, whatever they may be, they will miscarry when opposed by the firm vigilance of Government, and by public opinion, which is strongly declared against the Bourbons."

This conversation, of which I have only recorded the most remarkable parts, was the only one I had with Carnot. The house of Barras was open to me, and I went there so often that Carnot could not but look upon me as a man entirely devoted to the party of that Director: it was, however, not so. All his speeches breathed hatred and vengeance. A month before the catastrophe took place, it was secretly resolved to make it terrible, and the victims were marked out. My position and my duty forbade me taking any part in the contest, but I wrote the truth to General Bonaparte. I observed that he would tarnish his glory if he gave any support to acts of violence, which the situation of Government did not justify; that nobody would pardon him if he joined the Directory in their plan to overthrow the Constitution and liberty; that proscriptions were about to take place against the national representation, and against citizens whose virtues made them worthy of respect; that punishments would be inflicted without trial, and that the hatred

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resulting from such measures, would extend not only to the Directory, but to the whole system of republican government. Besides, it was not certain that the party they were going to proscribe really wished the return of the Bourbons; and in any case the legal punishment and banishment of Pichegru would be sufficient to destroy any plans of that sort. These considerations made so much impression on the mind of General Bonaparte that he soon avoided, in his correspondence with the Directory, all allusion to the interior situation of France, and at last left off writing to them altogether. His long silence appeared strange to Barras, who, however, easily guessed the cause of it. He continued seeing me; but I perceived by his gravity, and the insidious questions of his favourites, that he suspected me of not being his friend. I never loved equivocal situations, and I hastened to get out of the one I was in by candidly declaring my sentiments to one of his confidants. "I know enough," I said, "of the plans of Government to hurt them if I were to acquaint their enemies with what I do know: it would, however, be an act of treason, of which you know I am incapable. But, as a citizen and an honest man, I cannot dissemble that I do not approve of the *coup d'état* that is meditating: you are going to trample on laws and liberty. Such a system of violence will sooner or later recoil on your own heads. After having toiled and suffered ten years to obtain a representative government, it is distressing to reap nothing but tyranny, or the convulsions of anarchy." He answered me by some commonplace observations on the necessity of striking a great blow at a faction that wanted to overthrow the Republic. Barras, to whom this conversation was reported, according to my intention, thought it requisite to dissemble: he did not treat me ill, but he had me watched with a vigilance that extended even to my correspondence with General Bonaparte. My letters to him were written in cipher; and that proof of mystery and mistrust, by augmenting their suspicions, contributed perhaps to hasten the catastrophe

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through the fear that Bonaparte might take some resolution that would perplex the Directory.

I may here briefly describe the different members of the Directorial government, whose existence was so short, though its operations had so much influence on the destinies of France and the affairs of Europe.

Barras, who then discharged the functions of president, was descended from one of the most ancient families of Provence. A restless disposition, and the wish to advance rapidly in the military career, had induced him to go to India, where he served in a colonial regiment. Having returned to France in 1789, he declared himself in favour of the Revolution, in which, however, he obtained no celebrity. Nature had refused him those qualifications which ensure success to an orator, but he had a great deal of resolution; and his conduct at the fall of Robespierre, by bringing upon him the hatred of the Jacobins, gave him a share in the gratitude all France felt for those who had contributed to the destruction of their horrible tyranny.

At the period I am now speaking of, Barras was the most violent of the three members of the Directory who wished for an alteration in the councils. His hatred of Carnot was so strong that, a few days before the 18th Fructidor, one of his confidants, to whom I made the observation that Carnot would undoubtedly find means of escaping from persecution, answered, "*We will kill him.*" He had continually in his mouth the most insulting expressions against those whom he suspected of being Royalists. On the other hand, how is it possible to reconcile that hatred of the Bourbons and their friends with the revelations published by Fauche Borel since the Restoration, and which Barras never denied. The above-mentioned agent of Louis XVIII. has asserted that the Director had consented to the plan of the Count of Lille to bring about a Royalist revolution; that a formal pardon had been sent to him, and an amnesty for his vote in the trial of the late King; finally, that several millions had been

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promised him to make up for the loss of his rank as Director. If the assertion of Fauche Borel be true, the animosity of Barras against the Royalist party can only be explained by the impossibility in which he found himself of accomplishing his promises, or by his grief at being obliged to share glory and the profit of a Restoration with persons whom he detested, and whose reputation and talents would offer the King better pledges than he could present. The conduct of Napoleon in regard to Barras, during his reign, may also be explained by the knowledge he had acquired of his treason.

Rewbell, the second Director, was a lawyer from Alsatia: his name will hold but a trivial place in history. He was at that time accused of amassing his fortune with an avidity that might have procured him immense wealth; however, that charge has since been disproved in the clearest manner. After living fifteen years in obscurity, Rewbell died a short time ago, leaving a very middling fortune.

The third Director was named La Reveillère Lepaux: he also was a lawyer. A reputation for unsullied integrity and talent, proclaimed by four committees, had caused him to be regarded as a man capable of governing the state. Carnot has used him very ill in one of his works. I believe there is a great deal of exaggeration in that picture, which is traced by resentment; several features of it, however, approach very near to the truth. His friends and his valets used to call him *the good soul* (*le bon homme*), and he wept for joy when on the 18th Fructidor he heard that thirty legislators were to be transported to the burning sands of Cayenne. As a philosopher, he was at the head of a sect, and the Theophilanthropy which he sought to propagate was nothing more than pure Deism. He used to lay offerings of flowers on his altars, while poor Christian priests under his government expiated the crime of teaching their religion in dark and solitary dungeons.

The only man in the council who deserved his high

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station, and who enjoyed undisputed respect, was Carnot. At that period he had not yet completely displayed the inflexibility of conscience and the wonderful disinterestedness that have made him hitherto inaccessible both to the seduction and to the threats and severity of power; but those who approached him admired in him a dignity of character combined with virtue and vast information, entirely devoted to support the liberty and independence of his country. The turn of his mind, and the unshaken firmness of his soul, inspired him with a predilection for a Republican government, which experience does not seem to have weakened. Being himself a stranger to all the mean passions that animate and maintain society, he did not calculate on the corruption and the vanity of his countrymen. A republic being in his eyes the best of all governments, he thought nothing appeared too difficult for its preservation, nor perhaps nothing too severe to insure its triumph. This austere Republican was, however, a good and amiable man: in the bosom of his family, he was indulgent to weakness and error. His enemies themselves did not confound him with his cruel colleagues of the Convention. At the period I am speaking of, he struggled to alleviate the situation of the emigrants and insure the tranquillity of their families: he resisted all oppressive measures, and wanted to establish the prosperity of the state on good laws and the benefits of peace.

The ministers who formed the cabinet under this *Pentarchy* have not been able to escape oblivion, with the exception of one whose name will be recorded in history on account of the variety of parts he has acted. M. de Talleyrand left France in 1792, as bishop of Autun; he returned in 1796 a Republican, and with all the docile modesty of a disgraced man who wishes to return to favour. He possessed a remarkable degree of talent, which was much praised by his friends. He had, however, not yet attained the fame he afterwards enjoyed, as one of the most clever diplomatists

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of Europe. In that respect the Directory were not in want of his services. Numerous and important treaties had been sighed by obscure persons, and were not the worse for that. But the vanity of the Directors was flattered at having under their orders a man who had formerly been a *grand seigneur*, who had given more than one pledge to the Revolution, had lost the right of complaining of its excesses, having himself professed all its principles, and whose suppleness of character insured his obedience. He possessed, besides, considerable advantages over his predecessor, and even over his new masters—I mean his connection with influential men in foreign countries, a strong taste for politics, and the most perfect polish of manner. Notwithstanding their rude republican pride, the Directors were sensible that, in their negotiations with foreign courts, a man of birth belonging to the old monarchy might be of use to them.

When M. de Talleyrand entered the ministry, dissension was at its greatest violence. He gently discarded his old friends who were struggling in the councils against the majority of the Directory, by feigning to believe that they all wished for the return of the Bourbons, and he remained a cool spectator of their disasters. The chief point he had in view was to keep his place and re-establish his fortune, which had been destroyed by former disorders and public events. He quickly obtained his aim, from which nothing could divert him, neither the clamour raised by his enemies, nor the reproaches of his masters, to which he constantly opposed a calm, patient, and, I may almost say, a careless resignation. I have witnessed some instances of it, and I felt that ambition cannot fail to create disgust when bought at such a price. He lived on a footing of intimacy with Madame de Staël, already celebrated for her superior mind, and a passion for fame, united to kindness of heart that has not been sufficiently appreciated. To say the truth, it was a little her own fault. I am convinced that she did not

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foresee the cruel proscriptions that oppressed the vanquished party; but I certainly never witnessed so much warmth of persecution. She undoubtedly saw nothing more in the struggle than the triumph of her political opinions,—I should rather say feelings; but still it must be acknowledged that an absence of all reflection could alone have led her to embrace so openly the part of men who trampled on liberty and national representation, the two most cherished objects of her worship. All that time she carried to enthusiasm her admiration of General Bonaparte. I saw her for the first time at M. de Talleyrand's. During dinner, the praises she lavished on the Conqueror of Italy had all the wildness, romance, and exaggeration of poetry. When we left the table, the company withdrew to a small room to look at the portrait of the hero; and as I stepped back to let her walk in, she said: "How shall I dare to pass before an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte?" My confusion was so great, that she also felt a little of it, and our host himself laughed at us. I went to see her next morning. Her reception was kind enough to make me return often to her house; and I do affirm that her lively imagination and her incredible activity continued unceasingly the same up to the catastrophe. She had nothing before her eyes but the counter-revolution, the return of the Bourbons, the revenge of the emigrants, and the loss of liberty.

The *dénouement* grew at last inevitable. The rage of the several parties had reached its greatest height. The journals, pamphlets, and posted bills contained the most violent provocations. The Constitution not having left the Directory space enough for defence, it resolved to overthrow all barriers. Still, there was wanted a celebrated general to put the plan into execution. Augereau came to their assistance. The day before he arrived from Italy I received a letter from General Bonaparte, in which he said: "Augereau is going to Paris. Place no confidence in him. He has brought confusion into the army: he has a factious

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spirit." When I returned to Italy, I learned that the misunderstanding between the generals and the officers of the two divisions of Augereau and Bernadotte had extended to the private soldiers, and that they taxed one another mutually with being Jacobins and Royalists. General Augereau had openly declared for the majority of the Directory: Barras, who reckoned upon him, called him to Paris and gave him the military command.

Government, being once certain of the support of the General, marked out their victims; and in the night of the 17th Fructidor, orders to arrest them were delivered. As they might have escaped in the night it was resolved to wait till daybreak, and by a wretched contrivance, worthy of a melodrama, this outrage was immediately announced by the discharge of a four-and-twenty pounder on the platform of the Pont Neuf. The explosion broke all the windows in the neighbourhood and spread dismay through the city. At eight o'clock in the morning the Director Barthélemy, thirty members of the two councils, and several writers, were sent to prison. A few days afterwards a part of France witnessed their representatives dragged along, in trellised carts, like wild beasts. They were taken to Rochefort, and from thence to Guyenne, where the unwholesome climate proved fatal to some of these unhappy men. Several of the victims succeeded in escaping. Carnot found a refuge in the house of M. ——, one of the warmest advocates of the arrest. But he was the countryman and friend of the Director, and his generous soul found means to conciliate the duties of friendship with the passion of party spirit.

I had passed the evening of the 17th with Barras. The ill-disguised agitation of his courtiers, and some words which I caught *en passant*, taught me the secret of the night. I retired early, resolved not to show myself the next day, as I did not wish to lead any one to suppose by my presence that General Bonaparte approved of such unheard-of violence. I went, however, to Barras on the day after.

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As soon as he perceived me he called me to his closet, and then, assuming a threatening look and tone of voice, he said: "You have betrayed the Republic and your General. For the last six weeks Government has received no private letters from him. Your opinions on what is going forward are known to us, and you have undoubtedly painted our conduct under the most odious colours. I declare to you that last night the Directory deliberated whether you ought not to share the fate of the conspirators that are on the road to Guyenne. Out of consideration for General Bonaparte you shall remain free, but I have just sent off my secretary to explain to him what has happened, and your conduct." I answered very coolly: "You have been deceived. I never betrayed any person! The events of the 18th are calamitous. Nobody shall ever persuade me that Government has a right to punish representatives of the people without trial, and in contempt of the laws. I have not written anything else for the last six weeks, and if you wish to ascertain the fact here is the key of my bureau: have my papers seized; their examination will cover my false accusers with confusion." This moderate and firm reply, but especially my proposal, pacified him. He tried to begin an explanation, but I retired. When I returned home I burned my correspondence: it might have exposed my general, and consequently I could not hesitate. When that was done I sent off, as an express, an officer of the staff who was at Paris to acquaint the General with all that had happened; and not wishing that my sudden departure should be attributed to fear, I remained eight days longer in town. I went, however, to General Augereau to inquire whether he had any commission to give me. Since he had been in Paris he was like a man beside himself. He spoke to me of the General-in-chief with a great deal of flippancy, and of the 18th Fructidor with more enthusiasm than he would have done of the battle of Arcola. "Do you know," he said, "that you deserve to be shot for your behaviour?

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—but you need not be uneasy, and you may rely on me." I thanked him with a smile; but I felt it would be useless to put his kindness to the proof, and the next day I set off for Italy.

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CHAPTER XIV.

I LEFT Paris on the 1st Vendémiaire, just as the Directory, the Ministers, and all the constituted authorities, were going to the Champ de Mars to celebrate the new year, according to the custom of the time. The President of the Government walked up to the altar of the country and made a speech, in which, among great praise bestowed on the armies, were frequently introduced threatening insinuations against the enemies of Government, and abuse against the Sovereigns at war with the Republic. It was under the canopy of heaven, and in presence of the Supreme Being (to use the then fashionable expression), that those sermons were preached before the multitude, which never failed to be very numerous if the weather happened to be fine.

I was very anxious to be on the other side of the Alps, that I might know what the General-in-chief thought of my conduct. At the passage of Mont Cenis I met an aide-de-camp of General Augereau, called Deverine, who was returning dismayed with the harsh reception he had met with from General Bonaparte, and who acquainted me with his misfortune. He had been sent to Italy by his general a few days after the 18th Fructidor, to claim from the paymaster of the army 600,000 francs which were not owing to him, and which he thought no one would dare to refuse him. The same officer was also the bearer of copies of

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Clarke's secret correspondence with Carnot, from the time of his entrance into Italy. The generals of the army to whom Augereau sent copies of those letters were very much abused in them by the military diplomatist, and the General-in-chief was even attacked in his private character. Enraged against Clarke, they thought fit to deliver into the hands of their chief these abusive letters, without dissembling their contempt for a man they had never seen in their ranks. General Bonaparte, having heard of the demand for money made on the paymaster of the army, ordered him not to pay it; and, having sent for the poor aide-de-camp, he gave him a severe reprimand, and sent him back to Paris as quickly as he could. The young man was extremely grieved at his adventure, and bestowed many imprecations on Augereau for having exposed him by such a ridiculous message.

This little accident gave me some insight into General Bonaparte's disposition, and I hurried the more to rejoin him.

I was entering the long avenue leading to the castle of Passeriano, when I perceived Clarke, who stopped my carriage. The Directory had deprived him of his diplomatic mission, and dismissed him as a general on half-pay. "I am in the most wretched condition," he said to me, "but you may still be of service to me. Do not speak of the Directory's being incensed against me, and mention my dismissal as a natural consequence of the fall of Carnot. By that means General Bonaparte will keep me with him. He knows the secret of what I wrote against the generals; he'll silence them." Clarke was unfortunate. I had been long acquainted with him, so I gave him my word that I would serve him. The thing was not altogether very difficult: the General-in-chief had a liking for him; the Directory forgot him, and did not insist on his leaving the army.

I had scarcely arrived at the castle when General Bona-

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parte sent for me into the garden, and there continued questioning me during four hours. My correspondence had acquainted him with all the particulars of the event; but I was still obliged to describe the hesitations, fits of passion, and almost every gesture of the principal actors. His opinion had been long fixed respecting the different members of the Directory, and even the nature of the Government itself. "But," said he, "with such rude forms, why so much weakness? Why, then, so much temerity when firmness would have been sufficient. There was cowardice in not daring to put Pichegru on his trial. His treason was obvious, and the witnesses more than sufficient to convict him. At best, if the High Court had acquitted him, he would nevertheless have been dishonoured in the face of the army and all France. Force is good when one cannot do otherwise; but when one is free to choose, justice is better." Then, according to custom, he continued for a long while walking about in silence. At last he added, on taking leave of me, "All things well considered, this revolution will prove a vigorous stroke to the nation." When he returned to the castle he sent for Botteau, the secretary to Barras; had a long conversation with him, and sent him back in the course of the night.

A few days afterwards Bernadotte returned from Paris. I soon perceived that he had represented events under a more favourable light for Government than I had; but through all the particulars he mentioned, his numerous animadversions on the War Department, and his conjectures on the renewal of hostilities, General Bonaparte had no difficulty in penetrating his ambition and his designs. The Directory had loaded him with praises; the Ministry of the War Department had been promised him; and when, a short time after, the General-in-chief learned the nomination of General Augereau to the command of the Army of the Rhine, he felt that with so weak a companion, and so ambitious a minister, it would be impossible for him to

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advance freely and to obtain glorious results. Peace was consequently resolved on in his mind. I am far from doubting that considerations of a more elevated nature, and especially the wish to give peace to France, then sinking under the burthen of her sacrifices, swayed his resolution; but most certainly the choice of those two men contributed greatly to fix it.

During the long unoccupied days that the diplomatic debates afforded him, the General-in-chief used to pass a part of his evenings with the learned Monge, whom he had summoned near his person. Among the varied and instructive conversations which delighted the General-in-chief, the plan of conquering Egypt so often presented to the ministry in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was discussed. The General, who always went to the bottom of everything, wished to read all that had been written on the subject. Monge, having held for some time the portfolio of the Marine Department, was enabled to procure him quickly all the most interesting papers. The measures that had been proposed appeared faulty to the General-in-chief; but the fertility of his mind made him discover the advantages he might derive from his position, to lay down a plan easier of execution and better in its result. It is probable that the idea was at that very moment communicated to the Directory; for, soon after, the first germs of its execution began secretly to develop themselves. M. Pousseilgues, late Chief Clerk of the Treasury, was at that time Secretary of the French Legation at Genoa. This gentleman had several relations, merchants, at Malta. He was called to the headquarters, and from thence he went to Malta. His mission was to sound the disposition of the Government, and of the French Knights, to get well acquainted with the spirit of the people, and to ascertain what were the means of subsistence, or the obstacles to be expected. Finally, he was to do his utmost to send to the headquarters some of the Knights of Malta whom Bonaparte might have known at the Military

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School. This mission was executed with great secrecy and intelligence; and during Pousseilgues' absence, secret efforts in furtherance of the object advanced rapidly. To lead curiosity astray, the General spoke of a journey he proposed to make after the peace was concluded. He said he intended to go to Germany and the North of Europe with his wife, Monge, Generals Berthier and Marmont. I was destined to accompany Eugène Beauharnais, who at that time was no more than seventeen years of age. General Bonaparte diverted himself with setting up a plan of studies and observations, of which we were to give an account at the different places where we were to meet. That plan was the more reasonable, as General Bonaparte could scarcely live at rest in France, if peace lasted any time. He would not have been able to avoid the clashing of the different factions, and would perhaps have been forced to take part in the measures they would have attempted, with a view to triumph. The Directory was afraid of him; his glory was annoying; his influence over the enemy could not fail to be immense. On the other hand, he was too young to have a place in the Directory, and the idea of being the minister of Barras and La Reveillère Lépaux was not to be borne.

All these reflections determined him to make peace, notwithstanding the contrary orders of the Directory. Misunderstanding and dissatisfaction showed themselves in all the letters he addressed to the Government. His unpublished correspondence contains three of those letters, in which his ill-humour is displayed with a degree of energy and pride that made the Directory tremble, and was the source of the hatred which in course of time brought on the 18th Brumaire. The Directory did not wish to sacrifice Venice to Austria: General Bonaparte wanted to retain Mantua; and as his instructions did not prescribe absolutely that he should not abandon Venice, he took upon himself to sign, on the 4th Vendémiaire (25th September), the treaty of Passeriano,

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well convinced that Government would not dare to express discontent openly : and that France, rejoiced at peace, would overrule with her applause the rumours of the General's enemies. According to our calculations, the courier of the Directory was to arrive at Passeriano on the very day fixed for the signature. Bonaparte was reckoning with me the distance the courier had to go, and the hour he might arrive ; and he candidly acknowledged the perplexity he would be in, if he received from Government an order not to go any farther. Recollecting afterwards with disgust the slow march of Moreau in Germany, a few months before, while he was at Leoben, and the appointment of Augereau to the command of the Rhine army, instead of Desaix, whom he had recommended in the most pressing manner, he added, in a tone of much ill-humour, "I see very well that they are preparing defeats for me. That man (meaning Augereau) is incapable of conceiving an extensive plan. He will get beaten, or will not advance at all ; all the Austrian forces will then fall upon me, and my beloved Italy will be the grave of the French army." He then questioned me as to the disposition of that part of France through which I had travelled, and I assured him that peace would be received with enthusiasm ; that the people would bestow blessings on him, and that public happiness would be his work.

At last, on the 27th of Vendémiaire, the ministers of Austria were called to Passeriano, and the secretaries of the two Legations made copies of the treaty. That business lasted the whole day. The General was delightfully merry. No more discussions ! He remained a part of the day in his saloon, and would not even have the candles lighted when it grew dark. We sat talking and telling one another ghost stories, like a family living in an old castle. At last, at about ten o'clock at night, he was told that all was ready. He ran to his closet, cheerfully signed the document, and at midnight General Berthier, the bearer of the treaty, was on the road to Paris. Twelve hours afterwards, the courier of the

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Directory arrived. The orders were positive ; and, if they had come to hand the day before, the treaty would not have been signed. The next day the General-in-chief wrote to the Directory, expressing his wish to leave Italy, and to come to France to enjoy a little repose ; but it was absolutely necessary first to organise the Cisalpine Republic ; to take prudential measures against the Pope and the King of Naples, who showed the most hostile intentions. A squadron, with troops, had been sent to Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia, to take possession of these Venetian islands, which had been given to France by the treaty of Campo Formio, and the General did not think fit to leave Italy before he received accounts of their organisations.

In the meanwhile, M. Pousseilgues was beginning to give the required information respecting the disposition of the public mind at Malta. He had succeeded in sending to the General M. N——, his former schoolfellow at the Military School, and who had been for several years a Knight in the island. From his report, and the letters of M. Pousseilgues, it appeared that the Knights of the French tongue, receiving neither money nor reward from their relations, and reduced to the most miserable shifts to live, would not stand much upon their fidelity to the Order ; and that they would have no objection to leave the island, provided they got leave to return to France ; that the Grand Master Hompesch, a man devoid of strength of mind, would probably make no use of the means of defence he possessed in his military position, and the land and sea forces he had at his disposal. The persons who surrounded him had an influence over him, so much the more pernicious on account of the desire of both the English and the Russians to gain possession of the island. The Russian consul was a bold and active man, who frightened the Government by his threats, and spread disorder and terror in the minds of every one. It was therefore of great consequence to General Bonaparte to take a resolution and show himself before the island with an imposing

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force, that might decide the Grand Master in favour of France. He resolved at last to leave Italy. He addressed a proclamation to the army, and left it under the command of General Kilmaine.

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CHAPTER XV.

BONAPARTE crossed Switzerland, and went to Rastadt: his travelling companions were Generals Marmont, Duroc, myself, his secretary Bourrienne, and Ivan his physician. The only place at which he stopped was Geneva, where the Directory was already beginning, by underhand manœuvres, to augment the number of its adherents, who were one day to effect the union of that Republic with France. Carnot had sought refuge in that city, and General Bonaparte privately sent him advice to leave it as soon as possible, so as to prevent a persecution he was not able to prevent.

M. Necker was then living on his estate at Coppet, near Geneva. He still looked upon himself as a great man, and flattered himself that the Conqueror of Italy would pay him a visit. I do not know what was at that time General Bonaparte's opinion of the financial talents of the late minister of Louis XVI.; but I am sure he had but little esteem for his personal character, and had positively declared his disapprobation of the Sovereign's choice of a minister for France. We had a great desire to go with him and see the seat that Voltaire had celebrated in the latter part of his life; but the General-in-chief had also a grudge against Voltaire. He therefore thought fit not to make either of the two pilgrimages. We crossed Switzerland without stopping anywhere. However, his carriage having broken down a league from Morat, we travelled that part of the way on foot. Though it was no more than seven o'clock in the morning, the road was covered with people, and

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especially women, who had passed the night there, to get a peep at the Conqueror of Italy. When we arrived near the bone-house, where lie deposited the remains of the Burgundian soldiers killed in the famous battle of Morat, we found a General d'Erlac, of the celebrated family of that name, who was waiting for the General-in-chief, in the expectation that he would stop to see the monument. General Bonaparte not being in military uniform, the stranger, without knowing him, gave him all the particulars he could wish respecting the victory of the Swiss. After he had examined the military position, he only said, "Charles the Bold must have been a great madman!" This reflection, uttered in a firm tone, apprised M. d'Erlac that he was in the presence of the hero he had so much wished to see. A respectful bow, and a compliment expressed with emotion, were the only homage he was enabled to pay him, for the General proceeded on his journey.

Two days afterwards we passed through Offenbach, the headquarters of Augereau, the general-in-chief of the Rhine army. General Bonaparte stopped before his door, and sending him word that he was there, but in too great a hurry to get out of his carriage, he added that he wished to see him for one moment. The lieutenant of the general-in-chief had, however, already begun to forget him, and his only answer was that he was dressing. This unpoliteness was but ill repaired the next day, when he sent his aide-de-camp. Augereau's hatred of General Bonaparte augmented in proportion with his wrongs, and only ended with his life.

By the treaty of Campo Formio it was agreed that a congress should assemble at Rastadt to treat of peace between the Empire and the French Republic. The choice of the place recalled to memory the celebrated period of 1707, when the Castle of Rastadt united on its walls the Duke de Villars and Prince Eugène of Savoy. This time the Emperor did not think fit to be represented by one of his warriors. They had all of them been beaten by the

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French. Count Metternich represented the Roman Emperor, and Count Latorbach the King of Bohemia and Hungary. Count Cobentzel came there with other negotiators, who had signed the treaty of Campo Formio. On the side of France there was M. Treilhard, late member of the Convention, who not only had voted for the death of the King, but who had even boasted at the time that it was he who had persuaded the Duke of Orleans to give the same vote. He was a very learned lawyer, and a man of rigid character. The criminal code was composed by him. He was far from being eloquent, and had not even an easy style of elocution. He was accompanied by M. Bonnier d'Arco, a harsh man, of a violent, and frequently untractable humour. These two plenipotentiaries were all but pleasing to the diplomatists covered with stars, and whose ancient names were preceded by their high-sounding titles. The contrast was singular; for the two ambassadors of the Republic never wore any but round hats, and their shoes were fastened with strings; but the other nations were obliged to submit to the French Republic, and the railleries to which these two gentlemen were exposed were never expressed in their presence. The General-in-chief had no desire to remain at Rastadt. The obscure discussions of the negotiation, and the artful finesse of the German chancery, would have been a sad recompense for the fatigue he had suffered in the army, and a still sadder one for his victories. Nothing therefore took place but mere form. Only one remarkable circumstance happened during his short stay. The King of Sweden, in his quality of the Grand Duke of Pomerania, had sent to the Congress of Rastadt Count Fersen, formerly celebrated at the Court of France, and who had acted so conspicuous a part in the famous journey to Varennes. The hatred of his Sovereign for France was a well-known fact, and the Count could not be agreeable. He happened to express the fatal wish of his being presented to the General. When he was in his

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presence, the latter said to him, "How could you expect, sir, you could be able to serve the interests of Sweden—you who are only known by your affection for a government justly proscribed in France, and by your useless exertions for its re-establishment?" M. de Fersen replied by a few words which we did not hear. General Berthier, who was present, wishing to relieve him, recalled to his memory that they had fought together in America. By that means the ambassador retired a little less perplexed, and the next day he left Rastadt, whither he did not return until some time after.

Two days after this scene General Bonaparte set off for Paris, leaving me at the Congress with M. Perret, Secretary of the Legation at Campo Formio. "I cannot take you with me to Paris," he said; "the Directory has not yet forgot your conduct on the 18th Fructidor, and this is not the fit moment for justifying yourself. I shall make you amends for this hereafter. Remain here. Write me all you hear of the diplomatic gossip. You will not easily find again the same opportunity of gaining instruction. I leave with you some of my servants, for I want people to think I shall soon come back."

His intention was not, however, to return to Rastadt. The difficulties brought in by the insinuations of M. de Thougeat every moment impeded the negotiations. After three months' debates, nothing was agreed on as to the manner of concluding. The deputies of the powers of the second order in Germany, a great many members of the "immediate" nobility, and the numerous and rich holders of livings, sought support from the King of Prussia, who had neither the will nor the power to protect them. Convinced of the hatred of the Emperor, and of his resolution to sacrifice them, the greater number amongst them sought another support by secret negotiations with the minister of France.

My position had become very difficult. I was detested by

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the members of the Directory, and consequently mistrusted by the plenipotentiaries of the Republic. I could not mention the real motive that kept me at Rastadt. My presence at the Congress was displeasing to Messrs. Treilhard and Bonnier; and the ministers of Germany, obliged by their position to offer a kind reception to the French who resided with them, looked upon me as their representative; and, finding it less painful to have a connection with an officer who enjoyed the confidence of General Bonaparte, they bestowed on me alone the attention they ought to have divided amongst us, and left nothing but cold ceremony for the others. Consequently, I was continually in company with Count Cobentzel and the family of Metternich. But I took care to acquaint General Bonaparte with my new position. He approved of it, recommending me, however, to act with due discretion. I shall not repeat the particulars of what took place during five months in this small German town. Diplomatic prattle, debates, generally without result, grand dinners, and ennui, would by no means interest the reader. However, he may possibly be glad to know what I have since learned respecting the murder of the plenipotentiaries of the Republic. These particulars were communicated to me by the Prince of Leiningen and the Count of Solms Laubach, with whom I was very intimate. They were at Rastadt on their own business, and showed in that catastrophe much courage and devotion for our unfortunate ministers.

These ministers had eagerly taken advantage of the secret proceedings of the ministers of the second and third rank and several members of the nobility of Germany. In hopes of being spared if the war broke out again, they promised to side with France. These secret dealings could not escape me, as, by the situation of my apartments in the castle, I frequently met the Secretaries of Legation of the small Princes of Germany sneaking in at Messieurs Treilhard and Bonnier's lodgings, which were not very distant from mine.

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When M. Roberjot came instead of M. Treilhard, those manœuvres grew still more frequent. He had filled several diplomatic missions ; and his manners were more polite and attractive than those of his colleagues. Count Lehrbach, a man of determined character, full of energy, and a sworn enemy of France, was undoubtedly soon acquainted with the disposition of the hidden foes of Austria. The more the negotiations advanced, the more evident it appeared that the peace would not be of long standing ; and the war was already secretly resolved, when the news came that General Bonaparte had embarked for the East, with some of the most able French generals, and thirty thousand of the best troops of the Republic. Count Lehrbach left Rastadt a short time before the commencement of hostilities, and it can scarcely be doubted but that it was he who induced the Austrian Cabinet to resolve to arrest the ministers of France.

A regiment of hussars of Szeckler, a sort of pandiers, recruited on the frontiers of Turkey, already surrounded Rastadt, when the French ministers received an order to leave the place. The Baden commander of the town had in vain advised them to set off in the morning, that they might cross the Rhine before nightfall. Their preparations caused delay : they were encumbered with papers they wished to keep, and they were besides convinced that their sacred character of ambassadors would shelter them from insult. The day was far advanced when they departed. At a few leagues from Rastadt they were stopped and murdered. I am persuaded that the Austrian Government did not give an order for murdering them, but only for seizing their papers ; while the soldiers, finding a great deal of money about them, urged by avarice, and probably intoxicated, thought the best way would be to stifle their complaints by murdering them.

I arrived at Paris about a month before our departure for Toulon.

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CHAPTER XVI.

I SHALL speak hereafter of my marriage with Mademoiselle Emilie Beauharnais. The preparations of the Eastern expedition had been made very secretly. The Directory had not even entrusted to their clerks the task of copying the various orders that were to be transcribed, and the secret had been so well kept that England in no way suspected our design, nor could take any means to prevent it. Fourteen ships of the line were assembled at Toulon. Each ship took only half the necessary number of seamen, the rest of the crews was composed of all the regiments of the army. Admiral Brueys commanded the fleet; and the officers who served under his orders, all full of ardour, had most of them already acquired reputation as clever men.

Besides the fleet of Toulon, troops who were embarked at Genoa, Ajaccio, and Cività Vecchia had received orders to join the fleet before its arrival at Malta. I embarked on board the frigate *Artemisa*, which was a sort of aide-de-camp to the admiral. The flotilla of General Desaix not having come to the rendezvous, the *Artemisa* was sent on discovery. General Murat joined us; and when we were not far from Malta, he obliged the captain to give him a boat, that he might go down to the outward defences of Valetta. This was an act of imprudence: he was also guilty of another, which I shall mention, because it gives an idea of the character of that general. While cruising before Malta, the only man-of-war the Order possessed came up to us, wanting to get into the port. Murat made a signal for

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her to steer leeward of our frigate. This was contrary to custom : but the captain of the Maltese ship being taken unawares, and intimidated at sight of the tricoloured flag, obeyed the signal without hesitation ; on his arrival he spread the alarm ; and the city, which we might have taken by surprise, was in a state of defence when we landed.

On the 10th of June the fleet at last appeared in sight of Malta. The aspect of so large a fleet, with four hundred transports and a formidable army, threw the Grand Master and his council into the greatest dismay, and spread confusion among the Knights and inhabitants of the island. The disorder augmented, and a French Knight had already been murdered by the populace of the city, when the General-in-chief sent his aide-de-camp, Junot, to summon the Grand Master to open the gates. The answer being that the Government was resolved to defend the place, a part of the army landed, attacked all the small forts which defended the shore, took possession of them, and soon after invested the town. The fortifications of Valetta consist of a ditch dug in the rock, the dimensions of which make an attack extremely difficult. It was quite impossible to open the trenches, as all the island together could not have procured us wood nor even earth enough to establish our batteries and shelter us from the fire of the fortress. Fortunately, the Grand Master was seized with fear. The Russian Consul had already required that the island should be delivered over to some Russian troops who were expected. The Grand Master, fancying that the Order of Malta was irretrievably lost, and forgetting that from one moment to another an English fleet might arrive and deliver him, resolved to sign a capitulation with General Bonaparte. The treaty was soon concluded ; and, two days after our arrival, the army was master of the city and forts, and the fleet at anchor in the fine harbour of Valetta. General Caffarelli, on examining more minutely the fortifications, said to the General-in-chief—" It is very lucky for us that

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there were people in the place to open the gates for us; for if it had been deserted, the army would never have got in, notwithstanding all our exertions." Next day the Grand Master and all his officers went on board of a brig, and I received orders to conduct them, with the frigate *Artemisa*, to the extremity of the Adriatic Gulf, that they might not fall into the hands of the Barbary corsairs, who would have considered them glorious trophies. Two days after our departure we met a Ragusan vessel, from whom we learned that she had seen in the morning an English fleet steering towards Malta. Fortunately the army and its chief were already gone off. Our great fleet, with our four hundred transports, sailed during the night along the north coast of Candia, while Nelson was waiting for it on the south.

It was long discussed in the fleet what would have been the result if Nelson had met us. The military officers, and especially those who were on board the ships of the line, were convinced that we should have beaten the English fleet: General Bonaparte supported that opinion by all the authority his name could add to it. I must, however, acknowledge that I never shared it. Four hundred transports, the captains of which were but in a small part Frenchmen, and which extended along all points of the horizon, would quickly have been dispersed by the English frigates. In spite of all our exertions, we should have experienced great losses. The Egyptian expedition would no more have been practicable; but the army might have thrown itself on the coast of Sicily, and have made itself master of that island. The cowardice of the Grand Master, and the wretched defence of the Knights of Malta, were a stroke of fortune that seemed to protect the destiny of the General-in-chief.

I had received an order to inspect the fortifications of Corfu, and the magazines with which that city was provided.[1] From thence I was to go and acquaint Ali, the

[1] See Appendix, No. I.

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Pacha of Janina, with the conquest of Egypt, and try to persuade him, that as we remained friends with the Grand Seigneur, it was his interest not to break with France. My mission was difficult and dangerous. We knew Ali Pacha for a man incapable of keeping faith. He was then on a good understanding with the troops dispersed through the Ionian Islands, and the coast of that part of Greece over which he had command; but it was certain he would abandon us and become our enemy as soon as his policy might show him any advantage on the other side. When I arrived at Corfu I met General Chabot, who asked me whether I was the bearer of rich presents for Ali Pacha, and of a great deal of money to pave my way; for he added, "These are the best arguments you can make use of with him." These were precisely the things General Bonaparte had forgot. "But," said he, "you need not be uneasy: the Pacha is on the Danube, fighting, much against his will, at Udin, with Paswan Ogla." This account took a great burden off my mind. I hastened to execute the other part of my mission, and got to Egypt.

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CHAPTER XVII.

At a few leagues from Aboukir, whither I had received orders to go, the frigate I was on board of was chased by an English vessel that came to reconnoitre the fleet. This happened on the 21st of July. I went on board the *Orient* to see Admiral Brueys, the commander of the fleet. I had not expected to find the fleet moored in the roads of Aboukir. The following is word for word what the Admiral said to me. "When General Bonaparte left Alexandria to penetrate into the Desert, he gave me the choice either to enter the old port of Alexandria, or to go with the fleet to Corfu, after having landed all the goods and provisions of the army. Since that moment I have received no account whatever from the army, nor its leader. I have sounded the passes of the old port; but it can only be entered with a north-west wind, and by boats: this has taken up much time, and the —— is the only ship that has as yet been able to get into the port. It is quite impossible for me to leave the coast of Egypt before I receive accounts from the army. Can I set off and enter a port of Europe, without having any satisfactory news to give France and her Government? If, what I scarcely think possible, General Bonaparte were to find in the country insurmountable obstacles, and if he were obliged to re-embark, would it not be a criminal act on my part to deprive him of the only means of retreat he has left at my disposal? I have seen to-day an English vessel for the first time since I have been here. Most probably I shall be

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attacked to-morrow or the day after. I shall send for the vessel that is in the old port. If you follow my advice, you will remain with us. We have sanguine hopes of success, and you will enjoy the satisfaction of carrying to your General the intelligence of a glorious victory. As I could neither enter the old port of Alexandria, nor go away, I have taken up a sort of military position here. I have been forced to moor the ships; because, having left Toulon with half-crews, I have not men enough to fight sailing." To this Admiral Gantheaume added: "We are at some distance from the island you see yonder, because the ground there will not hold our anchors, and it would be dangerous to run nearer to the shore; but we are defended from that side by a formidable battery."

After my conversation with the Admiral, I went during the night, alone, over that immense ship, which carried 130 guns. I did not meet a single person upon deck; it appeared to me as if I were in the Church of Notre Dame. A circumstance that made the solitude still more singular was that, before our landing, there had been 2,145 persons on board, and at that moment there were not above six hundred. The more I examined that vast floating citadel, the less inclined I felt to take part in the battle. In fact, I was not a sea officer, and my duty was to join my general. There would be no want of messengers to bring him intelligence of a victory, whilst I should reap much blame and very little pity, if by some disaster or other I were to be taken prisoner or killed. I went therefore to the Admiral and said to him: "After mature consideration, I am resolved to continue my journey. I must give an account of my mission, and the position wherein I found you." He gave me a boat to carry me to Rosetta; but I soon repented the step I had taken. The swell occasioned by the meeting of the Nile with the sea was then very strong, and a violent tempest added to the danger that threatened us. A vessel laden with provisions had just been totally lost; another much larger, which was

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still struggling, was kind enough to throw us a rope, that we might fasten the boat to her, and avoid running out to sea, where we might go to the bottom, or split upon the breakers. We remained seventeen hours in that situation, when at last, the sea growing a little less boisterous, I proposed getting forward at a quick rate, so as to gain the mouth of the Nile. The sailors were not much pleased at my plan; but I was seconded by the ensign who commanded the boat, and who was a young man full of energy and intrepidity. The first billow nearly submerged us. One more effort was necessary; and while the sailors, pale as death, continued rowing with vigour, one of my travelling companions, an officer in the Guides, fell on his knees and began the Lord's Prayer, of which he did not omit a single word. When the danger was over, his courage returned, and, ashamed of an act he could not himself comprehend, he whispered to me: "I am now thirty-eight years old, and from my sixth year I never said a prayer in my life. I cannot conceive how I recollected that one; and I do declare that at the present moment I should not be able to repeat a single word of it." This officer was nevertheless one of the bravest of the Egyptian army. I think he died a general of brigade in Spain.

At Rosetta I found that the commander, Bidon Julien, knew no more about the army than Admiral Brueys did. "I am, however, easy," he said to me. "The inhabitants are perplexed, and that is a sure sign that we are victorious. You have nothing to fear on the Nile: I shall give you an armed vessel to carry you to Cairo, of which place the army must by this time have taken possession." The day after I embarked on the Nile, I met Arrighi (now Duke of Padua), who had come from Cairo, and was conveying to the Admiral an account of our victories, with the reiterated order to go to Corfu. When I told the General-in-chief that the fleet was still at Aboukir, he showed signs of great ill-humour; and fearing that Arrighi might encounter diffi-

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culties in his way, and not join the Admiral quick enough, he sent off that very night his aide-de-camp, Julien, with fresh orders. The unfortunate youth went down the Nile in a *djerme*, escorted by a dozen soldiers. His want of experience was the cause of his death. Having entered the branch of Alexandria, he thought he might rest for the night; but the Arabs murdered him and his escort. In him General Bonaparte lost one of the best officers of his staff, and I a most excellent friend.

The English were above a fortnight without showing themselves; and Arrighi found the Admiral, who was convinced that they had counted the number of his ships, and did not dare to engage. It was not until the first of August that Nelson appeared off Alexandria with fourteen ships of the line and several frigates. The particulars of the battle, at which, however, I was not present, are too well known to require my repeating them here.

Although but a few days had elapsed since the arrival of the General-in-chief in Cairo, he had been preceded, as he was everywhere else, by such strict orders and excellent administration, that the soldiers, and in general all the French, were accustomed to walk through the metropolis and its environs without feeling the slightest uneasiness. The city of Cairo presented a curious spectacle to the Europeans who saw it for the first time. I had landed at Boulack on the Nile, at a great distance from the square of El Bekir, where General Bonaparte lived. The narrow streets of the city were filled with camels fastened to one another in long rows, carrying all sorts of goods on their backs, and led by a single man. The inhabitants passed through the small vacant spaces with slow gravity and with their pipes in their mouths; while our soldiers, mounted on donkeys, galloped cheerfully, sliding between the camels and bursting into roars of laughter. A shocking dust and an offensive smell of mummies suffocated us. Here and there a few grave Mussulmans, seated on their mules, opened them-

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selves a passage by the aid of their stick-bearers, who struck all that opposed them, and even the men who did not rise at their approach. Beggars, carefully hiding their faces, and little inclined to discover what ours show, pestered the passers-by with their singular cries, and seemed to be soliciting alms with angry imprecations.

Mourad Bey, after the battle of the Pyramids, had sought refuge in Upper Egypt. He had still with him several thousand Mamelukes. His influence over people was considerable ; and, as it might prove dangerous, the General-in-chief, while he was preparing against him the expedition entrusted to Desaix, tried to gain him over by secret negotiations. His legitimate wife and his whole harem remained at Cairo. Bonaparte sent Eugène Beauharnais to the wife with his compliments, and the assurance that she had nothing to fear. She received Eugène politely, and, in return for the presents the General in-chief had sent her, she gave him her husband's beautiful shawl and some of his arms. But the respect shown to the wife of Mourad Bey had no effect on that chief. The vigour and talent of General Desaix, and the courage of our troops, who more than once forced him to retire to the Oasis, and reduced his followers to a few faithful friends, could not persuade that intrepid leader to lend an ear to any arrangement whatever ; and it was not until after two years' conflict and adversity that he had at last consented to come to an understanding with the head of the French army ; but at that time General Bonaparte had already left Egypt.

It had been supposed that in so fruitful a country all the wealth of the East would be accumulated. Instead of that, we found misery everywhere. The government of the Mamelukes was devoid of either common sense or moderation. Besides the *miri* and another tax which the people of Egypt were obliged to pay to the Grand Seigneur, they were loaded with imposts, which the caprice and tyranny of the subordinate officers were perpetually inventing. The Beys,

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who were the chiefs of the Mamelukes, the officers quartered in the different provinces, and even the private horsemen who were sent to maintain order in the villages, thought themselves entitled to impose and levy taxes more or less heavy. The *fellah*, or peasant, groaned under the load of these numerous exactions; and if he was unfortunate enough to have children of either sex that drew the attention of the leaders, they were taken away from him to satisfy their brutal lust.

One of the first measures of the General-in-chief was to set the people secure in regard to their property, to make them comprehend the plain and judicious system of taxation about to be established, and to acquaint them that for the arbitrary laws to which they were subject under the Mamelukes would be substituted, in each province, divans composed of the most reputable men, to judge their disputes. These various declarations soon dissipated alarm; and we had, in fact, no cause to complain of the people during the first six months of our stay in the country.

The Arab tribes were still, however, very dangerous. We had succeeded in making peace with some of them; but several others, more numerous and better armed, continued frequently to interrupt our communications and plunder our convoys, by land as well as on the Nile. We were in consequence obliged to organise a system of pursuit, which was followed up with so much energy that the tribes felt at last convinced that they must either submit or retire to other deserts.

Mourad Bey, who was now in Upper Egypt, gave us no more cause of uneasiness; but Ibrahim Bey, next to Mourad the most powerful leader of the Mamelukes, had gone forward to meet the caravan returning from Mecca; and, under the pretence of defending it against the French army, he stopped it in its way, and plundered it. He afterwards returned to Egypt by the way of Salahieh, and proclaimed his intention of attacking the French army from

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that side. General Regnier, whom I accompanied on that short expedition, had not much trouble with the Arabs and Mamelukes of the vanguard; but he was conscious that his small division would soon be destroyed if no one came to his assistance. I went to acquaint the General-in-chief with this circumstance, who immediately flew to help him, at the head of some regiments of cavalry which he had succeeded in mounting with the horses he found in Lower Egypt. The Mamelukes were beaten at Salahieh, from which place the battle took its name. It was then that the General-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news was brought to him by an aide-de-camp of General Kleber. The officer's horse being unable to go any further, he had written some particulars in an open letter, which I found in the hands of a peasant to whom he had entrusted it. I read the letter, and advancing towards the General-in-chief, I begged him to withdraw for a moment from the group of staff officers which surrounded him. I then gave him the note. When he had read it he said to me, "You know its contents; keep the secret." We returned to Belbeys, where we found breakfast on the table. Everybody was in good spirits, and particularly the troops, who had retaken from the Mamelukes the spoil of the caravan. They were going to sell the goods for almost nothing; but the General-in-chief forbade the officers to buy any of them there, and ordered the soldiers to dispose of them on their return to Cairo. All of a sudden, while breakfasting, the General-in-chief said to his guests: "It seems, you like this country: that is very lucky, for we have now no fleet to carry us back to Europe." He then acquainted them with the particulars of the battle of Aboukir, and they were listened to with as much earnestness as the General had related them. Every one soon appeared reconciled to the event, and nobody talked any more of it.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

IBRAHIM BEY had retired to Syria, and there was no doubt but he would organise in that country considerable bodies of irregular troops which would disturb our frontiers. The General-in-chief had also learned that the news of the invasion of Egypt had been received with great displeasure at Constantinople.

The English, enraged at the conquest of Malta, and sensible of the important consequences of the occupation of Egypt to their establishments in India, pressed the Turks to go to war. The General-in-chief had therefore reason to expect that he would not only be continually harassed by Ibrahim Bey, but also that the English would make themselves masters of the ports of Syria. He took a resolution to be beforehand with them; but it was first of all necessary to know what might be the dispositions of the Pacha who commanded all Syria. The name of the Pacha for the time being was Djezzar, a man of a very energetic character, who had maintained himself for several years in his post, in spite of the Sultan himself, and who enforced obedience by the terror his cruelties inspired. The General-in-chief sent to him a young Frenchman, just come home from Mascata with the Consul Beauchamp, and who was very well acquainted with the Arabic language. Djezzar sent an ambiguous answer, which served to convince General Bonaparte that it would be necessary to support his de-

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clarations with an army. But a fatal incident occurred, which threatened the expedition with an indefinite delay. While perfect tranquillity seemed to prevail in Cairo and its outskirts, a rebellion, without any apparent cause, suddenly broke out at one of the gates of the city.

A number of wounded, who had been at the battle of Salahieh, and some invalids of the division of Regnier, filling about twenty transports, were murdered, and the rebellion quickly spread through the city like wildfire. General Dupuis, commander of the fortress, immediately mounted his horse, with all the men he could bring together; but he was assassinated, with several of his companions. To oppose the rebels any longer in the streets was not to be thought of. Means were, however, found to restrain them, though they had made themselves masters of one of the largest mosques in the town. It was then resolved to fire on them from the citadel. The bombs and howitzers made great havoc among them; after which, some battalions of infantry attacked the mosque, where all the rest were killed or taken prisoners. This rebellion lasted three days, and did not occasion any great loss to the army; but the General-in-chief lost one of his best aides-de-camp. Colonel Sulkowski had already been wounded at Alexandria, and also at the battle of Salahieh, and was not yet completely recovered, when, the General-in-chief wishing to send some officer to reconnoitre out of the city, he offered himself, pretending that it was his turn to march, and that his wound was entirely healed. Accompanied by fifteen guides, he was crossing that part of the Desert that separates the town of Cairo from the citadel, when a troop of Arabs, that had concealed themselves behind a number of small hillocks, suddenly rushed upon him. He was killed, with the greatest part of his escort; for only two men returned to Cairo, where they brought the fatal tidings. I was not then in Cairo.[1] By order of the General-in-chief, I was accom-

[1] See Appendix.

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panying General Andreossi on an expedition to the lake Mensale and Peluse. We were completely ignorant of what was going forward in the capital; and I was sailing leisurely up the Nile, when I learned that at Mansoura, or Lamansour, the hospital containing our sick and wounded, with a detachment of soldiers, had been surprised, and all the men butchered without mercy. The rebellion of Cairo had reached the two banks of the river, and more particularly the branch of the Damietta. Some revolted villages were burned to make an example. The General-in-chief was very desirous to know whether the inhabitants of Mansoura had retained any remembrance of their victorious resistance, when, under the reign of St. Louis, they had been so imprudently attacked by the Count d'Artois. But it appeared, from all inquiries, that these Egyptians were acquainted neither with the name of St. Louis, nor with the gallant actions that had illustrated their ancestors.

In the month of December, 1798, the General-in-chief had not yet received any accounts from the Directory. The political object of the expedition had experienced great impediments by the loss of the fleet. It was no longer to be hoped we should ever be able to lead the army to India, the superiority of the English being now concentrated on the sea. All that remained therefore to be done was to profit by our situation, to bring back the Turks to their old sentiments of friendship for the French, and detach them from the English, or at least to prevent the two Emperors of Austria and Russia from concerting with each other the total dismembering of the Ottoman empire. The General-in-chief thought himself authorised to suppose that M. de Talleyrand, who had been appointed French Ambassador in Constantinople, had really departed for that metropolis, and had succeeded in maintaining his post there. In those circumstances it was important to correspond with him, and the best way appeared to be, to send M. Beauchamp to Constantinople; but it was necessary for him to escape the

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watchful eyes of the English cruisers. General Bonaparte contrived, for that purpose, the following plan. The Turkish caravella which had come over to bring the Sultan the yearly tribute from Egypt was then riding at anchor in the port of Alexandria. The captain of that vessel was a man respected in his own country, and he had with him his two sons. He received an order to carry M. Beauchamp to Constantinople, and to leave one of his sons in Alexandria as a hostage for the safe return of that gentleman to Egypt. The ostensible commission of the Consul was to require the release of all the Frenchmen who were detained in Syria, whether merchants or consular agents, and also of such military as had been made prisoners either in coming to Egypt or in returning to France. He was, in the course of his negotiation with the Grand Vizier, to insinuate that France would abandon Egypt, and make a treaty of friendship with Turkey, if the latter consented to give up all her connections with England; in which case, the French troops would join those of the Sultan, either to put an end to the war with the two Emperors by one common treaty, or to give him support, if peace should not take place.

Unfortunately, M. Beauchamp was discovered by the English, and sent to the Seven Towers at Constantinople.

It was about this time that the plague began its ravages at Alexandria. I was ordered to accompany M. Beauchamp to that place, that I might superintend the preparations for his departure,[1] and make a report to the General-in-chief on the state of the fortifications there. When I arrived, I found General Marmont commanding the province and the whole seashore as far as Rosetta. "You arrive at an unfortunate moment," he said: "the plague has broken out yesterday among our troops. It appears that the order given on our arrival at Alexandria, to burn the clothes of the persons who had died of the contagion, has been negligently executed. Some of the inhabitants have worn

[1] See Appendix.

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them again ; and, our troops being in close connection with them, the contact has spread the plague among the French, and I have been assured that it cannot fail soon to break out also among the Turks. Yesterday four Frenchmen died ; there are eight sick to-day, who will probably be numbered with the dead to-morrow."

All possible precautions had already been taken by General Marmont : the troops were lodged under tents, and all communication betwixt them and the inhabitants was prohibited. The most rigorous orders had also been issued, forbidding the battalions to which the sick belonged to hold any connection with the others ; but the carelessness of the soldiers destroyed all the good effects of these measures. They looked upon the plague as an enemy it was their duty to challenge ; and the communication of the soldiers with each other continued, notwithstanding the severest discipline. My orders were to order Commissary Michaud from Rosetta to Alexandria ; he came with a suite of ten persons, and lodged with us at General Marmont's. In the space of two days he was the only survivor of all those he had brought with him. One of his secretaries, named Renaud, left the hotel to go and sign some orders at the lodgings his master had taken in the city. The paper on which he wrote sufficed to communicate the disease to his blood. The next morning he sent word that he was not very well, and could not breakfast at the General's table. We went immediately to see him. He was still up ; but his features already bore all the marks of the fatal malady : his eye glared, his tongue faltered, he had a profuse cold perspiration, and pains in his limbs. The physician who was called to visit him just appeared at the door of his room, with a thick long stick in his hand. After having looked at him for a moment, he ordered hot water to be placed before him, and retired without administering any other remedy. The unfortunate young man begged us to get him ink and paper, that he might write to

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his family. In the afternoon he expired in great agony ; so that his illness did not last above fifteen hours.

The contagion soon assumed a most terrible aspect. All the physicians died successively ; the overseers of the infirmaries went away, and it was no longer possible to enter the hospitals with impunity. We were obliged to take Turks to nurse the sick, and to pay a very great price for their services ; while the superintendence over them was so relaxed, on account of the danger with which it was accompanied, that the most flagrant misconduct was not to be prevented. At General Marmont's lodgings we had been obliged to do without tablecloths or sheets ; all our clothes were fumigated ; the out-door servants had no connection with those of the interior. The carriage gateway was nailed up ; while everything that was brought to the house from out of doors, and even the meat, was thrown through a wicket into a tub of water. With a view to avoid the infection among us, we divided ourselves into two brigades ; and during the night we pursued each other from room to room, throwing water in our faces, which was the only ammunition we possessed. Among the few soldiers who consented to nurse the sick, there was a gunner who had been in Constantinople, where he pretended that he had escaped the plague. According to his assertion, he possessed an infallible preservative against the infection, which was, to keep his face and hands perpetually moistened with water. But it was discovered that he washed his hands in oil. Indeed, it had been observed in Cairo, that the lamplighters never caught the plague. After remaining six weeks in the unfortunate city of Alexandria, I received from the General-in-chief an order to return to Cairo, that I might accompany him in his campaign to Syria.[1]

The Arabs of the province of Damanhour, being well acquainted with the situation of our troops at Alexandria, took advantage of it to renew their depredations. I set off

[1] See Appendix.

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with an escort of thirty men, and two small cannons we had taken at Malta, and which General Marmont was kind enough to entrust to me, to increase my slender means of defence; but I was obliged, according to custom, to take under my protection a numerous caravan of peasants, women, and children, who profited by my departure to return to Damanhour and Ramanieh. We had scarcely advanced two leagues when the Arabs began to hover about our flanks. The French infantry, which a few months before had not even courage enough to fly before the Arabs, so soon accustomed themselves to dare them, that I had the greatest trouble to prevent them from strolling about the plain for the purpose of firing at these enemies. Two or three Arabs were dismounted, and then, to put them completely to the rout, I had only to fire my two cannons at them. On my arrival in Cairo, the General-in-chief had already gone off. He had left the place two days before, leaving me an order to traverse the city in all directions with the Police Aga, to know whether all was quiet. The Aga was at that time a Greek, called Barthelemi. He was accompanied by his guards, the executioner and his servants. We walked with a solemn pace, and at the sight of the Aga all the pedlars in the streets, and those whose conscience was not quite clear, immediately disappeared. In the Rue du Petit Thouars, he stopped facing a coffee-house; and his stick-bearer, who walked before him, dragged along by force a man, to whom he addressed some questions. The poor fellow answered in great confusion. After reflecting for a moment, the Cadi slowly made a horizontal motion with his right hand, and we gravely continued our walk. The gesture of the Cadi appeared singular to me. When we had got thirty steps farther, I turned round, and seeing a group of persons assembled before the coffee-house, I spurred my horse, and perceived with horror a mutilated corpse, and the executioner calmly putting a human head into his bag. "What's the meaning of this?" said I to the Cadi. "Oh,"

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answered he coolly, "that fellow had a share in the rebellion of Cairo, and escaped my vengeance." I insisted on his putting the whole affair regularly down in writing, to be communicated to the General-in-chief. In all probability the unfortunate man was guilty; but I am convinced, that my presence, and the wish to give an example of severe justice, were the real causes of his death. For the rest, executions of this sort were not rare. The Cadi never went out but accompanied by the hangman. The smallest infraction of the police laws was punished by blows on the soles of the feet—a punishment from which the women themselves were not exempted.

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CHAPTER XIX.

BEFORE we enter Syria, I think it will be well to give an account of the General's motives for that expedition.

It was absolutely necessary to ensure the conquest of Egypt by that of Syria, and especially by the possession of the maritime places.

The two countries are dependent on each other, as well in regard to natural productions as political connection.

Egypt has no wood, and a part of Syria is covered with forests. The mutual exchanges extend even to many other productions. The Desert alone separates the two countries, and the necessity of establishing one or two forts at the entrance of the Desert is indispensable for the possession of Egypt.

To these general considerations, at all times equally in force, must be added some particular circumstances which had just been created by policy.

In declaring war against France the Sultan would launch out against us the whole armed population of Syria. The Pacha who commanded in that province had a personal interest in showing himself our foe: he would effect his reconciliation with the Porte by the services he might render her; he would draw a great deal of money out of the English, and find war the means of subduing, or at least removing, Ibrahim Bey, whose presence in Syria was disagreeable to him, and caused him even some anxiety.

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On the other hand, General Bonaparte wished to deprive the English of the means of communicating with and disembarking on an extent of coast eighty leagues in length. His intention was to make himself master of the maritime places, and fortify them. He had hopes of drawing over to his party a considerable portion of the inhabitants of Syria, especially the Druses and Maronists, schismatic Mussulmans,[1] whose manners are at variance with those of the Turks, and who have no other connection with them but through the enormous taxes they are forced to pay, and the multifarious oppression under which they labour. Finally, he expected by that means to force the Porte to explain herself openly; for he was not yet acquainted with the declaration of war made by the Turks against France. He placed at the head of the expedition General Regnier as commander of the vanguard, and Generals Kleber, Bon, and Lannes, and Murat for the cavalry.

He left in Egypt General Desaix vigorously pursuing Mourad Bey, and keeping in awe all the provinces of the Upper Nile as far as the Cataracts. General Dugua in Cairo commanded the Delta from Rosetta and Damietta. He had under his orders General Lanusse, whose courage and activity were sufficient to maintain peace in all those extensive provinces. The season was favourable for the expedition to Syria, which began in January, 1799.

The Desert, which divides Egypt from Syria, is eighty leagues in breadth. In that space of land are found the wells of Katisch, which were enclosed in a fort, that the army might not be without water. At two days' march beyond the wells is the fort of El Arisch, which contains better water than Katisch, but of which the enemy had already made himself master. We were forced to besiege it, and it was bravely defended by 2000 Arnauts. They were, however, constrained to capitulate, after a vigorous attack of

[1] Here Count Lavalette has made a little mistake. The *Maronists* are Christians, and not Mussulmans.—*Note of the Translator.*

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three days. In the treaty it was stipulated that they should go to Damascus; but the greater number among them threw themselves into Jaffa, of which place they augmented the garrison. We were obliged in consequence to besiege the town.[1] Jaffa was taken by storm a few days after the first attack, and the Arnauts who had capitulated at El Arisch being found within its walls, were, according to the European custom, shot for having violated the treaty. I was not at that time with the General-in-chief, having joined him only the day after the taking of Jaffa.

From Jaffa the army marched to Caiffa; but the enemy had abandoned that place, though it possessed a fort and strong walls. We left there a small post, and continued our way to St. John of Acre, near which city we arrived on the evening of the 27th of March. While the tents were being pitched, the General-in-chief was surprised to hear at sea a tolerably brisk cannonading. I went by his orders to the shore, and soon perceived that the sound was becoming more distant, so that I feared it might be the announcement of some fatal event.

On entering Syria, General Bonaparte had given orders to Marmont to send him by some brig the ammunition he should want for the sieges of the Syrian towns. Captain Standley, who commanded the frigate which was at the head of the expedition, neglected to inquire whether we

[1] When General Kleber left El-Arisch, to proceed to Kanjonnes, he was led astray by his guides, who threw him much too far to the right in the Desert. The General-in-chief followed him, not doubting that General Kleber had crossed the village; and he was going to enter it, escorted only by his staff and fifty guides, when two horsemen, who formed the vanguard, came back in full gallop, after having fired two pistols; and we discovered on the other side of the village the camp and cavalry of Abdallah Pasha, who appeared disposed to charge them. The army was two leagues behind. There was no possibility of standing against six hundred well-armed enemies, or of escaping if they had been pursued. Fortunately, the General, on this occasion, showed an instance of the admirable presence of mind he possessed. He ordered the commander of the detachment to draw up his men in a single line; the enemy thought them more numerous than they really were; and after some moments' deliberation he came to a resolution of raising his camp and retreating.

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were masters of Jaffa, on the walls of which place we had left the Turkish flag flying, to draw in the enemy's ships, which might bring us provisions, and news from sea. Standley, persuaded we were not at Jaffa, went in to St. John of Acre; but Commodore Sir Sidney Smith, who was cruising before the port with a ship and a frigate, gave him the chase and took a part of his vessels. This was the cause of the cannonading we heard; and General Bonaparte was convinced, as well as myself, that the army had lost all its siege ammunition. The next day the army encamped to the north of St. John of Acre, and the General-in-chief stood during several hours on a height that commands St. John of Acre, at about half a league distant. The enemy, perceiving the staff, made trial of the skill of their gunners. The bombs fired with so much nicety that one of them was buried in the ground three paces from the General, between his two aides-de-camp, Merlin and Beauharnais. Another fell and burst at two feet from the soil, in the midst of a group of soldiers who were lying down and preparing their breakfast. There were eleven of them, and not one survived an instant.

The town of St. John of Acre is situated on the point of a narrow slip of land, fortified towards the sea by batteries and a small lighthouse, and also protected by some pieces of cannon. On the land side it was enclosed by a high wall, divided by a tower on which some pieces of ordnance had been placed. The city was surrounded at a considerable distance by gardens, which being all enclosed with hedges of cactus, we had much trouble in repelling the riflemen who harassed us from behind them.

The traveller Volney, whom we had found so accurate in his description of Egypt, asserts that St. John of Acre is not surrounded with ditches. This assurance proved fatal to us in the beginning of the siege. Several officers of engineers confirmed us in our prepossession, and particularly Colonel Sampson, who was wounded in his hand while fighting in a

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muddy rivulet he supposed to have been the fosse of the town.

After we had fired ten days on the tower I have mentioned, it was pierced, and the breach appeared large enough to lodge some miners with an officer of the staff. The troops made a movement to rush to the foot of the town; but they were suddenly stopped by a ditch fifteen feet broad by ten or twelve deep, and lined with a good counterscarp. We were, in consequence, forced to establish a globe of compression to blow it up. The concussion took place, and young Mailly-Chateau-Renaud, an officer of the staff, received orders to enter the tower with four miners, to remain there during the night, and to pierce it, while the infantry endeavoured to make themselves masters of the ditch. The intrepid young officer and his men executed their orders; but the enemy opened so strong a fire on our troops that they were forced to abandon the fosse. Mailly and his gunners were killed in the breach.

The aide-de-camp Duroc had been sent an hour before into the ditch, to discover the progress of the breach: a howitzer that burst wounded him deeply in the thigh, and lamed him. The night falling in, we were constrained to give up the attack, and to wait until the arrival of a larger supply of artillery should furnish us with the means of making breaches on all sides; but just at that moment the General-in-chief heard that all his ammunition, all his artillery, sent from Alexandria, had been captured by Sir Sidney Smith; while at the same time we learned the secret cause of the astonishing skill of the Turkish gunners.

When, a few years before the period I am speaking of, General Aubert Dubayet was sent by the French Government to Constantinople as ambassador, he obtained leave to take with him a company of light artillery, to teach the Turks those parts of gunnery they were still unacquainted with, and especially all that concerned the letting off of bombs. This company had since returned to France, and

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part of them were in the besieging army, but their pupils were in the fortress; so that Turkish bombardiers, instructed by French troops, were sending us our own projectiles, of which they possessed about eighteen hundred, with four mortars.

The trenches had not been regularly made, and the consequence of that neglect was, that the soldiers, not being sufficiently covered, fell victims to our precipitation. General Caffarelli, commander of the engineers of the army, was himself struck by a bullet on his left elbow, and he lost his arm. He had already suffered the loss of a leg several years before, during the retreat of Jourdan.

The Turks are wonderfully good soldiers behind a wall: we had more than one instance of that during the whole siege of St. John of Acre. It was almost impossible for a Frenchman to show himself uncovered without being struck. The terrible fire of the besieged was supported by the batteries of Sir Sidney's ship *Theseus*, and his frigate.

The labours of the siege soon grew more complicated. Sir Sidney Smith had with him a Frenchman named Philippeaux, an emigrant, formerly a schoolfellow of General Bonaparte, and an officer of engineers. He raised two redoubts beyond the fosse, the batteries of which soon ranged along the branches of our trenches, and forced us to begin new works to change their direction.[1]

The field-pieces being too weak to destroy the tower, we had recourse to mining; but while we were working with great activity and secrecy, we continued firing on the town.

[1] I think I have mentioned, that among the persons sent to St. John of Acre to carry proposals of peace to Djezzar Pacha, was a young man, named Mailly de Chateau-Renaud, who had returned from Mascate with M. Beauchamp. This unfortunate young man was locked up in the lighthouse at Acre, with about four hundred Christians he had collected on the coast of Syria. The day after the failure of the first storm, some soldiers who were in the trenches mentioned to General Vial, then upon service, that in the seaside might be seen a great many dead bodies rolled up like bales of rice or coffee. He went to look after them, and recognised poor young Chateau-Renaud, who had been strangled during the night. Thus the two brothers, who, after a six years' absence, had met for a few hours at Cairo, were both killed at the same instant near St. John of Acre.

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More than once we entertained the hope of gaining a footing in it and destroying it ; but it was in vain that our grenadiers and sappers endeavoured several times to take possession of it. The part that looked towards the town continued to be occupied by the besieged, who never ceased throwing on our troops howitzers, grenades, and even bombs, which made the post exceedingly dangerous. Notwithstanding all our efforts, the two redoubts constructed by the enemy covered us with their fire every time our troops crossed the ditch to storm the tower. The officer of engineers, Philippeaux, soon guessed we were making mines, and applied himself to destroy those we were laying under the ditch. In consequence, on the 18th Germinal, the enemy made a sortie with so much abruptness and violence that a part of our trenches was destroyed. The enemy's columns were commanded by intelligent English officers, one of whom reached the entrance of the mine, where he was killed. The papers on him informed us that he was Captain Hatfield, and that he had been the first at the attack of the Cape of Good Hope. His fall caused some confusion among the troops he commanded, who soon after, being attacked with energy, hastily returned to the city, leaving a great many killed behind them.

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CHAPTER XX.

WHILE we were fighting under the walls of St. John of Acre, like the Crusaders beyond the Jordan, Ibrahim Bey, the bearer of the orders of Djezzar Pacha, assembled all the Arabs of the mountains of Naplouse, and even of the environs of Damascus. The General-in-chief had taken the precaution to make himself master of the bridge of Jacoub and the port of Japhet. The banks of the lake of Tabarieh were constantly overrun by the cavalry of General Murat. General Junot had posted himself at Loubi, near Nazareth. He was soon attacked at a short distance from Gafarkala; and though he had only with him a part of the 2nd regiment of light infantry, three companies of the 19th, and one hundred and fifty dragoons, he did not hesitate to dare the charge of above three thousand horsemen. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the enemy, he succeeded in reaching the heights of Nazareth without having been routed; and after eight hours of the most desperate fighting, he forced the enemy to a temporary retreat. This glorious defence made the General-in-chief feel the necessity of terminating, once for all, the annoyance of these dangerous enemies, whose plan was no less than to come and attack him under the walls of St. John of Acre. He sent General Kleber against them, and a few days afterwards he marched himself to the support of Junot and Kleber with the rest of his cavalry, the division of General Bon, and eight pieces of

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artillery. He directed his way towards Fouli. At nine o'clock in the morning he had reached the last heights, whence the prospect extends three leagues over the plain bounded by Mount Thabor. From thence we perceived the squares of General Kleber, presenting a black line, surrounded and pressed by an enormous mass of cavalry and infantry, which, at three leagues' distance, had all the appearance of an ant-hill. Sometimes the French line disappeared, and we thought it destroyed; then it showed itself again, covered by its own fire, during some minutes. The General-in-chief began by throwing his cavalry on the heights to his right, where the camp of the Mamelukes had been established, and which we found deserted. He thus formed two squares of infantry, and made his arrangements so as to turn the enemy at a great distance. When he arrived at within half a league of General Kleber, he sent to him General Rampon, at the head of the 32nd half brigade; and as soon as that troop had begun to march, he made known his presence by firing a twelve-pounder. The effect was theatrical. At the same instant we saw General Kleber, quitting his defensive attitude, advancing upon the village of Fouli, of which he made himself master, and the enemy flying in all directions. But on one side the enemy found before him General Rampon, while General Vial had cut off his retreat to the mountains of Naplouse, and General Murat was waiting for him at the bridge of Jacoub. The guides on foot attacked him near Jenin; so that his only resource was to fly behind Mount Thabor, from whence, during the night, he reached Elmekanieh, and further up the Jordan, where a great number were drowned in attempting to cross the river.

After the battle the General-in-chief went to sleep at Nazareth. This small place is situated a good way within the mountains, in a very picturesque situation, between two groves, one of sycamore and the other of date-trees: the chief part of the inhabitants are Christians. Before Bona-

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parte entered the village, he stopped near an ancient fountain, where a considerable number of cattle were drinking. The elders of the village stood there waiting for the General-in-chief: the whole scene recalled to memory the patriarchal times so beautifully described in the Bible. The French were received with great demonstrations of joy, and General Bonaparte went with his staff to pass the night at the convent of Nazareth.

This convent was evidently built in the time of the Crusades: the edifice is not very large. Next morning the General-in-chief asked the superior to conduct him to the church, which resembles our village churches, and contains nothing remarkable but the chapel, which was once, they say, the bed-chamber of the Virgin Mary. It is below the chief altar, and a few very broad steps descend to it. An altar fills the place of the bed; and being cut out of the rock, it is no more than seven feet in height. The superior, who was a Spaniard, but spoke very good Italian, made us observe on the left side of the altar a pillar of black marble, the shaft of which touched the ceiling, while its basement was broken off some feet from the ground, which made it appear suspended. The prior told us, in the gravest manner possible, that when the Angel Gabriel came to announce to the Virgin her glorious and holy destination, he touched the pillar with his heel and broke it in two. We burst out a-laughing; but General Bonaparte, looking severely at us, made us resume our gravity. Along the cloisters were lying about thirty men who had been wounded on the preceding day; several of them had just expired, and these latter had nearly all received from the monks the last comforts of religion. This was probably done at the instigation of these pious cenobites; for, at that period, the French troops were very foreign to any religious feeling. Neither the aspect of the country wherein they fought, nor the names of most of those places which had been familiar to them during their infancy (nearly all of them being born between the

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years 1775 and 1780), seemed capable of recalling to their memory the sentiments and recollection of their youth.

At Nazareth we lost a man who had been most useful to General Bonaparte and the army; namely, M. Venture, first interpreter to the General-in-chief. This old man had passed all his life in the East, and his wandering life had produced a strange mixture of nations in his family; his wife being a Greek, his daughter an Egyptian, and his son-in-law a Pole.[1] He was very much regretted, but his place was adequately filled up by M. Jaubert, his pupil, who, notwithstanding his numerous and perilous voyages, still lives for his friends and the sciences.

We returned to St. John of Acre, and on our arrival before the town the General-in-chief finally learned that Rear-Admiral Duperrie had put on shore three four-and-twenty and six eighteen pounders, and the necessary ammunition. The works of the mine were continued, and on the 5th Floreal it was decided to spring it. All the batteries began to play upon the enemy, in order to deceive him, and fire was set to the mine; but a vault that existed in the tower presented a line of slight resistance. One side only was destroyed: it remained, however, in a state of breach. This breach was as difficult to reach as it had been before. We were therefore obliged to begin battering afresh the curtain and the tower. The attack of the 6th was more murderous than the former, and still without success. Four hundred men remained during six hours in the breach that looked towards the ditch; the enemy, posted on the reverse, continued throwing incessantly burning projectiles into the midst

[1] I was present at Venture's departure from Paris. He travelled in the same coach with Colonel Sulkowsky. His wife and daughter were bathed in tears, convinced by I know not what omen that neither of them would come back. After an hour's grief they began to be comforted, when the two travellers suddenly reappeared. Their coach had broken down near the barrier. I expected fresh lamentations; but, to my great astonishment, they felt the greatest joy at the accident that had occurred; and for the same reason their grief was so much stronger when they heard of their death.

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of that mass of men, who were unable to advance, and still would not consent to go down. At last the break of day rendered visible the most horrible disorder, and a position which could not possibly be maintained; we were again obliged to abandon the tower. We had lost an enormous number of officers, especially among the engineers: General Caffarelli, who had command of the engineers, showed some signs of recovery; but he every day asked why his comrades came no longer to see him. Though the utmost care was taken to conceal from him the fatal news of their death, grief and anxiety augmented his sufferings. He sometimes said to me, "It was I who seduced—I who led on all those hopeful young men. Alas! that they should have fallen before such a wretched fortress?" Finally, the death of young Say, the chief of his staff, which could not be kept a secret from him, threw him into a deep melancholy, and he died soon after.

He was not regretted by the army alone. To extensive information, Caffarelli added great feeling and a mildness of disposition that will make his memory dear to all those who knew him. He would certainly have acted a very important part under the Empire; for General Bonaparte had great esteem and consideration for him.

The army had already stormed the city twelve times, and withstood twenty-six sorties, when General Kleber and his division were recalled to the camp. A new mine had been opened, and we were already on the point of charging it, when the enemy once more gave vent to it: notwithstanding all our efforts, he reached the branch; so that we were obliged to make our miners retire precipitately out of the mine, and stop it up by explosion. This circumstance was the more fatal, as by it we lost all hopes of making ourselves masters of the town by that means. We had to return to cannonading, which also speedily relaxed, the gunpowder we expected from Gaza not having arrived. On the next day, however, we received a sufficient quantity: the courage

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of the soldiers increased; and when they heard that the division of Kleber was coming, the whole camp went to meet it, with congratulations and prophecies that the honour of taking the town would belong to the new-comers. The batteries had destroyed a great part of the curtain, which presented a space wide enough to mount for an assault. The grenadiers of Kleber's division received that honourable though perilous commission; but just as they were descending into the ditch in order to cross it, the enemy opened on their flank a tremendous fire from the two sides. The grenadiers, however, penetrated into the town; but when there they were fired upon from all sides of a large square, and from the Palace of Djezzar. The difficulty of climbing up the breach prevented our soldiers from rushing easily into this new circle: the bravest among them were killed; the rest hesitated. It became necessary to lead the troops back into the trenches.

The General-in-chief could not resolve to order the fourteenth assault; but the grenadiers and most of the officers who had already been in the town insisted in so pressing a manner for leave to go up once more, that the General-in-chief, after having got the breach widened, let them advance again. General Kleber placed himself on the reverse of the fosse, where, sword in hand, he animated his troops with his stentorian voice, amidst the dead and the dying. On looking on that gigantic figure, a whole head taller than the rest of the soldiers, one might have taken him for one of the heroes of Homer. The noise and smoke of the cannon, the cries of the soldiers, the roaring of the Turks—our troops rushing on the enemy, made our hearts beat with enthusiasm. Nobody doubted but the town would be taken; when suddenly the column stopped. General Bonaparte had placed himself in the breach battery, to examine once more the movements of the army. He had fixed his glass between the fascines of the battery, when a ball from the town struck the superior fascine; and the General-in-chief fell into the

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arms of General Berthier. We thought him killed; but fortunately he had not been touched; his fall was only an effect of the commotion of the air. In vain General Berthier pressed him to retire: he received one of those harsh and dry replies, after which no one dare insist. While we were examining the singular absence of all motion on the part of the troops, a bullet entered the head of young Arrighi, who was standing between the General-in-chief and me. Some others were killed afterwards, General Bonaparte still refusing to retire. At last we learned what was the obstacle that prevented the troops from advancing. In the interval between the two assaults, the enemy had filled up a wide ditch with all sorts of inflammable matter, so that repeated and terrible explosions killed all those that came near it. It was too broad to be crossed; there were no means of turning it; and our soldiers stood before that insurmountable obstacle, enraged at not being able to advance, and still resolved not to go back. Several generals were wounded, and a great number of officers and soldiers killed. We lost the General of division Bon, the Adjutant-general Fouler, and Croisier, aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief.

To continue the siege would have been paying too dearly for the conquest of a city already ravaged by the plague. The disease had been brought to the camp by the second light demi-brigade that had caught it at Damietta. The army had also found it at Jaffa; and though it was not marked here by those terrible symptoms it had shown at Alexandria, and went under the name of a benign plague, it still swept away many victims, and would undoubtedly have cost us more men still if we had taken St. John of Acre.

General Bonaparte felt convinced that that fever was really the plague; the Physician-in-chief, Desgenettes, alleged, on the contrary, that it was nothing more than a common fever. His opinion and arguments served to tranquillise the soldiers; but they had one bad effect—that of disposing them to neglect the caution necessary in all con-

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tagious diseases. He wished, however, to add practical demonstration to his arguments by inoculating himself with the plague. In the middle of the hospital, and in the presence of all the sick, he plunged a lancet into the bubo of one of the patients, and pricked himself with it in his left side. This act, which was the more courageous as he afterwards acknowledged that the disease had really all the characteristics of the plague, excited the admiration of the whole army, and insured to the physician lasting glory with posterity.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE General-in-chief formed the resolution of returning to Egypt. The favourable season for landing approached, and he had received advice that the English, united with the Turks, were to attempt one in Lower Egypt. Measures were immediately taken for sending away the sick, and provisioning El Arisch and Katisch. All the posts were drawn back, and in the night of our departure the brigade that was on service in the trenches gradually evacuated the artillery, and only set off themselves the next day, protecting all they had before them, and protected in their turn by the cavalry. The invalids, who were eighteen hundred in number, and who had all been wounded by fire-arms, were placed in the centre of the divisions to which they belonged; and, as there were no means of transport, all the saddle horses, and even all the asses, which the soldiers had in use when they came to Syria, to carry water and provisions, served, on our return, to bear the wounded. But when they arrived at Jaffa, the soldiers, seeing before them the terrible Desert, and aware of what they must suffer in crossing it without water, began first to complain, and then broke out into mutiny. It was on this occasion that General Bonaparte gave up all his horses, without even keeping one for his private use. The master of his stables having had the imprudence to supplicate in favour of the beloved mare of the General, he put himself in such a passion that for the first time in my life I saw him strike a man. In his rage he went up to him, and whipped him across the body.

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I must here say a few words on an odious imputation made long since against General Bonaparte—I mean the pretended poisoning of the soldiers sick of the plague.

It is so contrary to truth that General Bonaparte proposed to poison the unfortunate men, that M. Larry, first surgeon to the army, never ceased to pronounce it an atrocious calumny; and he several times, in the last fifteen years, pressed M. Desgenettes to declare publicly with him the fact through the medium of the press. The latter, having been ill-used by the King's government, recoiled probably at the thought of a declaration which might make his situation still more painful. It is, besides, impossible to name any person to whom the proposal should have been made. Finally, the calumny was spread by the English while they were in Egypt, and propagated by a writing of Sir Robert Wilson, who was then extremely young, and who in maturer age has openly declared that he had been mistaken.[1]

When, in our return from St. John of Acre, we stopped at Jaffa, where the plague had ceased its ravages, I received from the General-in-chief an order to go through the numerous gardens that surround the town, and where a sort of lazaretto had been established for the sick, that we might take along with us all that were not too ill to follow the army. I found five or six poor soldiers lying beneath the trees: when they saw me, they cried out, "Pray, Commander, take us with you! We are still able to bear the march." I replied, "Try to get up; endeavour to walk." But all the symptoms of the plague were already evident. Not one of them could rise, and I was obliged to leave them, for no soldier would have lent them his aid. I went and made my report to General Bonaparte, who was walking on the seashore. He listened to me without stopping, and we came up to a young horseman, who asked also to be taken with us, and who succeeded in rising from the ground. The General, touched with compassion, ordered one of his guides

[1] See the Memoirs of Bourrienne.—*Note of the Translator.*

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to give his horse to the poor sick man. Neither the authority of the General, nor the fear of punishment, was sufficient to enforce obedience. The Colonel of the Guides was obliged to go up to him, and promise him in a whisper a great deal of money, which motive was the only one by which he was brought to a decision; and even then the Colonel was forced to use the greatest vigilance lest the sick man should be thrown from his horse. I believe he remained at El Arisch, and I do not know what became of him. As for the poor soldiers I mentioned, it is to be hoped they died in the course of the night, or at least the following day, so as to have escaped from the cruel death the Arabs prepared for all those who fell into their hands. I feel no remorse for my conduct on that occasion. All I had seen of the plague at Alexandria had convinced me that it is a fatal humanity that induces people to come in contact with the infected, when they are once arrived at the last stage of the disease. Nevertheless, I cannot think of those unfortunate men without pain; and if it had been possible to save them, I would have done it.

The army carried with it eighteen hundred wounded men. We had succeeded in constructing about twenty litters for the general officers, such as Lannes and Veaux, Duroc and Croisier: the two latter were aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief. Croisier died in the Desert. The infected that could not bear a long journey were deposited at El Arisch, but placed without the fort, under the protection of a detachment of infantry that was to defend them against the attacks of the Arabs. Several of them recovered, and in particular I may name young Captain Digeon, who commanded the breach battery during the whole siege: he was a most intrepid officer, and fortune spared him. He is now a lieutenant-general. We lost very few of our wounded while crossing the Desert, and the army made with great *éclat* its entrance into the capital of Egypt.

This Syrian campaign has been judged with great severity

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by our enemies; and during the reign of the Emperor it was not allowed to speak impartially of its result. It was undoubtedly indispensable to enter into Syria to repel Ibrahim Bey and the troops which Djezzar Pacha was preparing to launch against Egypt. The operations were conducted with great skill. The failure of St. John of Acre must only be attributed to some fatal circumstances independent of the General-in-chief; but we must not therefore conclude with General Berthier, that the French army really gained all the advantages it expected to reap in Syria. We lost in that province three thousand men, several skilful generals and hopeful officers; and we were obliged to abandon the towns we had taken. In quitting Syria, we left the country just as it was before we entered it. Barren victories must not be looked upon as real advantages; and if General Bonaparte had remained in Egypt, he would undoubtedly have beaten the Grand Vizier when he came the following year to drive us out of Egypt, and repulsed the English, who had taken Aboukir. But most certainly he could not have begun the campaign of Syria over again, having no means of receiving supplies from France; so that he would with difficulty have been able to maintain himself some years longer in Egypt.

During the campaign of Syria, General Desaix had succeeded in keeping quiet possession of Upper Egypt, and reducing Mourad Bey to the condition of a fugitive. Lower Egypt had been the scene of many troubles, occasioned by a sort of fanatic who styled himself the Angel El Mahadé; but General Lanusse pursued him with so much vigour, that he soon destroyed the troops he had collected.

The landing season was fast approaching. The General-in-chief did not wish to leave Cairo. He therefore resumed the administration of the country: he busied himself with filling up the vacant places in the army and completing the corps. He had posted himself with a part of his cavalry near the Pyramids, waiting for the accounts General Desaix

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would transmit him respecting Mourad Bey, whom that general was pursuing in his last entrenchment, and who it was supposed would throw himself into the Oases that are situated at a short distance from the Pyramids.

It is a well-known fact that the great Pyramid had been opened several centuries ago by the Arabs. General Bonaparte had resolved to visit the interior of that structure with Messieurs Monge, Berthollet, and Duroc. I only mention this circumstance because his name has been written in the great gallery leading to the chamber called the King's Chamber. He had scarcely come out of the Pyramid, when an express sent off by General Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, brought him tidings of the landing of a Turkish army at Aboukir, where they had made themselves masters of the great redoubt and of the fort, after having massacred our soldiers that defended them. The attack was quite unexpected, and the Turkish army was so numerous that General Marmont had not thought fit to march against them at the head of his garrison, for fear he might not be able to prevent their disembarking, and might, moreover, endanger the city of Alexandria, the fortifications of which were not yet completed, and which besides contained all the resources we possessed in artillery and ammunition.

It was to be expected that after the enemy had taken the fort he would spread about the country and attack either Alexandria or Rosetta. Instead of that, he fortified himself in the peninsula of Aboukir, evidently waiting for Mourad Bey, with whose desperate condition he was not yet acquainted.

General Bonaparte resolved, therefore, to march rapidly against him. The distance from the Pyramid to Aboukir is more than eighty leagues. On the fourth day the army arrived at Alexandria; on the 7th of Thermidor it was assembled within a league of Aboukir, under the orders of the Division-Generals Lannes and Lanusse, and Murat for the cavalry. The enemy was retrenched in front of Aboukir,

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on the sandy hillocks of which he had made redoubts, and under the protection of the English gunboats. His force consisted of about seventeen thousand men, with twelve pieces of cannon. The General quickly made his dispositions, and ordered General Dastaneg to attack the enemy's left, which he put to flight after a long resistance. The Turks fled towards the village of Aboukir; but a part of the cavalry, that was in the centre, pursued them, sabred and drove them into the sea. The right of the enemy was attacked with equal vigour. The division of Lannes made themselves masters of the redoubt, which being turned by a squadron of cavalry, the Turks had no other resource left but to throw themselves into the sea. It was a horrible sight to contemplate nearly ten thousand men of whom nothing was to be seen but their heads covered with turbans, and who were seeking in vain to reach the English fleet anchored at more than half a league from the shore. Two thousand men had sought a refuge on the strand, at the foot of a rock that covered them. It was impossible to make them comprehend that they might surrender by laying down their arms. We were obliged to kill them all to a man, but they sold dearly their lives. General Murat was wounded by a bullet in his head; Guibert, aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief, was killed, and the corps of engineers, that had already suffered so severely, lost Colonel Cretin, who had succeeded to the post of General Caffarelli. Wounded by two bullets, the Colonel was lying before the door of a house in the village occupied by the Turks. Eight persons had already been killed or wounded in seeking to get him away. Bertrand, who was at that time a major of engineers, devoted himself to save his commander: he rushed into the house, followed by twenty sappers, and succeeded in killing every one of the Turks; but he was severely wounded, and Colonel Cretin did not survive the injuries he had suffered.

After the victory was gained, the fort of Aboukir, still

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remained to be taken. General Lannes, who was not yet recovered from the wounds he had received at St. John of Acre, got the command of the troops that were to invest the place. I was with him. The day after the departure of the General-in-chief, I accompanied General Lannes on a visit to the posts, when a furious sortie of Turkish troops surprised our advanced posts, and the unfortunate General received a bullet in his leg. It was the eighth wound he got from fire-arms.

Fortunately the enemy had no water in the fort of Aboukir, so that he surrendered four days after the battle.

During the short stay of the General-in-chief at Aboukir, he had some communications with Sir Sidney Smith, by the medium of his secretary. We had not received for a long time any news from Europe, and the English Commodore took a malicious pleasure in acquainting us, by the newspapers, of the situation of the Republic. We learned that the whole south of Italy was evacuated, that war was waging on the frontiers of Piedmont, and that France was in the most desperate condition. General Bonaparte took great care not to let the army know these dismal accounts; but, from that moment, he resolved to return to Europe, convinced that he alone was capable of repairing the evils the bad government of the Directory had accumulated on the country.

After the surrender of the fort of Aboukir, the defence of which had only lasted four days, General Bonaparte went back to Cairo; but not before he had given secret orders to General Gantheaume, who commanded the marines at Alexandria, to arm and provision the two frigates *Muiron* and *Carrère*. He then spread the report that he was going to travel to Upper Egypt, but that he would perhaps first take a trip in the Delta. The news of his intended journey put everybody on the alert, in the expectation of receiving his praises. He spent a fortnight in regulating once more the administration of Egypt, provisioning its strong places,

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and writing to the Grand Vizier; and when all his measures were duly taken, he went down the Nile again, after having appointed General Kleber to meet him near Alexandria, that he might deliver over the command into his hands; but that general not having arrived in time, his despatches were sent to him; and, at ten o'clock at night, the General-in-chief, accompanied by his staff, and leaving his horses on the shore, embarked on board of the *Muiron*. He took with him Generals Berthier and Gantheaume, Messieurs Monge and Berthollet, his aides-de-camp, Eugène Beauharnais, Duroc, Merlin, and his private secretary. In the frigate *Carrère* went Generals Lannes and Murat, both wounded, Marmont, Messieurs Denon, Castas, and Parseval-Grandmaison. The scientific commission had been for some months in Upper Egypt.

Our passage presented many difficulties. The secretary of Sir Sidney Smith, in a conversation with me, had allowed the observation to escape that there was a great advantage in blockading out of sight. We were therefore to expect that we should find the English Commodore in our way. In that case the frigate *Carrère* had received orders to engage, so as to give the *Muiron* time to escape. But both the frigates were Venetian-built ships, and very bad sailers; it became therefore necessary to make use of some stratagem to avoid being seen. Admiral Gantheaume thought the best way would be to run, for thirty days, along the flat shores of Africa, where no ships reconnoitre, and to make short tacks of half a league, without ever standing far out to sea. The time appeared very long to us all; for it would have been imprudent to keep a light at night, so that we were obliged to go to bed with the sun. Our days were spent in reading, or discussing various topics; the inexhaustible information of our two learned travelling companions filled up our time in a very agreeable manner. Plutarch frequently came to our assistance; and sometimes, during our long evenings, the General-in-chief would tell us ghost stories, in which he

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was very clever. The situation of France, and the future state of the country, were often the subjects of his reflections. He never mentioned the government of the Directory but with a degree of severity that savoured of contempt. In the meanwhile his conversation never betrayed what he intended to do; though some words that escaped him, some musings, and some indirect insinuations, gave a wide scope to our surmises. His administration in Egypt had been pure, his operations full of genius; but was that enough to clear him in the eyes of a government that feared him, and was far from wishing well to him? He would be obliged to make war; but could he submit to the plans of a government deprived of military knowledge, that might place him in an awkward situation, and give his rivals means of success which they would refuse to allow him? These different ideas made him very thoughtful.

At last the east wind began to blow in a constant manner. We passed Cape Bone during the night, and we arrived speedily at Ajaccio. This little town is the birthplace of the General-in-chief: he had left it eight years before, when he was only a captain of artillery. At the sight of this place his heart was deeply affected. Coming from Egypt, where the plague still prevailed, it was impossible for us to enter the port. The inhabitants, surprised to see the Admiral's flag hoisted on the mainmast, rushed towards the shore; but when they learned that their illustrious countryman was on board his old friends and relations threw themselves into a number of boats, came on board the frigate, and broke through the quarantine. There was, however, no great danger, for after forty-four days' navigation we had not one sick person on board. Among the crowd that was bustling round the state cabin there was an old woman dressed in black, who continually held up her hands to the General, saying, "*Caro figlio!*" without being able to attract his attention. At last he perceived her, and cried out "*Madre!*" It was his nurse, who is still living at the moment I write this.

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The General-in-chief learned here, though in a confused manner, what had happened in France during his absence. Italy was lost, and Massena continued fighting like a lion in Switzerland. In the interior the confusion had been very great. Treilhard and Merlin were no longer members of the Directory; their places were occupied by the lawyer Gohier and General Moulin. On hearing the latter name, the General-in-chief turned to Berthier and said, "Who is this General Moulin?" "I never heard his name mentioned before," answered Berthier. General Bonaparte put the same question to all of us, and received the same answer. That man's nomination caused him to reflect deeply. Astonished not to see any of the authorities from the land, he soon learned that the members of the municipality, and those of the departmental directory, had sent each other to prison. The commissary of the Government, a stranger to the country, was sole master in that state of confusion. The cabinet revolution had soon become known at Ajaccio, and the different parties found it the most natural thing in the world to persecute one another.

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CHAPTER XXII.

It was necessary to re-establish some order in the midst of so much anarchy. In consequence, the General-in-chief went to his own house, sent for the magistrates, whom he delivered out of prison, exhorted them to peace and concord, and the next morning the two frigates left the port, sailing in the direction of the Isles of Hyères. The whole of the first day our navigation was very favourable. We perceived already the hills of Provence, and our joy at returning to our dear country was carried to its highest pitch, when the sailor who was on the look-out said he espied two large ships in the west. They could be no other than enemy's ships, and soon several discharges of cannon seemed to indicate that they had discovered us. The General-in-chief called a council, and the universal opinion,—even that of the admiral,—was that General Bonaparte had nothing else to do than to throw himself into the post-boat that accompanied us and return to Ajaccio. He was indignant at such advice. "Do you think," said he, "that I can consent to run away like a coward, when fortune has never ceased to favour me? Let us continue our course. My destiny is not to be taken and die here." So we went on; but instead of steering, as we had done till then, in the direction of the Isles of Hyères, we resolved to go to Fréjus. The General-in-chief had judged rightly. The enemy, whom we distinguished with facility, because they were under the setting sun, could not perceive us, because we were in the shade. After

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standing on the whole night, the two frigates reached the roads of Fréjus. The Sanitary establishment was situated at about a quarter of a league from the town. An officer of the frigate went towards the shore in a boat. We distinguished him perfectly well. Some men came to meet him ; but after a few minutes we perceived a great confusion: some people ran towards the town, and soon after the strand was covered with an immense multitude of persons. The boats were filled, and, as at Ajaccio, a number of men rushed on board of the ship through the portholes. The cries of "Long live Bonaparte!" resounded all over the country. A white horse was brought for him, and he went to the house of a brother of the Abbé Sieyès, who lived at Fréjus. The sentiments that animated the whole population were expressed in a manner that did not leave even the shadow of a doubt. "You alone can save France," was the universal cry. "She'll perish but for you : it is Heaven that sent you ; seize the reins of government!" His journey to Lyons was a triumphal march. We arrived in that city at seven o'clock in the morning. His having landed was already known, and his arrival wished for with an ardour impossible to describe. Lyons was still famous for its antipathy to the Republican government, and we imagined that the General would not stop ; but to our great astonishment he declared that he intended to spend the remainder of the day there. He received all the authorities and most distinguished citizens ; without explaining himself, however, on the direct insinuations that were made to him to place himself at the head of the government, but receiving with a cold severity the Republicans that had organised a constitutional club, and who came to congratulate him. He had been invited to go to the theatre of the Celestins, where a piece and a song had been prepared for the occasion. He chose one of the boxes on a level with the pit ; and Duroc having, by his order, placed himself in the front of the box, the call for Bonaparte grew so violent and so unanimous, that the

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General-in-chief was obliged to change places with him during the whole representation.

Towards midnight he set off, and passed through the Bourbonnais, wishing to avoid Mâcon, where the Republican club had exasperated the aristocratic classes. From the very first day of his arrival at Paris, the General-in-chief applied himself to avoid the eyes of the multitude, who were so desirous of seeing him and expressing their enthusiasm. His interview with the Directory was cold and unceremonious. The members that composed it at that time were Barras, General Moulin, and Gohier, who shared the same sentiments; Sieyès and Roger Ducos were in the opposition. It was said at that time that the two latter, despairing of being able to maintain the Republican system, and wishing to prevent at any rate the re-establishment of the Bourbons in France, had cast their eyes on a prince of the House of Spain, whose power would have been circumscribed in such narrow limits that Liberty and all the principles of the Revolution would have been in safety. Whatever may be the truth of that anecdote, it is, however, certain that these two Directors, when they explained to General Bonaparte the disposition of the people's minds, and the impossibility of continuing any longer under the directorial form of government, entreated him to put himself at the head of an insurrection that might overthrow it. A feeling of affection that the General had preserved for Barras persuaded him to make some indirect overtures to that Director to draw him into his party. Barras refused, either because he had entered into secret engagements with the House of Bourbon, or rather by a want of enlightened views, and by the Republican sentiments he could not decide to give up.

It became, therefore, necessary to do without him, and, moreover, to take a speedy resolution. France was oppressed by the expenses of the war, and disgusted with a violent government which, perceiving that its enemies were augmented from day to day, and wishing to place in

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the same predicament the disaffected that its administration created, with its inveterate enemies of the aristocratic classes and the families of the emigrants, loaded all indiscriminately with the same rigour. The fear of the influence of the emigrants, and of a return to a monarchical system, made the Directors lean towards those rigorous measures that had caused the success of the Committee of Public Welfare, and most of their acts bore the marks of these measures. Their partisans, that were no longer to be found anywhere else than among a part of the public officers, were perpetually exciting their anxiety on the spirit of the army; and General Bonaparte, in particular, inspired them with alarms that could not fail soon to produce a violent attack against him. These partisans of the Directory formed, nevertheless, everywhere a minority, and especially in the two councils; but their activity and their audacious spirit compensated for the smallness of their numbers. The General-in-chief arrived on the 26th of Vendémiaire; the conspiracy that was to overturn the Directory was arranged and decided in the first days of Brumaire, and several members of the two Councils had been entrusted with the secret. Government wishing, however, to show General Bonaparte a public testimony of satisfaction, resolved to give him a splendid dinner. It was decided that the board should be spread in the nave of the Church of St. Sulpice. Arrangements were made to bring together the two Councils and all the high officers of the State. The General-in-chief went there with a few generals and with his staff. An immense table in the form of a horseshoe filled the whole church. The General-in-chief sat next to the President of the Directory. He trusted so little to the good faith of the Government that he ordered a loaf of bread and half a bottle of wine to be brought there for his private use. I had not been previously informed of that circumstance, and I only learned it when Duroc asked me in the church for those two articles of provision which were fetched from the General's coach. I

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never witnessed a more silent assembly, nor one where the guests showed less confidence and cheerfulness. Scarcely any one addressed his neighbour, and those who were in the secret of the plot preferred not to speak rather than to risk dangerous conversation with neighbours who might differ in opinion with them. The toasts that were given were received without enthusiasm, even the one meant for General Bonaparte, so deeply were the minds of every one prepossessed with their own private thoughts. After having sat for about half an hour, the General got up, walked slowly round the tables, addressed a few words to the guests, escaped by a side door, and was back in his own lodgings before any one had observed his absence.

The most celebrated general officers of the army were at the time nearly all at Paris. Moreau, Macdonald, Bournonville, generals-in-chief, had entered into the plot. Augereau, member of the Council of Five Hundred, had not been made acquainted with it, nor Bernadotte. The opinions of the latter were rather violent; and a feeling of jealousy, the cause of which was not extremely honourable to them, had rendered them both enemies of General Bonaparte. His having formerly commanded in Paris insured him the friendship of all the officers of the staff; whilst the colonels of the regiments that held garrison in the metropolis were all equally devoted to his person.

Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken to keep the whole affair a secret, it had, however, spread among the higher classes, and almost all the military residing in Paris. The three members of the Directory learned it also; and then for the first time the force of public opinion made them start back before the measures they might so easily have taken to annihilate the conspiracy. It would undoubtedly have been sufficient to have apprehended the General during the night; but then what would they have done with him? How would they have made out any charge against him? Where would they have

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found judges? The General-in-chief was so sensible of his real situation, that he took no precaution whatever for his personal security. He was surrounded by nobody but his aides-de-camp: he seldom went out, and worked principally with Roedeur, in whom he placed his chief confidence.

On the 16th of Brumaire there was so little appearance of the plot bursting the following day, that Eugène and I passed the evening at a ball, where he remained a part of the night, and I left at midnight because that was the hour when my duty began. The next morning at six o'clock the sixty officers on duty in the quarter were assembled in the courtyard of the General's house in the Rue de la Victoire. The General explained to them in a forcible manner the desperate situation of the Republic, and asked of them a testimony of devotion to his person, with an oath of allegiance to the two Chambers. He then mounted his horse and flew to the Carrousel, where he found Sebastiani at the head of his regiment, the fifth dragoons. On entering the Tuileries, he also found the guards of the Directory, whom their colonel had brought to remain at the disposal of the Council of the Elders. The Minister of the War Department had, nevertheless, two days beforehand strictly prohibited the chiefs of the different corps from making the slightest movement without his orders, under pain of death. But besides the little esteem and confidence which that minister (Dubois de Crancé) inspired, the troops were delighted on finding themselves placed under the command of General Bonaparte. Their enthusiasm was so great that they would not have hesitated a moment to fire on the Directory if they had received an order to that effect.

General Bonaparte presented himself at the bar of the Elders, where M. Le Mercier was in the chair. He there received the decree by which he was appointed General-in-chief of the troops of the first division, and an order to march next day to St. Cloud, where the two Councils were to hold their sitting. In fact, the following day the majority

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of the two Councils assembled in the Palace of St. Cloud. The General had required M. Gohier, President of the Directory, to tender his resignation; but he refused; and, as a lawyer, the reason he gave was that the order was contrary to the Constitution. His wife remained with Madame Bonaparte, and they were obliged to work upon her alarm to obtain her husband's submission.

The Council of Elders, not being very numerous, had been easily accommodated in one of the large apartments; but the Council of Five Hundred, which was to sit in the Conservatory, had not yet been able to assemble, because the preparations were not completed. In consequence, the sitting did not open till three o'clock. Lucien Bonaparte was in the chair. Great excitement prevailed; the friends of the Directory seemed to be more numerous than the day before. They all showed themselves indignant at a measure which, bearing all the characteristics of a *coup d'état*, presented besides what they called *liberticide violence*, and an odious violation of the Constitution. Scarcely had the debates begun, when one of the members proposed that each individually should mount the tribune, and swear allegiance to the Constitution of the Year III. The General had given me orders to remain in the hall, and bring him every five minutes a report of what was going forward. The ceremony of the oath was undoubtedly meant to gain time and prolong the sitting until night should fall in. In the space of five minutes, no more than three oaths were taken; so that it was evident more than five hours would elapse before the ceremony was terminated. I acquainted General Bonaparte with the circumstance, and found him walking with much agitation in an apartment that had no other furniture than two armchairs. Sieyès was alone with him, sitting next to the chimney, before a burning faggot which he was poking with a stick, for there was not even a pair of tongs. After having listened to what I had to say, General Bonaparte turned abruptly to Sieyès and observed: "Now you

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see what they are doing."—"Oh! oh!" answered the other coolly, "to swear to a part of the Constitution may be right; but to the whole Constitution—that is too much!"

I retired to the adjoining apartment, where I found about thirty officers of the staff, and General Berthier in the midst of them. All their faces were lengthened; and they looked gloomy. When I told General Berthier what was going forward at the Five Hundred, he grew pale and heaved a sigh. But all of a sudden the folding-door opened, and General Bonaparte appeared, beating the floor with his whip and exclaiming: "This must have an end!" They all rushed out, and we soon found ourselves at the entrance of the courtyard, where a regiment of infantry, just arrived from Paris, were ranged in line of battle. He assembled the officers, harangued them for a few minutes; and then, turning his horse's head, he galloped back to the foot of the great staircase, which he rapidly ascended, and presented himself at the bar of the Council of the Elders. The speech he made there was faithfully reported in the papers of the time; but his agitation of mind was carried to such a pitch, that he hesitated, and his words were uttered with the utmost disorder. When he arrived at that part of his speech where he mentioned that a great plot had been formed against Liberty, one of the members of the Council said coolly to him: "General, you must reveal that plot." Instead of answering him, the General continued still in a little confusion; but at last recovering his presence of mind, he went on with a firmer voice, and finished his speech. One part of the Council had shared his emotion; the other, on the contrary, enjoyed his confusion; and as the Council was to deliberate on what he had said, he withdrew. But, instead of returning to the place he had come from, he went to the Council of Five Hundred. In the vestibule he found the grenadiers, who took up arms. The noise they made alarmed the Assembly; and when Bonaparte presented himself, a great number of members rushed

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forward to meet him with angry cries, among which one might have distinguished the word *dictator*. He was so pressed between the deputies, his staff, and the grenadiers, who had rushed to the door of the apartment, that I thought for a moment he would be smothered. He could neither advance nor go back. At last those who had accompanied him felt that it was necessary to open a passage for him, and they succeeded, though not without violent efforts. He then went down again to the court-yard, mounted his horse, and remaining at the foot of the staircase, he sent an order for the President to come to him, which the latter did as soon as he could escape. In the meanwhile the confusion in the Assembly was carried to the highest pitch : several members rushing towards the windows which opened into the courtyard, pointed to him and cried out : "Down with the Dictator !—let him be outlawed !" At that moment, M. de Talleyrand, Arnaud the poet, and some other persons with whom I was talking, suddenly turned as pale as death : they all fled except those I have named. The terrible word of outlaw (*hors la loi*) still possessed all its magic force ; and if a general of some reputation had put himself at the head of the troops of the interior, it would be difficult to guess what might have happened. But the General took a resolution, and gave Murat orders to clear the hall. Murat placed Colonel Dujardin at the head of a detachment of grenadiers, who crossed the hall at a quick pace. When the colonel was at the end of the hall, he turned round towards the members who filled the benches ; but these, getting out by the windows, disappeared, and laid down their costume, which consisted of a sort of Roman toga with a square cap.

When General Bonaparte entered the hall of the Council of Five Hundred, one of the grenadiers who had followed him received a thrust from a dagger, which penetrated his coat, and which in all probability had been meant for the General. The grenadier was rewarded, and I think died

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a captain. The deputy marked out as the assassin was a Corsican, called Arena: he perished a short time after, being implicated in the conspiracy of which Coracchi and Topineau Lebrun were at the head, and the object of which was to assassinate the First Consul at the Opera, in the midst of the confusion they intended to create by letting off squibs. Having left France a few days after the 18th Brumaire, I could obtain no particulars of the affair.

Immediately after the expulsion of the deputies, the members of the two Councils who had been appointed to consult on the measures that were to be taken met; and on the 19th the city of Paris, and soon after all the rest of France, learned that General Bonaparte had been created First Consul, and that Messrs. Cambacérès and Lebrun were to be Second and Third Consuls with him.[1] The former had been a magistrate in the Parliament of Aix. He was celebrated for his thorough information and his conciliating temper. He had sat in the Convention, and his mitigated vote in the King's trial gave the true measure of the weakness of his disposition. The Third Consul, M. Lebrun, was said to have written the beautiful ordinances of Chancellor Maupeon, whose Secretary he had been. He was a very well-informed man, and published two remarkable translations, one of the "Iliad," and the other of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." He had the reputation of being a great financier. The discernment of the First Consul in appointing him was universally applauded.

The Minister of Police at that period was M. Fouché, subsequently Duke of Otranto. On the 17th Brumaire he had pledged his word to General Bonaparte to serve him unreservedly; but on the 18th, as I was walking up and down the apartments of St. Cloud, I met one of my old schoolfellows named Thurot, whom I had not seen since

[1] Count Lavalette's memory has again betrayed him in this instance:—the first three Consuls were Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Roger Ducos. Cambacérès and Lebrun succeeded to the two latter a short time afterwards.—*Note of the Translator.*

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I left college. He told me that he was secretary-general of the police; and as I questioned him rather in a pressing manner, he confessed that his master had sent him to St. Cloud to witness the event, and that we must succeed at any cost, as he was well enough acquainted with his patron to know that he would make us pay our failure dearly. In truth, we learned since that the Minister had taken measures to have us apprehended, and perhaps shot, if the undertaking at St. Cloud had not completely succeeded. The Emperor learned that circumstance; and, knowing his own strength, he used sometimes to joke with his minister about it.

Although I had not kept up my connections with the family of Metternich, the First Consul, hoping to press the Austrians so closely that peace would be the consequence of the first campaign, sent me to Saxony with secret powers to sign an armistice, in case the events of the war should incline the Austrians that way.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE expulsion of the late Government caused no manner of regret to the public, though the terms of that expulsion created some anxiety. Notwithstanding the violence of the preceding Governments, the nation was not yet accustomed to them. She had not forgotten the aim towards which all her exertions had been directed for the last twelve years—the establishment of liberty founded on solid and respected laws. She found, however, in the new Constitution none of those securities she was entitled to expect. Although the First Consul crowned the country with his own glory, and though his genius left him no fears for its independence, France wished to find in the result of victory all the advantages of peace, and all the wealth of industry and trade. Therefore, when the periodical press was consulted on the question of the Consulate for life, an immense majority of citizens expressed their approbation in the most striking manner, convinced that a lasting magistracy offered to their interests a greater security.

One of the earliest measures of the First Consul was to send new diplomatic agents to foreign countries. To me he entrusted a mission to Dresden,[1] ordering me, immediately after my arrival, to write to Vienna that I had powers to treat for a cessation of hostilities, in case the Cabinet of Vienna should prefer addressing itself to me. The conditions were in the form of preliminaries of peace. The circumstances of the war on the Rhine hastened its con-

[1] See Appendix, Nos. XVII.—XX.

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clusion, and it was signed after the battle of Hohenlinden by the Under-Chief of the Staff of Moreau.

The apparent object of my mission to Dresden was to maintain good friendship between Saxony and France. I had superseded a man of considerable merit; but his having been an agent of the Directory was sufficient to make his situation perplexing and unpleasant. Mine was nearly the same. The Elector was still officially at war with France, as a member of the Empire, though he had recalled his troops a long while before. I should have been obliged, in a manner, to force the posts, and thus give displeasure. My instructions gave me full authority to act in that manner; but such proceedings were not to my taste; and I entertained so great a regard for a prince who had rendered his throne venerable by his virtues, that I should certainly never have been able to surmount the aversion I felt to give him the least uneasiness. I never even saw him. I lived at Dresden in the greatest retirement. The climate did not agree with my wife's health, and my want of activity was disagreeable to me. When I received the news of the battle of Marengo, my mind was filled with grief at the thought that a military career was for ever closed against me, and that I should soon be prohibited from wishing for either glory or advancement. I was, however, somewhat comforted by the permission I received to pass the Carnival of 1801 at Berlin.

A great many emigrants lived at Leipsic and Dresden who owed their retreat and maintenance to the generous bounty of the Elector. My arrival at first spread alarm among these small colonies. My predecessor had been unable to afford them much protection, but he had at least removed persecution. They imagined that an aide-de-camp of General Bonaparte would not fail to drive them out of the only retreat they had left. Instead of that I endeavoured to remove their fears. I had no great merit in showing them marks of humanity. I felt naturally inclined to con-

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sider them in the light of unfortunate countrymen, who had ceased to be dangerous from the time they had laid down their arms. Besides which, I had received from the First Consul a positive order to facilitate the return to France of all such as appeared willing to carry back to their country feelings of peace. I made no distinction, and, during twelve years, I had no cause to repent. I now seek to forget that, in 1814, some of them repelled the gratitude they owed me as an insult. During these twelve years, at least, the Imperial government was not displeasing to them. The greatest part of them had solicited and obtained official situations.

At Berlin we lodged with the French Ambassador, General Burnonville. His polite attention and delicate friendship enhanced the pleasure that reigned that year in the metropolis of the Prussian dominions. It was during my stay there that peace was signed with Russia; and I could not help remarking, as a curious circumstance, the sudden eagerness with which the Russians sought us, when a few days before a member of the diplomatic body would not have dared to dance in the same quadrille with a French lady. I had the honour to see and approach frequently the Queen, who was still more to be respected for her virtues than admired for her beauty. It is impossible to imagine a more charming person united with a more dignified and majestic demeanour.

The simplicity of her manners added a still more sacred character to the feelings of veneration she inspired. She had no splendour, no retinue. She went out every day in the plainest carriage, and frequently on foot, when the weather permitted. The inhabitants of Berlin, or at least many persons attached to the Court, used at that time to express themselves with perhaps too great a freedom respecting their Sovereign and his family; but never was the slightest blame mixed with the praises bestowed on the Queen. Surrounded by her lovely children, lavishing on

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them the softest caresses with the most touching tenderness, and without the least affectation, she received the French with a grace and a feeling of preference dictated by policy; and it was easy to perceive that her attentions were owing to the title of Frenchman more than to any particular merit in the person to whom she addressed them.

She had then with her the Princess of Mecklenburg, a sister of the Emperor Alexander, whose beauty was dazzling, but whose noble features already bore traces of the complaint of which she died a short time after: the whole expression of her countenance presented something so profoundly melancholy that whenever she spoke she seemed to bid you a last adieu.

The most singular man of the Court of Berlin was Prince Henry of Prussia. Posterity, which has now begun for him, fully justifies all the praises of fame, and I owe respect to its sentence; still I must say that that sentence has not been ratified by the city of Berlin. He was become a general object of raillery and disregard. His manner of living, the eccentricity of his tastes, the singularity of his dress, certainly contributed a great deal to the feeling of the public towards him; but it was chiefly owing to his hatred for Frederick the Great, to which he frequently gave vent in the most bitter sarcasms. Louis Bonaparte, having passed through Berlin, went for a few days to Rheinsberg, the usual residence of the Prince. On his return to town he repeated to me with indignation the following words the Prince had uttered at table: "You have a great idea in France of my brother Frederick; but how greatly mistaken you Frenchmen are! You do not know the secret of his victories. He ought to have written as long as he lived—it was for that alone nature destined him." A thousand traits of this kind have been related to me at Berlin by persons of rank. The most strange eccentricities may be united with the greatest merit; but so much hatred, such a constant wish to lower in public estimation so great a man,

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and particularly to attack him in his most justly acquired glory, is conduct unworthy of a patriot, a prince, and a man of good sense.

The truce with Austria was signed on the 4th of Nivose, and, according to the promise of the First Consul, I was soon after recalled. When I arrived in Paris, I found the public still in the first excitement occasioned by the shocking event of the Infernal Machine. The execrable attempt showed how much hatred the House of Bourbon had conceived against Bonaparte. It must be entirely attributed to the Princes; for in 1814 the emigrants, then masters of the field, openly boasted of it, and made no secret of the means they had employed. Limoelan, Carton, and St. Rejant were all three Vendeans, who had come from England expressly for this noble enterprise. Limoelan escaped, and nothing further has been heard of him; St. Rejant also escaped at first, but was retaken afterwards with Georges. I shall here mention in what manner he was discovered.

I expected, on returning to the First Consul, to resume the functions of aide-de-camp: I was mistaken. After passing a few days at Malmaison, the First Consul sent me word by Duroc that his intention was I should fill an official post, and next morning I read in *The Moniteur* that I was appointed one of the directors of the Sinking Fund. This appointment, which had been made without consulting me, and of which I received the first account through a newspaper, vexed me. I felt for that sort of employment, and for Paris life in general, an aversion which the catastrophe of 1815 has but too well justified. I went to M. Maret, Secretary of State, and declared that I would not accept the situation; and that I preferred living in obscurity to accepting a post to which I felt aversion. At five o'clock I went to dine at the Tuileries, as usual. General Lannes, who was on duty, had heard of my refusal: he came up to me, approved of it, and encouraged me. "This man wants to send away his most

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faithful friends: we shall see what he'll gain by it." The approbation of the general did not add in the least to my resolution, which was firmly taken. The First Consul passed by in going to dine, and perceiving me, he took me to the window and said, "You do not wish, then, to enter into official employment?" I answered rather drily, "No." "Well," he replied, "you shall do as you please; I'll have nothing more to do with you." Saying that, he left me. Those were the only harsh words I had ever heard from him; but they went to my heart. I retired in a rage, and sending all to the d——l. Three days after, observing my absence, Bonaparte sent Clarke and Eugène to order me to go to speak to him. I went; and he spoke so persuasively that I accepted the office. He then told me that his intention was to make me Postmaster-General, in the room of a man who was wholly devoted to M. de Talleyrand; but that, his secret having been discovered, he had encountered an opposition which he wished to defeat by side measures. At that time he was not yet absolute master. In fact, a few months afterwards I received an order to take possession of the Post Office. I entered it against my will. I nevertheless did my duty there during thirteen years, with a devotedness and a zeal which were not sufficient to ensure my welfare, and for which I have been cruelly punished in 1815.

When I took the management of the Post Office, I found the fatal custom established of delivering up to the police of every corner of France all the letters claimed as suspicious. I immediately put an end to this practice by sending out of office those directors that had been guilty of it. From that time, at least, the secrets of families were no longer pried into by the worst set of men. I soon resolved to cut off all communication with Fouché—a measure which he never forgave me.

Government, however, met with the approbation of all France. The new system of administration was better

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appropriated to the spirit of the nation. The magistrates had been chosen from among the enlightened classes of society. All the public officers felt a wish to please, and the necessity of being friends. Politeness, and the good manners customary in civilised states, had taken place of the vulgar forms of the Republic. Order reappeared on all sides. The First Consul had promised peace: he gave it with every appearance of durability.

France was proud of her First Magistrate, and her glory was carried to the highest pitch. Northern Italy had been added to the several conquests of the Revolution—a brilliant acquisition that delighted the nation, which always was destined to pay dearly for it. Peace with England gave the finishing stroke to the national glory. Imagination itself could set no bounds to the expected prosperity of France; and all those golden dreams seemed on the point of being realised. The expedition to St. Domingo, entrusted in too feeble hands, and which ought perhaps not to have been undertaken at all, was a disappointment; and the renewal of the war with England a misfortune. But France was full of energy, and shared the boldness and good fortune of her chief. She had no other fear but that of losing him; and what fate could not effect amidst the perils of war, the Princes of the House of Bourbon attempted once more, and nearly succeeded. Experienced casuists may perhaps find the means of conciliating the maxims of the Gospel, and the inspirations of piety, with a resolution to commit the greatest of all crimes, murder. Certain at least it is, that the Princes commanded that murder, entered into all the details of its execution, and marked out the victim; whilst one of them sent over with that purpose his most faithful servants and most devoted friends.

It was in 1804 that this event took place. For some time previously, the First Consul, who had the English newspapers carefully translated for his perusal, was surprised not to find in them the usual abuse or threats against his

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person. Their silence appeared suspicious : and one night, being unable to sleep, he arose, and looking over the reports of the police he had received several months before, he found that a person called Querelle had been arrested on the coast of Normandy, with two other individuals ; that they had been kept in prison since that time, as they were strongly suspected of being Chouans, and of having come over from England with some black design. He immediately sent an order to put these young men on their trial. They were probably found guilty, for they were sentenced to die. The commander of the division delivered the sentence to the chief of the staff for execution. That gentleman was at a ball : he conned the letter on his return home, and went to bed. If the order had been given immediately, and executed next morning at seven o'clock, it is probable that the secret of those unfortunate men would have been for ever buried in their graves : but when daylight appeared the horror of approaching death dismayed the mind of Querelle. He fell into such violent convulsions, that he was supposed to have been poisoned. The doctor who was called to his assistance tried to comfort him ; and some broken sentences which escaped him led the doctor to the idea of sending him a person who might draw from him important disclosures by promising him his pardon. The promise was made. When his companions were ready to go to the fatal spot, they exhorted him to remain firm. One of them said to him, " Thou'lt say more than thou knowest. Death is so near, and the pang so short ; a little more courage, and all will be over ! " He resisted : his two accomplices left him, with a shrug of the shoulders, and went calmly to be shot. However, Querelle acknowledged that several emigrants were to have left England to assassinate the First Consul ; that Georges and some of his companions had a share in the plot. He did not mention General Pichegru. This slight indication gave a clue to the police. Fouché was then no longer Minister of that department ;—it had been joined to the

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department of Justice; an odd adjunction, universally blamed, and which gave Government an appearance of odious despotism: Justice raised her veil to seize, and lowered it to judge. Still the whole structure of Fouché remained; and although the Grand Judge, Regnier, did not know how to make use of it, perhaps because he used it against his will, the heads of the police set on this occasion all their skill to work. It was soon known that M. de Rivière and the son of the Duke of Polignac had arrived in Paris. They were arrested, and with them a dozen wretched bravoes, who had gained no reputation even in the Vendée —robbers of diligences, polluted by the vilest and most odious crimes. Some of these wretches declared that Georges was at the head of the conspiracy. One of the accomplices said that he had seen in Georges' lodgings a man for whom that chief showed the greatest consideration, and whom he treated with evident respect. This person was supposed to be the Duke d'Enghien; and Bonaparte sent an aide-de-camp to Ettenheim, to inquire what the Duke d'Enghien was doing there, and whether he frequently left that residence. The aide-de-camp came back, saying that the Duke was often absent from ten to twelve days, and that nobody knew where he went. From that circumstance it was concluded that he came to Paris incognito, and that it was he whom Georges treated with so much respect. His arrest was decided. A few days after his death, Pichegru was also arrested; and then Picot, who had made the declaration about Georges, being confronted with the prisoner, said it was he whom he had meant when speaking of the superior chief. When the First Consul heard this, he trembled with despair, and cried, "Cursed report! fatal aide-de-camp!" Pichegru being arrested, Bonaparte resolved also to make sure of Moreau. The enmity between these two men ought to have concluded in no other way but by a desperate duel. The former had been betrayed by the latter before the 18th of Fructidor. Bonaparte had, nevertheless, obtained certain

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proofs that their quarrel had been made up by the interposition of an Abbé David. He did not, however, produce these proofs, and he acted wisely. In the hearing of the cause, no doubt was left but Georges and his friends had come to Paris to murder the individual at the head of the Government; that M. de Rivière, first aide-de-camp to Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, was in the plot; that he had been sent over to take a leading part in it; that Messieurs de Polignac, attached by affection and birth to the House of Bourbon, had come with the same intentions; and that Pichegru and Moreau were to profit by the attempt to recall the Bourbons and replace them on the throne. I say, to profit by; because it appears, by an observation that escaped Pichegru, that he had refused to take a direct share in the murder of a warrior to whom, at least, he owed considerations. On his arrival in Paris he saw Georges; and, hearing from him that the act was not yet committed, he said with a haughty air, "What mean all these delays and precautions? In London you never thought of calculating anything. Speedily fulfil your promise. I do not wish to see you until all is ready." In fact, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Georges, on his arrival, had not calculated everything. He remained five months and a half concealed in Paris: during so long a space of time, fortune presented him with only two opportunities of committing the crime he meditated, with a due regard for the chances of success and his own safety. The First Consul was not to be attacked in the Tuileries, and it was very difficult to surprise him in his walks, for which he had no regular hours. To assassinate him in a playhouse was become impossible, since the attempt of the Infernal Machine had miscarried. The design of Georges could therefore only be put in execution during one of his journeys; and still it was not possible at the moment of his starting. The army was then assembled at Boulogne. The First Consul went twice thither. The first time he started from Paris; and I only learned his departure at a

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ball the Second Consul gave. Bonaparte came there. It was ten o'clock : he perceived me, as he was walking in the saloon ; and, having made me a sign, I stepped into an apartment where there were but few people. He said to me, *en passant*, " I intend to set off in two hours for Boulogne : two coaches, six horses, eight ponies, and General Duroc." I was prepared. The usual express went off an hour before him, and he arrived before any one knew in Paris where he was gone. But his return was easier to be known. It was natural to imagine that he would not remain long at Boulogne. The plan of Georges, according to his own confession, was to waylay him on his return, dressed with some of his accomplices as guides, who, mounted on ponies, fatigued by the express service, generally followed the coach at a considerable distance. They were to stop the First Consul, put him in a cabriolet escorted by them, drive rapidly to Normandy, and embark him for England. The latter part of the plan was evidently too absurd for a man of Georges' sense to have ever thought it feasible. He only invented that fable, because he was ashamed of acknowledging that he intended to murder the First Consul ; and, in fact, nothing would have been easier for him, while accompanying the coach as a guide, than to let off a *tromblon*, the shot of which Bonaparte could not have survived. At Bonaparte's first return, Georges had not yet got together all his people : he wished, besides, to strike the blow in Paris. The second journey took place with the same precautions, only that Bonaparte travelled under the name of General Bessières. I do not know what circumstance prevented Georges from executing his plan that time.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE death of the Duke d'Enghien was partly occasioned by the mistake into which the report of the aide-de-camp led the First Consul; but I must say that that was not the only cause of it. Proofs had been obtained that the Prince really did come from time to time on the left bank of the Rhine, where he held conferences with the Mayor of ——, and stopped at the village of ——. It was but natural to conclude from that circumstance that he was not a stranger to the plots of Pichegru. In truth, what was the plan of the conspirators, according to their own confession and those of their friends who now boast of it? Pichegru was to throw himself into Alsatia, to proclaim the King, and make that province declare itself in favour of the Bourbons; while Moreau was to do the same with the army of the coasts. Why then should not Pichegru have called in a Prince of the House of Bourbon, who lived at seven short leagues distance: a Prince, the only one of his family who had acquired military reputation in these very departments of the Rhine, and whose presence would have warmed the hearts and moved the courage of every one.

Another motive, perhaps the most peremptory, must be sought for in Bonaparte's character—impetuosity and love of revenge, which might be called *vendetta Corsica*. That feeling was, besides, at the period I am describing, raised to the highest degree by his enemies. I heard him say a few days afterwards, "Let them throw all Europe on my

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shoulders; my part will then be to defend myself: their attack is a legal one. But to blow up whole streets, to kill or maim more than one hundred persons in the hope of coming at me; to send, as they now have done, forty bravoes to murder me—that is too much. I will make them shed tears of blood. They shall learn at their expense what it is to make murder legal."

Revenge is but a vulgar passion, and still it is the commonest amongst kings. The First Consul was worthy of setting himself above it. I should have wished him to have had the Duke d'Enghien arrested and condemned; but after the judgment to have sent for him, have given him the proofs that were obtained of his having conspired against him, and then to have immediately sent him over to England. I am sure the Prince's heart was too noble not to be moved by such an act of magnanimity; and if his family were destined one day to reign again, Bonaparte would not have found in him an enemy, nor in his own heart a reproach which he was never able to silence. For the rest, their actions served as a foundation to the fabric of horror raised against him all over France and Europe. But without naming all the Princes who, after having committed the same fault, have nevertheless retained the respect of mankind, does not the greatest and wisest of our writers, Montesquieu, when speaking of Alexander, say, "He burned Persepolis and killed Clitus, but &c."? I went to St. Cloud a few days after the trial. I was accustomed, while waiting for the order to enter the closet of the First Consul, to stop in the library with a young man named Ripaule, who took care of his books, and who told me that the day before, while going out of that room, Bonaparte perceived a bust of the Great Condé placed in a passage leading to his closet: he immediately said to Ripaule, with an abrupt tone and an agitated voice: "Let that bust be placed somewhere else."

The arrival of the Prince and his death were known at

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the same moment at the palace. Madame Bonaparte burst into tears and threw herself at her husband's feet, to obtain the Prince's pardon ; it was too late. His sister-in-law, Madame Elisa, wrote him a letter composed by Fontanes: he remonstrated with her for having sent it, but without any appearance of resentment. Caulaincourt, on his arrival from Strasburg, learned the fatal news from Madame Bonaparte. His grief was so great that he fainted. I have no doubt of his having been a perfect stranger to the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, and my proof is his having accepted the place of chief equerry. Caulaincourt would never have deigned to receive the wages of blood. His elevation was only owing to his merit and attachment to the First Consul.

This fatal *coup d'état* had not yet ceased harassing Bonaparte's mind, when it received another violent shock by the death of Pichegru. He had been arrested, examined, and confronted. The worthless behaviour of the subalterns towards him, and the total ruin of his hopes, made him resolve to avert the horrors he had still to encounter, by ridding himself of a life he had no more means of prolonging. Perhaps also he was urged to the act by the shame of having associated with such accomplices for the performance of such a crime. He was found dead in prison. It would be insulting both Bonaparte and Pichegru to imagine that one of the two could have taken the other's life in that manner. One must not seek to rob that energetic soul of the glory of having nobly escaped from the hands of his enemies. His retreat was that of a gallant warrior; and if all the particulars that have been published were not sufficient to exonerate Bonaparte from the suspicion of having murdered him, the character of Pichegru, well known to those who approached him, had left not the least doubt in their minds.

The condemnations of the other prisoners created a general feeling of pity, particularly among the family of

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the First Consul, and those who were devoted to his person. Too much blood had already been spilled, and every person sought to obtain from the Sovereign the pardon of some victim or other. Madame Bonaparte took upon her to save M. de Rivière and the Polignacs. I accompanied to St. Cloud Madame Louis Bonaparte, having by her side the daughter of Lajolais. The mother of the First Consul, and Madame Joseph, the wife of General Murat, and her two sisters, undertook to solicit the pardon of the others. When I arrived at St. Cloud, the First Consul, on perceiving me, said: "What are they doing in my wife's apartments? They are weeping, and she the most of all. It is a heart-breaking sight."

I had found him agitated; his emotion grew more and more visible. He walked two or three times up and down the closet, and said: "The wretches wanted to murder me! What a base act!"

He then went out of the room. A little while afterwards, the sister of M. de Rivière and the female relations of the Polignacs came in, led by Madame Bonaparte, and fell at his feet. He did not hesitate a moment, but immediately signed the pardon of Messieurs de Polignac and de Rivière. Georges had written to Murat a very noble letter, in which he solicited, not his own pardon, but those of his companions. The General read it to me with emotion. He offered, however, to be the first to throw himself on the English coast if life was granted to him. It was, he said, only changing the manner of his death; but in that way at least it would be useful to his country. His letter was read in a secret council. Bonaparte himself appeared disposed to pardon, but it was represented to him that those men had killed public functionaries in the streets; that no favour could be allowed to a double murder; that it would be showing a sort of favour to murderers, and discourage those whose duty it was to defend him; that Georges, an obscure man in his own party, was, after all, nothing but a leader of

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banditti, famous only for atrocious acts; and, in one word, that if he were spared nobody could with justice be punished. He was executed with nine of his accomplices; and the mob, according to their custom, went to see the tragedy performed, and to seek emotions at the sight of the violent death of individuals who had attempted to recall the Bourbons.

This conspiracy made the First Consul sensible that he ought to hasten his ascent to the throne. It was the secret wish of all those whose ambition looked for favours which a Republic was unable to bestow. To Bonaparte it offered not alone protection, but also an extent of power, of which he felt the want for the execution of his great design. Besides that, it was the only means of reconciling to his government the Sovereigns of Europe, who trembled at the thought of a Republic. England alone excepted, being scarcely a monarchy in its foreign concerns, all the other powers were convinced that the presence of a monarch in France would stem the torrent of Republican ideas, and the discontent that prevailed among all nations. Peace had already been concluded with all, and confirmed during the Consulate. The Emperor Paul had gone farther still. In his hatred of the English, he found a powerful auxiliary in the First Consul. Both these monarchs sought to mark their reign by illustrious actions, and their common hatred of the English had brought them a great deal nearer to one another. There had been some questions of an expedition to India by their joint forces. The Emperor Paul imprudently betrayed his secret, and perished. His death was probably as much owing to that circumstance as to the despotism with which he swayed his family and his court.

The return so skilfully prepared from republic to monarchy was marked by the most solemn ceremony the Christian world had witnessed for the last thousand years. All Christendom most ardently wished that the kingdom of France, after having presented to the world a deplorable

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example of scandalous impiety, might also offer a majestic instance of a nearer return to the Christian religion. The Pope, rising above all mean passions, hatred, and prejudice —convinced, besides, that the leader of France was directed by Providence—concluded a treaty dictated by wisdom, policy, and the sanctity of his high calling. He could not have resisted the wish that was expressed to him, to consecrate the union of Church and State by the authority of his presence, and the pompous ceremonies of that worship, which acknowledged in him its sovereign pontiff. He left Rome, and came to France. The First Consul received him at Fontainebleau, and the most majestic gravity presided over their mutual relations during the whole of his stay in France. The ceremony of the coronation was the most solemn that ever had bestowed a sacred character on the legitimacy of a sovereign. The Pope, a venerable old man, surrounded by all his prelates, and by more than one hundred French bishops ordained with his consent, the chief functionaries of the state, the whole diplomatic body of Europe, and the universal assent of France and the army, have given to that act a degree of legitimacy which the House of Bourbon will never be able to weaken. These united claims to all that is legitimate among men were perhaps not sufficiently felt by the Emperor, when he abdicated at Fontainebleau. His resistance would undoubtedly have cast him into captivity; but what ought his own fate to have been in his eyes? He was persecuted as a sovereign. But his son never could forfeit his right; and although he abdicated in his favour, that modified act was void, because not expressed by his own sacrifice. I shall have an opportunity of recalling these reflections to mind.

England soon felt that the peace with the whole Continent, and with herself, would be fatal to her. The expedition to St. Domingo had begun successfully. It was altogether a bad enterprise that ought not to have entered

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into the plans of the Emperor ; but the remembrance of the prosperity of St. Domingo, the numerous colonists who had fled to France and sighed over the wreck of their fortune, called loudly for the conquest of the island. The Emperor yielded to the general delusion, and to a desire of employing his navy, which was eager to share the national glory.[1] The Directory had made a bad choice and taken half-measures: this was more than sufficient to produce failure. The general to whom they had given the command of the expedition was a man of little capacity, though of great personal integrity. He failed, and fell a victim to the skill of the blacks. He was shipped off and sent away with the reputation of a dupe, and the disgrace he had cast on the name of the French. The general to whom the Emperor entrusted the second expedition had more sense and talent than his predecessor, but, like him, he had to contend with a destructive climate, and a power augmented by first success. It must also be acknowledged that liberty, with all its advantages, its energy, and its hopes, had given to the negroes, already organised, and proud of their former victory, a degree of strength and skill over which it was no longer possible to triumph. The General-in-chief died a victim to the climate ; and, although he had sent to France Toussaint Louverture, the chief man in the country, he sunk under the national energy and advantageous positions of his enemies.

England seized the moment when the success of the expedition was doubtful, to break the peace. Mr. Pitt, accustomed to trample on the most sacred rights and conventions, began the war without declaration, captured trading vessels, ruined merchants, and set the Continent again on fire. Russia and Austria united took up arms

[1] It is easy to discover that the writer has here made a slight mistake, or rather has transposed events. The expedition to St. Domingo took place in 1802, before the First Consul had mounted the Imperial throne, and Toussaint Louverture died at Fort Joux on the 14th of April, 1803.—*Note of the French Editor.*

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again. The Emperor left the shores of the Atlantic for Austria, and made the admirable campaign which terminated with the battle of Austerlitz. It was then that I adopted for the first time, on a large scale, the system of expresses the Emperor had commanded me to organise, and the invention of which was his. He had felt the inconvenience of letting a single man cross such a vast extent of country. More than once, the couriers, oppressed with fatigue or badly mounted, did not by their speed satisfy his impatience. He did not like either to put in the hands of a single man papers, the speedy reception of which might have a serious and sometimes decisive influence over the most important events. Consequently, by his orders I organised the express service, which consisted in sending by the postillions of each stage the cabinet despatches shut up in a portfolio, of which he and I had each a key. When a postillion arrived at a stage, he delivered to the next one a little book, on which the name of all the stages was inscribed, and in which the hour of the arrival and departure of the despatches was to be mentioned. Fines and severe punishment were inflicted for the loss of the little book, or for any negligence of the postmaster in setting down the hour of the arrival and departure of the despatches. I had a great deal of trouble in obtaining a due execution of those forms; but by means of an active and constant superintendence I succeeded at last, and the service continued during eleven years with most wonderful success. I was enabled to account exactly for a day's delay on a space of four hundred leagues. The express departed and arrived every day from and to Paris, Naples, Milan, the mouths of the Cataro, Madrid, Lisbon, and, at a later period, also Tilsit, Vienna, Petersburg, and Amsterdam. This plan besides ensured considerable economy: the couriers used to cost seven francs and a half per post, whereas the expresses were no more than three francs. The Emperor received on the eighth day the answers to the letters he

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addressed to Milan, and on the fifteenth to those of Naples. This service was very useful to him, and I may say without vanity that it proved one of the elements of his success.

The campaign began by the affair of Ulm, which came like a thunderbolt: Russia was dismayed, and hastened to hide her hostile projects. Austerlitz forced Austria to bend the knee, and the astonished Russians to fall back. The following year, Prussia was defeated in the battle of Jena, and added a fresh proof to a thousand others, that an absolute monarchy is nothing if its leader be not the most skilful man in the nation. This event was also a proof that Prussia is not a strong nation. Its sovereign, dismayed by the loss of one battle, sought an auxiliary in the most distant north; while its army, which still contained pupils of Frederick the Great, had lost all its old energy, and even the enthusiasm of its former glory. One day it fought, and the next it was nothing more than a mass of men without discipline or energy. One only saved the honour of the monarchy, and preserved some sparks of the same fire that influences all hearts. This was not done by a prince of the House of Prussia, but by Blücher, and his march towards Lubeck, with his noble defence, gave the Prussians a great lesson of courage in adversity, the most important and most useful lesson men and nations can receive.

These two years' triumph did not inspire the Emperor with an idea of conquering Europe to become her master or her president; it was his genius and his character that developed the idea: for those great conquerors of the world are all cast in the same mould—*everywhere they must be the first, or perish!* He had spent four years of his consulate in discussing the Civil Code, an edifice which has already been shaken in one of its most important parts, but which will never be destroyed as long as the love of our country and a taste for civilisation shall preside over our destinies. In the interval from his second war to his last, he busied himself with the interior administration. Some disorder,

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occasioned more by want of experience than by dishonesty, had arisen during his absence. On his return, he displaced some persons, rectified some of his choices, and gave to the general administration a lively though steady impulse. His astonishing memory made him master of all things, not only in their *ensemble*, but also in their most minute details. The consequence of this was, that his conversation was extremely perplexing for men who were not perfectly acquainted with the subjects they were to demonstrate. It was his constant application to all sorts of affairs, and his excellent method of classing them in his mind, that enabled him to carry his success so far. It has frequently happened to me to be less sure than he was of the distances of places, and of a number of particulars in my department which he knew well enough to correct. M. de Talleyrand told me, that as he was one day travelling with him from Boulogne to Paris, a short time after the army had left the court for the banks of the Rhine, the Emperor met a detachment of soldiers going to join their corps, which they did not know where to find. Having inquired the number of their regiment, he immediately calculated the day of their departure, and the road they had taken, and said to them—"You will find your battalion at such a place." The army was at that time two hundred thousand men strong. The admirable order in which he arranged his ideas, and his prodigious memory, made him as much beloved by the soldiers as respected by the officers of the army. Every one knew that he never forgot the name of a brave man, and that it was always sufficient to recall to his memory some brave action to ensure its recompense; and whenever he promised anything, he always kept his word.

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CHAPTER XXV.

I NOW proceed to the campaign of 1809. The success of the Wagram campaign had a considerable influence over the destinies of France: not so much, however, because peace was once more ensured to the Continent, as on account of the alliance between the two crowns. The first proposals of the marriage of the Emperor with the Archduchess Maria Louisa were made at Vienna with Prince Metternich, notwithstanding the exertions of a considerable party that would not listen to such an alliance. I first suspected what was going forward through a singular circumstance. The Emperor did not well know how to divorce a woman who was so deserving of his love, and whose adorable qualities had made her an object almost of worship in the eyes of the French. He would not have been sorry to have seen others set an example which might make some impression on the public, and render the matter less difficult to him: at least, I have always thought so. Marshal —— came to see me the day after his arrival. We were friends of long standing: he placed in me an unbounded confidence, and he spoke to me of his wife with great discontent. I had always thought him jealous, and I believe he did not do his wife justice. In our conversations he even went so far as to say he could not live any longer with her, and he repeated to me what the Emperor had said to him at Vienna. Napoleon affected to pity the Marshal's domestic vexations, and observed that the best thing he could do would be to end them by a divorce.

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"You will never have any children by her," he added, "and still you ought to wish that a name like the one you bear be not lost. Divorce her, and then you may choose among the most illustrious families of France a consort who will give you successors to your rank and titles." The Marshal, when he mentioned the fact to me and asked my advice, was as far as myself from suspecting the secret motive of the Emperor's words. I had not the least doubt of his wife's virtue: she possessed many amiable qualities, and had brought him a considerable fortune. I advised him not to take a step he might perhaps long regret. He followed my advice, and I believe he acted wisely.

A few days after the Emperor returned from the army, and at the end of two months he went to Fontainebleau. I followed him thither almost immediately. As soon as I arrived, the Empress sent me word to come to her apartment by a back staircase. I found her melancholy, and her countenance betrayed the effect of strong agitation. "Fouché has just left me," she said, "and what do you think he said to me? 'Madame, your Majesty must give France and the Emperor a great proof of devotion. It is necessary for the Emperor to leave behind him children who may perpetuate his name, and give to France a family that may deprive the Bourbons of all hopes of return. Ten years' marriage leaves the nation and the Emperor no expectations of his having any children by your Majesty. You are therefore, in this respect, the only obstacle to the solid happiness of France. Vouchsafe to follow the advice of a man who is wholly devoted to you. The peculiar situation in which you are placed obliges you to make a great sacrifice to your own glory and the interest of all. I know how hard it will fall upon you; but your noble mind will easily learn resignation. The Emperor will never dare to propose it. I know his attachment for you. Be greater than he is great, and give this last token of devotion to your country and your sovereign. History will repay you for it,

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and your place will be marked above the most illustrious women that have sat upon the throne of France.' I was utterly disconcerted at that speech," added Josephine; "the only reply I could give to so strange a proposal was that I would consider of it, and give him an answer in a few days. Lend me, therefore, your advice—you who are at once a relation and a friend to me. Does it not appear past all doubt that Fouché has been sent by the Emperor, and that my fate is already decided? Alas! to descend from a throne is no sacrifice to me. No one knows how many tears I have shed over it! But to lose also the man on whom I have bestowed all my affection—that is an act of self-denial to which my resolution is not adequate."

I shared the Empress's surmise, that Fouché had been sent by the Emperor; but that strange news surprised me as much as it did her, and I asked for some hours to reflect before I gave her an answer. It required, however, but short meditation to be convinced, that whether the proposal had really been made by order of the Emperor, or that Fouché wished to keep to himself the glory of such a change, it was altogether too advantageous to be abandoned, and that the sacrifice was therefore unavoidable. On the other hand, I was too well acquainted with the attachment of the Empress to her husband not to be convinced that she never would of her own accord make the sacrifice. I had been for a long time devoted to her: I was her son's friend, and her niece's husband. It was therefore by no means proper that I should encourage a plan which had perhaps no other source than Fouché's ambition, and break all the ties which united me to that family: I do not mean only the ties that might be of service to me, but chiefly those of friendship. I have, besides, never placed much confidence in that human wisdom which pretends to control events by foretelling them. None but the most enlightened and strongest minds are able to see the future, and even they are often mistaken. I advised the Empress to remain silent

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on the subject, to let the Emperor begin, and to declare to Fouché, that as her first duty was attachment to the Emperor, her second was obedience, and that in consequence she did not wish to hear any more upon the subject from any other person than the man who held her fate in his hands. She approved of my advice, and followed it. But the storm was not long before it burst. All was undoubtedly already concluded with Austria, when the Emperor sent for Eugène from Italy, that he might comfort his mother at the fatal moment of the divorce; and a few days after he held a secret council, where he admitted, besides the grand officers and ministers, the members of the family. He explained in that council the motives which had swayed his decision, by seeking, for the advantage of the state, in another marriage, his long-lost hope of begetting direct issue. He gave them afterwards to understand that he was at liberty to choose his new consort either in the House of Austria, or in that of Russia, or in some of the sovereign Houses of Germany. The grand officers of the empire, who were probably already acquainted with his secret determination, gave their votes for an Austrian princess. Prince Eugène was of the same opinion, and adduced as his principal motive the Roman Catholic religion, in which the Archduchess was bred. The King of Naples gave his vote for a Russian princess, on account of the advantage that would accrue from a union with the most powerful sovereign of Europe, and the most distant from France: he opposed the alliance with Austria, by recalling the fatal experience we had already reaped from it. "A family alliance," he added, "never gave to France any real advantage. France will be obliged to support all the wrong steps of the foreign government, and to share its heavy and dangerous burthens. Nothing but the situation of Austria can force her to a connection which in her proud heart she certainly detests. It is Austria who more than any other power has given the force of a maxim to the idea that sovereigns have no relations. France will be obliged

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to support her at great cost in her awkward and frequently dishonest policy, and in the wars she so badly manages; and when in our turn we shall want her as an ally, we shall find in her neither energy nor fidelity. An alliance with Russia has none of those dangers for us."

These were very sensible observations, but could have no effect against a fixed resolution. I have been told that some proposals of a marriage with a Grand-duchess had really been made, and the person who entrusted me with that secret enjoyed such a high character for honesty, and was in so favourable a situation to get acquainted with the most important affairs, that I can have no doubt upon the subject. However, the Emperor was at that time so strongly determined, that the debate of which I have been speaking could have had no other foundation than a feeling of vanity, to which he was perhaps not altogether a stranger, and some political object which I never could discover.

A few days before he had sent for me. He had been looking out for some friend of the Empress who might help to sweeten the bitter about to be presented to her. His choice fell on me. "The nation," he said, "has done so much for me, that I owe her the sacrifice of my dearest affections. Eugène is not young enough for me to keep him for my successor; nor am I old enough to give up all hopes of having children, and yet by Josephine I can have none. The tranquillity of France requires my choosing a new consort. The Empress has lived already for several months in all the torment of uncertainty. Everything is settled for my new union. You are the husband of her niece; she honours you with her esteem; will you not take upon you to acquaint her with the fatal news, and prepare her for her new situation?"

I answered that my relationship to the Empress did not permit me to undertake that commission; that the attachment I had at all times professed for her left me no plausible reason wherewith to justify such a misfortune, and that it

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appeared to me more proper that his Majesty should select some person for whom the commission might be of a less delicate nature. He did not seem at all offended at my refusal, and he gave the charge to M. N——, who acquitted himself with propriety and success. The arrival of Prince Eugène was a great comfort to Josephine. When in the council, before the Emperor, and in the presence of the grand officers of the empire, she was obliged to declare that she consented to the divorce, she displayed so much courage and firmness of mind that all the spectators were deeply moved. The next day she left the Tuileries, never to return more. The Emperor had during the preceding day passed some hours with her ; his grief was sincere ; and the man whom the most important events could not even shake for an instant bent his knee before that excellent woman, and shed abundant tears. I went to see her the morning before her departure. Some persons of the Court came coolly to take leave of her, and express, in an embarrassed way, a few insincere wishes ; and when she got into her coach with the Countess d'Alberg, her lady of honour, and with her chevalier d'honneur, not one single person remained to show her a grateful face. Every wish, every pretension was already directed towards the new court. The Emperor retired for a fortnight to Trianon. His grief was deep and sincere ; but the Archduchess arrived, and from that moment he gave himself entirely up to the joy his new bride promised him.

Fortune, which till then had seconded his genius, bestowed unreservedly this new favour upon him. The young Empress was tall, well made, and in excellent health. She appeared adorned with all the grace and beauty that usually accompany youth. Her face, which displayed the family features of the Imperial House of Austria, was remarkable for an air of kindness ; and, unlike the rest of her family, her smile was amiable and sweet. The lustre that surrounded her, the splendour of the first throne in the

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universe, all the arts vying with each other to please her; a young, brilliant, and warlike court at her feet, the attentions paid her by the Emperor, whose fame had for several years already struck her imagination, made her abode in Paris delightful to her. She frequently expressed her satisfaction with a warmth and a naïveté that made her generally beloved. The marriage ceremony took place with great pomp. Many persons, however, recalled to their memory the arrival of the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, and the fatal fireworks let off in the Place Louis XV. where so many lives were lost. The public took some pleasure in comparing the two periods, especially on the occasion of the fête given at the Champ de Mars by the Imperial guard, where the most admirable order had prevailed among six thousand people assembled in a temporary wooden room, surrounded by eighty thousand others who had come to enjoy the sight of the fireworks. All these rejoicings were over, when the Emperor thought he could not refuse attending a soirée given by the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Schwartzenberg, in his hotel, Rue de Mont Blanc. There were at least six hundred persons present; and the house not being large enough for so numerous a company, the Ambassador had ordered a round temporary saloon of woodwork to be erected in the garden communicating with his apartments. The architect had completed all the preparations in four days. Unfortunately he fixed the floor of the saloon on one side to the steps that went down to the garden, and on the other to the rock of a grotto, where there never entered a drop of water. A gallery also of wood had been erected, leading to the Rue de Provence. It was in the beginning of summer, and the heat was excessive. Gauze and muslin draperies, with a great profusion of garlands, lined the saloon and all its avenues. An immense quantity of wax candles added to the heat of the atmosphere, and gave to all the ornaments a most inflammable dryness. A candle fell against one of the curtains of

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the gallery and set fire to it. One of the chamberlains, a man of very tall stature, perceived it and tore it down; but the flames extended with so much rapidity, that in a few seconds they reached the saloon, and quickly spread all round the room. Everybody ran toward the garden; but, as there was only one door, the company was all crowded to the same point; the floor gave way, and many persons fell into a hollow of more than five feet deep. The confusion then grew excessive. The cries of despair and fright, the dismay and the wish to escape from the danger, that spared neither sex nor rank, made the scene horrible to witness. The flames having soon reached and consumed the roof of the saloon, the ceiling fell in, and the whole presented the appearance of a vast furnace. In three minutes' time the flames had spread in every direction. The company escaped to the gardens and the streets, half covered with the remainder of their burning clothes. The Emperor had retired just as the fire began to communicate with the saloon; but after having placed the Empress in safety, he quickly returned in a plain dress with Prince Eugène, who had saved the Princess Augusta with great presence of mind. At that moment the sight was appalling. Some unfortunate women who had fallen under the floor had attempted to get out through the beams that supported it; but, already half burnt, they vainly extended their wounded arms through the bars, and when assistance came it was too late. Those who were saved died a short time after in excruciating pain. The Princess de la Dijon, a woman as remarkable for her beauty as she was respectable for her virtue, was carried, nearly half burnt, to the lodge of a poor portress of a neighbouring hotel. She was speechless. The old woman covered her with her own clothes; and a Swedish officer, who had saved her, without knowing who she was, brought her in a hackney coach to Passy, where he supposed she lodged, as that had been the only word she had been able to utter. He went with her from

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door to door, until at last her servants recognised her voice. The unfortunate lady died four days afterwards, in the prime of her age, after having given with tears her blessing to her daughter, who was married at her bedside.

The fate of the Princess Schwartzenberg, sister-in-law to the Ambassador, was no less tragical. She was at the ball with her children: radiant in beauty, splendidly dressed, and glittering in diamonds. She saved herself in the garden, where, not seeing her eldest daughter by her side, and having sought for her in vain, the courageous mother flew back to the saloon. The floor sunk under her feet, and she was engulfed in the flames. A few hours later, when the fire was at last extinguished, she was found a shapeless corpse, burnt to the bones, blackened, and shrunk to half her size. She was only known by the rings she wore on her fingers. Some business had kept me at home; the blaze of the fire and the public alarm made me fly to the fatal scene. It was no longer possible to come near it. The mob filled all the avenues. Their unpitiful memory recalled the misfortunes of the Place Louis XV. at the marriage of Marie Antoinette. The most dismal comparisons, the most sinister predictions accompanied the name of Maria Louisa; and I went back, my heart deeply grieved at the behaviour of the crowd, who showed so little sensibility for the victims, and who, by the cruel malice of their observations, gave but too sure a proof that they felt no pity for the unfortunate persons, whose pleasures and high rank wounded their vanity.

The fatal forewarnings of the people were, however, not immediately confirmed. The Empress was delivered of a son on the twentieth of March. Her pregnancy had given great hopes; and the people, who had frequently enjoyed the sight of her, showed her all the interest she could wish to inspire. Government had announced, that if she were delivered of a son the salute would consist of a hundred and one guns, but only of twenty-five if it were a princess.

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At the twenty-sixth gun the joy of the people was carried to a fit of delirium, not only in Paris, but all over France. I call the whole generation to witness that all our wishes were fulfilled. The prosperity of the state seemed assured, and France delivered from all fear of revolution. It was then, I have often since repeated with many other people—it was then that the Emperor ought to have hung up against the wall his conqueror's sword, and sought rest in the administration of his extensive empire. France would have been happy, and the memory of the Bourbons for ever buried in oblivion.

The Empress's delivery had been tedious. She suffered severely for several hours. I arrived at the palace a short time before it was over, although I was not called there by my rank ; but I had free access at all hours. The Emperor was much agitated, and went continually from the saloons to the bedchamber and back again. At last the medical gentlemen appearing in some doubt as to the mode of delivering the Princess, the Emperor said to them in a loud voice and much moved : "Do as you would with a citizen's wife. Save the mother, by all means." The child came, however, safe into the world, and the Emperor immediately presented it to us. The wishes for his welfare and the general emotions were sincere. May he one day realise all the wishes that accompanied his birth !—and if it be not for the happiness of France, may she still one day be proud that he was born among her children !

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CHAPTER XXVI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the glorious resistance of the Spaniards, and the varied success of our armies in Spain, the Emperor had kept a part of Prussia in his hands, and established the centre of his military position in the North at Hamburg, which was intrusted to the care of Marshal Davoust. The Marshal deserved the Emperor's confidence by his noble conduct at Jena, and by an unbounded devotion. The conditions of the Treaty of Tilsit, in regard to England, were only to remain in force for three years. The Emperor Alexander was perplexed by the state of his trade. The produce of his empire remained on hand, the English refusing to receive it; and the great landowners of the country, who were noblemen, complained. In a government where the life of the sovereign is frequently exposed to the effect of conspiracies, it is perhaps more dangerous than in other places to wound the passions and interests of the great, as it is not necessary there to stir up the people, while three or four ferocious rebels and a handful of soldiers may decide the fate of the sovereign and the empire. This consideration had certainly a due influence on the new determination of the Emperor Alexander. He was besides but little satisfied with his ally Napoleon. The rigour with which Prussia had been used displeased him, and the sovereignty of Italy vexed him. The dominion of the French in the latter country, and the possession of the seven Venetian Islands, situated so near Greece, made him

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fear a watchful and terrible enemy, if ever he wished to resume Catharine's old plans in regard to the Ottoman empire: he therefore began by degrees to seek a reconciliation with England.

His conduct greatly displeased the Emperor, who strongly felt the consequences of it. All the powers of the Continent had suffered severely; Russia alone still preserved all the energy of her immense strength. The Emperor resolved to attack her. He did not, however, carry his resolution into effect without having first exhausted all means of conciliation; but when he saw how stubborn the enemy remained, he opened the campaign. The Emperor Alexander imagined he had disposed all things favourably; but the first attacks were so vigorous, that he soon grew sensible he should be obliged to make one of his last resources and sacrifice everything if he wished to get the advantage in this giants' strife. He began by making peace with the Turks. Unfortunately for France, the Emperor Napoleon thought the Divan would be too well aware of its true interests, to conclude a peace with its mortal enemy at a moment when that enemy was going to be so powerfully attacked. He thought that the Divan, according to its old maxims, leaving the Christians to weaken one another by their wars, would profit by their exhausted state, either to attack them, or at least to obtain that degree of rest which would ensure safety. The Emperor sent off his ambassador, General ——, too late, and when he arrived at the Turkish frontiers he learned that peace had been concluded between the Ottoman Porte and Russia. Napoleon had another enemy in Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, whom he had thought attached to his interests. I never could conceive why he remained so unconcerned at that general's exaltation. He was perhaps not sorry to get him out of France; and, accustomed to obtain everything by force and despise old diplomatic manœuvres, he certainly had no idea that Bernadotte would be in a situation to injure him. However,

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the Prince Royal of Sweden laid down a plan of resistance, such as the most inveterate enemy of France could scarcely have imagined. To his natural policy, as Prince of Sweden, he added his hatred of Napoleon, which made him give able and fatal advice to Russia; and General Moreau was recalled, with a view of being placed at the head of a Russian army, and invading France as the head of a party. The campaign, which had begun in so brilliant a manner, and which with a little more prudence the Emperor would have concluded in good time, owed a part of its disasters to the fatal conviction of Napoleon that his enemies would always yield, and that accumulated humiliation would never produce anything but ineffectual fury. I have often heard it repeated that the King of Naples greatly contributed to our misfortunes, by keeping the Emperor in a fatal security. The Russians caressed that King; they intoxicated him with perfidious praises, which unfortunately had too much power over his mind. He was, they said, the hero of the French; the Du Guesclin, the Bayard of his age; he was the prop of the throne, and the support of national glory; it was with him alone that they would consent to treat; every concession that could be made without danger, they would offer to him, happy if he deigned to accept their terms. The return of a courier sent to the Emperor Alexander was looked for with impatience, and then peace was to be immediately signed. The King of Naples, who had already entered into private engagements with Russia for the preservation of his Neapolitan throne, was delighted by finding in the Russians a fresh security. He therefore kept the Emperor in an illusion, which, to say the truth, he shared himself, though the still burning ruins of Moscow ought to have taught them that a sovereign capable of taking such a step would never sign a disgraceful peace. In fact, the Russians were already preparing to harass, by all possible means, the French army in its retreat. The disasters of that campaign are known. While they were

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going on, the city of Paris witnessed a prodigy such as is often seen on the eve of the great convulsions of nature. What all Europe in arms had not dared to plan for the last twenty years, namely, the conquest of Paris, a single man, in prison, without friends, money, or reputation, was bold enough to attempt, and almost succeeded. I had served with Mallet as staff officer in 1793. He was a man of an extraordinary turn of mind: his manners were eccentric, and he was tormented with a deep melancholy that made him morose and disagreeable to his comrades. The accession of Bonaparte to the throne had displeased him, and he had not attempted to hide his feelings. The loss of his liberty, added to the grief of seeing his career stopped when so many officers of younger standing than himself rose to the highest rank and acquired great reputation, made him take a part in an ill-conceived conspiracy consisting of those old remains of brawling Jacobins, who take no counsel but their rage, and have no means of realising their wretched projects. Mallet was discovered, and the particulars of the plot having been laid before the eyes of the Emperor, he shrugged up his shoulders through contempt. After some years' imprisonment, Mallet obtained leave to remove to one of those private hospitals (*maisons de santé*) which surround Paris, and which were for the police a sort of seminaries, where they kept, subject to a severe supervision, all such persons who could not be convicted, but whom, however, it would have been dangerous to set entirely free. We had remained during twenty-six days without any accounts from the army; sinister reports were beginning to circulate; when Mallet, after having combined his plan with the Abbé Constant, a companion of his captivity, found means to get out of prison, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and went at four o'clock in the morning to the barracks of the Municipal Legion. Having called up the colonel, who was still asleep, he told him with an air of dismay that the Emperor was

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dead; that the Senate was assembled to restore the republican government in France; and that he, Mallet, who had been appointed commander of Paris, wanted six hundred men of the regiment to go to the Hôtel de Ville and protect the Senate, that was assembling there. At this fatal news the colonel was at first seized with alarm, and his grief for the death of the Emperor made him shed tears. The disorder of his mind did not permit him to reflect on the news he had heard, nor cast his eyes on the suspicious person that stood before him. He ordered the guard to assemble, and, overwhelmed with consternation, left Mallet master of his forces. The name of a Republic, which recalled to mind licentiousness, was a counterpoise to the death of the Emperor. The most brilliant promises and temptations were held out; the officers all believed what Mallet chose to tell them. Each soldier was to be rewarded by advancement and double pay; the officers were to get draughts on the treasury of twenty and even fifty thousand francs: for Mallet had provided against every difficulty. He soon got together four hundred men, at whose head he went to seek his accomplices, and the future ministers of France, in the prison of La Force. In that prison there had been in confinement, for some time, an adjutant-general, named Guidal, and General Lahorie, of whom I have already spoken. Both had served with Mallet, but had heard nothing more of him, and were totally ignorant of his plans. Mallet entered the prison, claimed his two old comrades, and told the great news. The jailer refusing to deliver his prisoners, he signed their liberation, introduced two hundred men, and went to Lahorie's chamber. The first words Mallet said to him were, "You are the minister of police. Rise, dress yourself, and follow me." Poor Lahorie, who now saw, for the first time during the lapse of twelve years, a man whom he had never looked upon as quite *compos mentis*, imagined all he heard was but a dream, and rubbed his eyes while looking at him. At last

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the assurance of the death of the Emperor, of the assembling of the Senate, of the re-establishment of the Republic, convinced him that he once more witnessed another of those revolutions so common in modern history. He rose, dressed himself, and found six hundred men at the gate. With Guidal by his side, he immediately went to the Minister of Police, who was still in bed. The soldiers entered quietly, and without any obstacle; when, finding the door of the Minister's chamber locked, they broke it open with the butt ends of their muskets. The Minister, waking at the noise, jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, rushed upon the murderers. He was seized, and treated in the most brutal manner; but at last, at sight of the prisoner Lahorie, and the intelligence of the death of the Emperor, he began to comprehend that he was the victim and the dupe of a revolution. He obtained, not without some trouble, leave to dress; and Guidal led him, escorted by a detachment, to the prison of La Force. On the Pont Neuf he jumped from the cabriolet, but was retaken. When he arrived at the prison the jailer burst into tears. Savary whispered to him—"Place me in your darkest dungeon and hide the key of it. God knows what is the meaning of this, but it will all clear up." A few minutes later the Prefect of Police was also brought to the prison; a detachment had gone to fetch him, and had dragged him along. Whilst the heads of the police were thus treated, Mallet went to General Hullin, commander of the military division and of the city of Paris. The general was just getting up to receive an order from the Minister of the War Department, which could be delivered into no hands but his own. Mallet was accompanied by some officers of his troop. On seeing the general, he said to him with the greatest coolness, and with an air of gravity, "I am very mortified, General, to have so painful a commission to execute; but my orders are to arrest you." Hullin remonstrated, and looking at Mallet, whose face he knew, he said, "How!

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Mallet, is it you? You arrest me—a prisoner? How did you come here? What is your business doing here?"—"The Emperor is dead." These words struck Hullin dumb, and Mallet repeated the fable he had invented. However, the arrest and the order to go to prison appeared wondrous strange to the general. He continually spoke of the death of the Emperor and his own imprisonment:—at length asked Mallet to show him his order. "Very willingly," replied the other, "will you step with me into your closet?" Hullin turned round, and as he was entering the closet he fell, struck by a bullet that touched his head. While lying on the ground, he saw his murderer looking coolly at him, and preparing to fire once more, but, thinking him dead, he left the place. He crossed the Place Vendôme, and went to the staff, whither he had sent before him a letter, acquainting the adjutant-general, N——, that he was advanced to the rank of major-general. The latter, when he saw Mallet, could not disguise his doubts. Struggling between his duty and his ambition, he was perhaps at the point of yielding, and entering into arrangements, when one of the heads of the military police, the old Colonel Laborde, came into the apartment. The appearance of that man showed sufficiently that he could be neither deceived nor seduced. Mallet was therefore going to blow out his brains, when Laborde seized him abruptly by the arm, called for assistance, and had him arrested. This Laborde was an old soldier, who, having long retired from active service, had chosen Paris for his camp and the scene of his observations. Attached to the police under all possible governments, no one could impose upon him by illusions. His youth had been passed in vice, and he now felt pleasure in pursuing it in its last holds. He made use of his privilege with all the despotism which subalterns of that class love to exercise upon the rabble. Rank, titles, glory, virtue, crime itself, is sacred to them as long as it remains prosperous; but, as soon as the day of misfortune arrives, they trample

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upon everything, and neither respect nor pity must be expected from them. Laborde had seen Mallet in prison. At the first report of the Minister of Police being arrested, he set himself at the head of a platoon of infantry, went to the office, and found Lahorie calmly seated at his desk, writing orders, after those he had given at the Hôtel de Ville. He had him immediately seized and tied to his arm-chair, while he addressed to him reproaches that opened the unfortunate Lahorie's eyes to the madness of Mallet. He then went to the staff, where he arrested the latter, and, flying to the prison, he delivered the Minister and Prefect of Police. The Prefect went home; but his hotel being still full of the soldiers who had arrested him, they pursued him, and he was glad to find a refuge in a neighbouring house. All these scenes, well deserving of a place in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, happened between five and eight o'clock in the morning. By nine all was over; and the happy inhabitants of Paris, when they awoke, learned the singular event, and made some tolerably good jokes upon it.

The attempt of Mallet was nothing more than the extravagance of a madman whose imagination had been excited. It made, however, a deep impression on the public, and became a subject of dismal reflection. In the following year the Royalists did not fail to place Mallet among the number of their martyrs, and honoured with the name of a Bourbonian attempt the mad freak of a man who, far from ever having belonged to that party, had always been worked upon by Republican ideas. His plan was a sufficient demonstration of that. He had planned the assembling of the Senate; he had spoken of nothing else to the soldiers than the re-establishment of Liberty and the Republic; and he could only hope to succeed by stirring up the lowest classes of the people. Would the confusion have been considerable, and long enough for him to have succeeded, in case the Emperor had really been killed? I do not believe it; but at least I must suppose, from the

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knowledge I had of his character, that he would not have fled, but would have committed suicide. The noble firmness he showed until the moment of his death is a proof of that. A few days after he had been arrested news was received from the Emperor. He was by no means disconcerted, and expressed no other feeling than that of regret for the loss of liberty and the prolongation of the Emperor's despotism. The most incredible thing was that in the midst of the confusion, during three hours, nobody thought of the Empress or her son. The Prefect of the department had quietly slept at his country seat in the Forest of Vincennes. He was coming home on horseback, when an express met him and delivered to him a note, wherein he found, written with pencil, these two words, "Fuit Imperator." At first they appeared inexplicable. The express had not waited for an answer, and it was only after a good deal of reflection, and after having read the note four times, that he at last understood it. He hastened to the Hôtel de Ville, where he found everything in confusion, and General Lahorie already giving orders for the Assembly. He then burst into tears, and found no other resource but submission. The Colonel, who first had been surprised by Mallet, did not show either more firmness or more presence of mind than the Prefect. All those who had been surprised by the news carried their reflection no farther. It seemed as if everything was over by the death of the Emperor, and that he had taken along with him not only the secret of the government, but all the foresight and energy of those who were devoted to him. There is not the least doubt but two hours later every one would have come to their senses; but then, perhaps, it would have been too late. I did not conceal this observation from the Emperor, who looked very grave when he heard it. Generals Mallet, Lahorie, and Guidal, who was arrested a few hours after the rest, and about fifteen poor officers, who had committed no other fault than obeying generals whom they looked upon as

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their leaders, were condemned to death. In going to the fatal spot these officers cried, "Long live the Emperor!" They all died with a courage bordering on indifference: several of them were not killed at the first discharge, and they reproached the soldiers for their awkwardness.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE first account from the Emperor, dated from the Beresina, brought the distressing particulars of the retreat. Those that were given in the bulletins, and especially in the 29th, could not be read without horror. It was not surprising that many persons should have been deluded by the austere energy that had presided over their composition, and should even feel some indignation at it. Accustomed for so long a period to nothing but triumph, the particulars of our first defeat, accompanied by so much calamity, spread consternation all over France. The enemies of the Emperor grew more numerous, and skilfully made use of the circumstance to raise an outcry against his tyranny. Just as the agitation of the public mind was at the strongest, his arrival at the Tuileries was suddenly published. He admitted everybody; showed severity towards some—intrepidity in presence of all. He explained the cause of the misfortune of the campaign, and without seeking to dissemble the fault that had been committed, he boldly claimed the support he wanted, to begin the war anew, repel the enemy, and conclude a peace, of which he more than any one felt the absolute necessity. His noble courage in wrestling with misfortune electrified the whole country. Three hundred thousand men were granted; the young came forward with courage, the old with firmness. Within a few months an army was raised, admirably brave, though still uninstructed, and the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen witnessed fresh triumphs. The disasters of the campaign

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of Moscow had brought Russia and Austria to an understanding, and alarmed the powers of the second class. Peace was, however, proposed to the Emperor, but they had no longer to treat with the sovereign of the world. He began to feel that, after having been conquered by the elements, he would be so by man. Though his last battles had turned out in his favour, he now saw that he might have rivals. Pretensions were brought forward, the most important of which was that he should give up his influence over Germany, and abandon that part of the continent to the left bank of the Rhine. If he had consented he would have abandoned the Confederation, the House of Saxony, and the kingdom of Westphalia—that is to say, he would have dethroned his brother. He would perhaps have done so one day of his own accord, but he could not bear to be commanded. The Emperor felt that a power contested in that way is a fallen power. His proud mind, which never knew how to stop, recoiled at the proposals. The negotiations broke off, and he began the war again without considering the youth and inexperience of his soldiers, or the discontent of his generals-in-chief. He fought like a lion, but like a lion forced into its den. I must, however, acknowledge that he was badly seconded. A short time after that period some particulars were told me in confidence, but with so much appearance of truth that I cannot omit mentioning them here. The Cossacks were a new engine which made the war perilous, especially to the officers who went out to reconnoitre. Several of them, and particularly those of the general staff, who were chosen indiscriminately by the major-general, preferred giving us reports taken from peasants, to exposing themselves at a distance to the attacks of the Cossacks. By this means the Emperor could no longer ascertain the truth. The reports he received were all satisfactory, because they were not true. He thought himself able to resist, because he entertained a false idea of the strength of the enemy. He commenced

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the battle of Leipsic in the full persuasion that the enemy's forces were but half as numerous as they really were. He lost the battle, and that defeat completely disorganised his army. His new retreat was more disastrous still than when he came from Russia. The army still, however, made one effort at Hanau. A German who owed the first foundation of his fortune to the Emperor, whose praises constitute all his glory, dared to resist him at Hanau, after having abused the confidence of his sovereign, and forced him to abandon his allies; but the troops he commanded were destroyed. This was the last struggle of Antæus in the arms of Hercules. A month later, when he had again set his foot on the land of his birth, his strength returned; and if he was finally levelled to the ground, it was only when treason joined its efforts to those of violence.

The army returned in the most grievous disorder. The sick and wounded were innumerable. There were neither hospitals nor private houses sufficient to contain them all, and the most destructive of all diseases, the typhus, attacked not only the army, but all the towns and villages through which the troops passed.

The Emperor returned for the second time to Paris on the 10th or 11th of November. The attachment of the French for him was so great that on all sides nothing was heard but cries of grief; and if here and there some insults were uttered, they must be laid to the account of the emigrants, who began to foresee his fall and the return of the Bourbons. He remained about six weeks in Paris. I think I have already said in these Memoirs, that whenever he was unfortunate he turned to me. I must not be proud of that circumstance. My attachment to his person was a duty,—my antipathy to ambition and intrigue was natural to me. A habit of reflection made me in general consider affairs in their true light; and as I was very conveniently placed for observing them in their *ensemble*, I gave him my opinion with a frankness and sincerity to which the ear of sovereigns

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is but little accustomed. At my arrival he commanded me to come every evening into the bath-room next to his bed-chamber. He then had me called in to him, while he warmed himself, undressed before the fire. We talked familiarly together for an hour before he went to bed. The first evening I found him so cast down, so overwhelmed, that I was frightened. I went to see his secretary, who was my friend. I communicated to him my fears that his mind, formerly so strong, had begun to sink. "You need not fear," he replied; "he has lost nothing of his energy; but in the evening you see him quite bent down with fatigue. He goes to bed at eleven o'clock, but he is up at three o'clock in the morning, and till night every moment is devoted to business. It is time to put an end to this, for he must sink under it, and I shall fall before him."

The principal subject of our conversation was the situation of France. I used to tell him with a degree of frankness, the truth of which could alone make him pardon its rudeness, that France was fatigued to an excess; that it was quite impossible for her to bear much longer the burthen with which she was loaded, and that she would undoubtedly throw off the yoke, and according to custom seek an alleviation to her sufferings in novelty, her favourite divinity. I said in particular a great deal of the Bourbons, who, I observed, would finally inherit his royal spoil, if ever fortune laid him low. The mention of the Bourbons made him thoughtful, and he threw himself on his bed without uttering a word; but after a few minutes, having approached to know whether I might retire, I saw that he had fallen into a profound sleep.

He was then busy with the organisation of the National Guards of Paris. The choice of the commanders was a very important point. He spoke frequently with me about that organisation. I wished it to be as military as possible. It appeared to me of very great consequence to compose

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it of ancient warriors, who, having their homes and the national glory to defend, would electrify the citizens, and easily find in the ardent youth of the metropolis an army of brave men sufficient at least to repel the enemy from their walls. I could not draw from him a single observation on the point, notwithstanding the warmth with which I spoke. The list of the superior officers was at last presented, I do not now recollect by whom; but, the very day of the presentation, the Prefect —— came to pay me a visit, to acquaint me that I stood on the list as commander of a division. In the evening I went to the Emperor, according to custom. Marshal Berthier came there, and the Emperor said to him in my presence: "Do you know whom I have appointed as Colonel of the National Guards?" He then read over his list, and instead of my name, I heard that of Jaubert, Governor of the Bank of France. Berthier thought the choice very good; and I was not surprised at it. As for me, I was angry at the circumstance (though there was nothing but blows to be gained), and I left the room. The following day, after mass, I stood at the audience next to Jaubert. He was a councillor of State, formerly a barrister at Bordeaux, an honourable and clever man, but who never had had anything to do with the army, and who was besides rather a little ridiculous as a military man on account of his figure and his habits of life. The Emperor went up to him, and he thanked him respectfully for the new dignity with which he had been invested. The Emperor smiled, and said with that joking air so severe in a sovereign: "You never rode on horseback, I believe?" "I beg your pardon, Sire!" "Oh yes, I suppose you rode on a pony from Bordeaux to Tonnelle;" and then he passed on to another. Poor Jaubert nevertheless loaded his two shoulders with the marks of his rank; but he never showed himself more worthy of the lawyer's cloak than the day the enemy attacked the capital.

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This singular composition of the staff of the National Guards was explained by the still more singular form of the Parisian fortifications. Plain palisadoes surrounded, ridiculously enough, the barriers of the city; they were barely sufficient to stop a few straggling Cossacks who might intrude so far. He did not wish to frighten the Parisians, and draw them from their amusements, by an appearance of formidable fortifications, and by a warlike composition of the National Guards. He undoubtedly thought that if he proved unable to beat the enemy, it would be useless to try to defend a city that presented so few means of resistance and so many resources for rebellion. Before he set off, he assembled at the Tuileries all the officers of the National Guards, and taking his son in his arms, he presented him to the assembly, and made a speech that electrified every heart. The cries of "Long live the Emperor!" were so energetic and so unanimous, that I was persuaded for some time that a feeling expressed with so much enthusiasm might perhaps produce some fine result. A little reflection, however, recalled the dismal truth that penetrated my soul. I saw the Emperor again in the evening: he spoke to me of what had happened in the morning. I told him freely that the disposition of the public mind would remain good as long as the enemy should not come near Paris; but that it ought not to be put to the test if the enemy approached. He smiled, and, pulling me by the ear according to his custom, he said: "You old Roman! you have no illusions." "No, Sire," I replied; "but I rest great hopes on this campaign, and a fine victory will do more good than all this morning's enthusiasm." "Ah!" said he, getting into bed, "it must be gained!"

I remained that night at the Tuileries. He started at four o'clock in the morning. He appeared cheerful, firm, and in perfect good health. I had always seen him so when departing, and the state of his mind inspired me with fresh confidence.

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General Sebastiani returned from the army and remained two days at Paris. He gave me sad particulars of the campaign. The enemies were so numerous, the disasters so great, the country so horribly ravaged, that it appeared difficult for the Emperor to hold out much longer. He soon felt, after the observations I made, how dangerous it would be to make known his alarms, which he had already in some way propagated; and wishing to neutralise their effect, he mentioned the necessity of defending Paris as the only means of saving France. Furious complaints and sarcasms arose against him in Talleyrand's circle, and among all the high nobility, who already were in correspondence with the Count d'Artois. He left the capital, hooted by the emigrants; and if he told the Emperor all he really thought, I cannot but think that it was upon his report that the Emperor commanded the Minister of Police to arrest Prince Talleyrand, and send him far from the metropolis.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHILE the Emperor, opposed by all the armies of Europe, was struggling like a lion, running from one to another, thwarting all the manœuvres of the enemy by the rapidity of his movements, deceiving them in all their calculations, and exhausting them with fatigue, other foes, much more dangerous than they, were in Paris entering into a secret league with foreigners to hasten his fall. M. de Talleyrand, whom they had chosen for their leader, did not, however, second their hostile measures as much as their impatience required. The great name of Napoleon—fifteen years of brilliant victories—the inexhaustible resources of his genius —his unconquerable vigour of mind—the still existing possibility of a peace in the midst of battle—finally, the sentiments of France, who still wished well to the Emperor —all these circumstances rendered the greatest prudence necessary. Besides, what had he to expect from the Bourbons? Could they have forgotten that his conduct had been ever hostile towards them for the last five-and-twenty years?—Director of the Constituent Assembly—Minister of the Directory, and Napoleon—a married priest, how could he find grace in their eyes? On the other hand, if France finally triumphed over so many enemies, what would he not have to fear from an irritated conqueror, who could not but be acquainted with his treasonable conduct? Was he destined to end, far from his country and in exile, the last days of an infirm and disgraced old age? He therefore did his utmost to keep his friends in bounds; and, that

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he might not be crushed by the violent measures of the boisterous Minister of Police, his ingenuity and skill were exercised to throw trouble and perplexity in the way of the Duke de Rovigo. It was he who, according to public report, had presided at the execution of the Duke d'Enghien: he had not striven to hide the particulars of it, which had been exaggerated; and nothing could equal the hatred the royalists bore him. He had a numerous family, and his fortune was not sufficient for him to do without the salary he drew from Government.

How could he, besides, preserve his rank, or even his tranquillity, under the reign of the Bourbons? M. de Talleyrand, after having presented him with a faithful picture of what his situation would be in case the Emperor should fall, an event which appeared scarcely to be avoided, applauded his fidelity and devotion; but advised him not to shut out from himself all possibility of pardon, or even favour, at the hands of Louis XVIII. by taking measures of rigour and violence against the royalists, the consequences of which might be fatal even to the Emperor himself, as they might occasion disturbance in the capital which the police would not be able to suppress. The Minister was most certainly shaken. The Messieurs Polignac, who had been confined since the affair of Georges, first in a state prison, and then in a *maison de santé*, escaped about that time, after having given a thorough beating to the police inspector, who was to have transferred them to a prison a considerable distance from Paris. The Duchess of Rovigo was their relative; and a few days after the entrance of the Count d'Artois, the Duke told me that the Messieurs Polignac had just been with him, and had requested him to publish in print that it was to him they owed their liberty. He waived the proposal; but it was easy to judge that he was not sorry the Count should believe the truth of the anecdote.

After the battle of Montereau, the Emperor had given

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the Duke de Rovigo an order to send M. de Talleyrand from Paris, with a positive injunction to cut off all communications between him and his friends in the metropolis. I was in the Duke's closet when he opened the despatch, which grieved him extremely. "What is the Emperor thinking of?" he said. "Have not I enough to do to keep in awe all the royalists in France? Does he want to throw another Faubourg St. Germain on my shoulders? Talleyrand alone is able to keep them at peace, and prevent them from taking some foolish step. I shall not execute that order, and by and by the Emperor will thank me for it."

The measure would nevertheless have been very wise. The royalists would have been without leaders, and the enemy without directors or encouragement. They would perhaps not have dared to venture their march upon Paris, which proved so fatal to the Emperor. Marmont would not have signed the truce of the 30th of March, and Napoleon would have gained the twelve hours he wanted to enable him to reach the capital.

That deplorable prepossession of the Duke de Rovigo, who nevertheless remained faithful, was not the only cause of our misfortunes. All persons attached to Government soon shared the same feeling—all had fallen into dismay and discouragement; and with the exception of Boulay de la Meurthe, Thibaudeau, and some other retainers of the Revolution, familiar with political disturbances, who had nothing to expect and everything to fear from the Bourbons, all the others were only intent on saving some part of the wreck for themselves. The Emperor had appointed his brother Joseph Lieutenant-General of Paris. That Prince, though a man of amiable mind and extended information, wanted energy: he could neither persuade the Council nor excite the people, who were only waiting for a leader. To say the truth, he was distinguished by nothing but his obsolete title of King of Spain; and the Peninsular war had cost too much blood for any gratitude

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or confidence to attach to the person for whose profit it was undertaken.[1] The Archchancellor Cambacérès, a learned lawyer, but a stranger, more by character than even by the habits of his life, to those energetic resolutions which great dangers require, could do nothing but submit to the common fate. The Duke de Feltre, Minister of the War Department, a good secretary, but a man of a narrow mind, and the slave of his vanity, which stuck to everything, served the Emperor with suspicious carelessness, and dreamed already of the prodigious honour he would acquire by being a minister of the Bourbons. A council, at which the Empress presided, was held at the moment the enemy entered Nancy, while pursuing Marshals Ragusa and Treviso. The Empress requested that a resolution might be taken in regard to herself and her son, for she relied no longer on her father, and no accounts had arrived for several days from the Emperor. None but generous advice ought to have been given to her. Boulay de la Meurthe took the task upon himself, and recalling to her memory the conduct of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, in presence of the Hungarians, he said, "Madam, go to the Hôtel de Ville; cross the streets of Paris with your son in your arms. The whole capital will accompany you to the advanced posts. Acquaint the Allied Sovereigns with your resolution to remain in Paris, surrounded by your faithful subjects, to share their dangers, and to descend only by force from the throne, on which you seated yourself amidst the applause of those very nations and kings who now besiege you."

[1] When the Duke de Ragusa arrived at Meaux, he sent his aide-de-camp, Fabvier, to apprise Government of his perilous position. I met that officer at the hotel of the minister, Clarke. He complained bitterly that Prince Joseph had left him three hours waiting in the Luxembourg, before he could gain admittance. "He is not yet up," was all the answer he received. "Why should we disturb him? You will not be better satisfied with this one than with the other," said I. In fact, when Fabvier came out of the closet of the minister, he said to me—"What will become of us, good God? We have nothing else to do than to get ourselves killed."

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This energetic advice appeared to the weakness of the others no better than revolutionary boasting. Cambacérès read a letter from the Emperor, but of old date, which contained the order never to expose the Empress and her son to the risk of falling into the hands of the enemy. This put an end to all debate, and a resolution was taken to send the Court to Blois, with the members of Government.

Among the considerations that determined the Council not to follow the advice of keeping the Empress in Paris, one of the most important, and which had a great influence over the deliberations, was the fate of the Emperor.

In fact, what would have become of him, if the Allies had acknowledged the King of Rome and the Regency? Paris would have shut its gates upon him. The people, reduced to the utmost extremity, would have submitted to the new Government. The army would undoubtedly have recoiled at the idea of a civil war, or the enemy would quietly have destroyed it. Besides, could the Empress sign the destruction of her husband? For it was not possible to keep him at liberty near France; and his situation would have become so very peculiar, that there would perhaps not have been one corner in all Europe where the Conqueror of the World could have rested his head in peace; whilst his wife and his best friends would have been forced, for the interests of their country, to wish for his everlasting proscription.

When the Empress was leaving Paris with all the Ministers, the two corps of Marshals Marmont and Mortier hastily retreated to the heights round the capital, pursued by the Russians and Prussians, who had at last resolved, by the pressing solicitation of M. de Talleyrand, to advance and make themselves masters of the city. The two corps did not muster above fourteen thousand men. Some thousand troops, drawn from the depôts at Versailles and Rambouillet, were sent to join them. The brave young men of the Polytechnical Institution flew to their aid on the hills of Chaumont, and a few battalions of National Guards went

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also out of the barriers. All these troops fought bravely; but the forces of the enemy, augmenting from hour to hour, were by no means in proportion with those of the besieged. Prince Joseph, having no precise instruction for so unforeseen a circumstance, did not dare to take upon himself to prolong the defence, without any appearance of success. The people, and especially the inhabitants of the suburbs, would not have refused to fight. Some already prepared to unpave the streets, to raise battlements on the houses that were nearest to the barriers, and to take all possible precaution against cavalry, and to fire in case the enemy were to carry things to such an extremity. The people, as I have said, were well disposed; but towards the evening of the 29th of March there were no public authorities in the city but Marshal Moncey, Commander of the National Guards, the two Prefects of the Department, and the police. In leaving Paris, the Ministers had enjoined them to do all in their power to preserve the peace, and provide for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Five days had elapsed since any certain news had arrived from the Emperor, and all means of communication were intercepted. In vain I sent off intrepid couriers, and, during the last two days, several fleet and clever messengers. They were bearers of letters written in cypher, wherein I begged the Emperor to return at any price. I told him that the police was no longer strong enough to repress the royalists; that his presence alone could put a stop to the evil, and that he was lost beyond resource if the enemy got possession of the capital. It is unfortunately true that the agents of Government, attached for a long time to a system of absolute authority, and accustomed never to take the smallest responsibility upon themselves, trembled at the idea of adopting any measure without the special order of the Emperor: some, because he was master of all; others, because the passing events appeared above all human power. Prince Joseph was the first who yielded to the general dejection. After casting a look of dismay on

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the plain of St. Denis, covered with foreign soldiers and smoking villages, he fled to Blois, authorising the two marshals to sign a capitulation that might save the capital.

Officers, sent on parley by Prince Schwartzenburg, came to the Duke de Ragusa, and declared, that if the gates of Paris were not opened to them before night, the next day it would be too late, and that the capital would be delivered over to all the rigour of military execution.

The Duke had no news from the Emperor; and although he was given to understand that, notwithstanding the threats of the enemy, there could be no danger in waiting till next day,—that it was possible Napoleon might arrive in the night,—that Alexander would certainly not rush madly with his army in the midst of so populous a capital, the inhabitants of which were highly incensed;—yet Marmont, confused, and not wishing perhaps to leave to another the honour of saving Paris, resolved to sign the capitulation, without having received any direct order to that effect from his General and Sovereign.

I went to his house on the evening of the 30th of March. He was still at table, and next to him sat Count Orloff, and several other Russian officers. He came to meet me, led me to a private room, and there did his best to prove that he could not have acted otherwise than he had done; that with less than twenty-eight thousand men, any farther defence would be but useless spilling of blood. That, I acknowledged; but could he not wait until the next day to sign? Twelve hours' delay might be of an immense benefit to the Emperor. I could not suppose it possible that he should not be met by at least one of the great numbers of couriers I had despatched. I was convinced that his presence would re-establish affairs. The Marshal was inflexible: he was too far engaged to be able to draw back. The chief heights round the capital were already occupied by the enemy. Our situation was terrible, it is true; but the presence of the Emperor was alone worth an army. The

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people, already well disposed, and full of ardour at the sight of their Sovereign, would have done wonders.

I had received no orders to go to Blois. I therefore thought I would set off with the Duke de Ragusa, who had acquainted me with his plan of going to Fontainebleau. I left him with an intention of coming back, when, on going out of the apartment, I met Prince Talleyrand and his emissary Bourrienne, who were slipping up to the second floor. The sight of them was enough for me. These two men, who were in open treason, had undoubtedly come to involve the Marshal in their toils. M. Pasquier had accompanied me in my carriage. I communicated my suspicions to him. "What shall I say to you?" he answered: "all seems to be over; there is nothing more to be done." I set him down at the Prefecture of Police, and retired to my lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, determined never to re-enter the Post-office. A little before daybreak I received an express with letters from the Emperor to the Empress. The courier informed me that Napoleon had arrived during the night at the stage called La Cour de France, and that there he had heard the fatal news of the capitulation. The unfortunate Prince had been flying with all his speed to save his capital. The blow was terrible for him: he sat down on the parapet of the fountains of Juvisy, and remained above a quarter of an hour with his head resting on his two hands, lost in the most painful reflections; after which he set off again for Fontainebleau.

The following day I returned to M. Pasquier's: he had just come back from the camp, whither he had been summoned by the Emperor of Russia. "You took your resolution last night," he said to me; "I adopted mine this morning. I have received an order to continue my functions. Napoleon's reign is over, and I have written to Fontainebleau to acquaint them that they must no longer reckon upon me. My family has always been attached to

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the House of Bourbon. I have served the Emperor faithfully. I have taken no share in the events which have cast him from the throne, and I return to the ancient dynasty." "I do not pretend to discuss your motives," was my reply; "but for me, I owe everything to the Emperor: I shall not go near his successor. My public career is at an end, and I return to my obscurity. I have only one favour to claim of you: protect me in that retreat where I intend to go and live with my family, and let not malevolence disturb the peace I wish to enjoy."

With these words we separated. I was already convinced that, with the men Louis XVIII. was obliged to make use of, his difficulties would multiply at every step; and without foreseeing as yet the events that broke out eleven months later, I was glad to remain a stranger to duties for which I felt so strong an aversion, that neither the sanctity of an oath, nor the most rigid integrity, could have bound me to them on the 20th of March following, without the greatest struggle and grief on my part.

The Emperor Alexander entered the city at the head of several beautiful divisions of infantry, appointed as if for a parade. He was preceded by a numerous and brilliant staff. As the procession advanced along the boulevards, it was soon augmented by numbers of Frenchmen whom our armies had never seen in their ranks. The Montmorencys, the Dondeauvilles, the Noailles, who then faced the enemy for the first time, were eager to welcome him to the metropolis, and to lay at his feet the homage and joy of the French people. One might have thought for twenty years France had been wishing for their presence. A little farther, all the genteel company of the Paris drawing-rooms joined the retinue. Women dressed out as for a *fête*, and almost frantic with joy, waved their pockethandkerchiefs and cried, "Long live the Emperor Alexander!" The windows of the houses and the open windows were filled with people. I was not so far off but that I distinguished among them many ladies whose

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husbands had long filled elevated stations in the fallen Court, and who themselves, loaded with honour and riches, had been attached to the service of the two Empresses. I might name them,—but wherefore disgrace their memory? Many of them will have descended into the grave before this work appears, and their children ought not to be punished for the shameful conduct of their parents.

The Emperor Alexander had nowhere on his march witnessed this boasted enthusiasm of the French for the King and his family. He was candid enough to acknowledge this at a council held at M. de Talleyrand's. It was therefore through motives of policy, and the necessity of circumstances, that the latter persuaded him not to establish a regency. The absence of the Emperor of Austria, the unpopularity of his minister, Metternich, who was present, the force of old recollections, and perhaps also the falling off of the Duke de Ragusa, swayed his resolution.

While these discussions were going on in Paris, Napoleon, at Fontainebleau, had already recovered from the blow he had experienced. He sounded the danger of his position, and calculated his resources. He every day reviewed his troops, animated them by his presence, and looked as if he wished to familiarise them with the idea of marching back to Paris, and driving the enemy from the capital. Such an act of despair, in a man like him, might have had terrible consequences. Notwithstanding the severe discipline to which the foreign troops were subjected, the troops being too numerous for the barracks to contain them, were encamped at considerable distances from each other. Many officers lodged in hotels, far from their troops. The play-houses, coffee-houses, ale-houses, and bagnios, were filled with them until a late hour of the night. Attacked on all sides, finding at every step some new obstacle to their assembling, with enemies in every street, confusion might soon have spread among the troops, and the terrible cry of "Long live the Emperor!" resounding on a sudden, would

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have augmented the disorder, and exasperated the people. If driven out of the capital, and a battle lost in the plain, what would have been the fate of all these triumphant troops? This plan appeared feasible during forty-eight hours, and was secretly whispered among the people. Not only the soldiers, but even three-fourths of the officers, were by no means afraid to undertake it. But it was discovered by the Marshals, and they opposed it through apparent motives of prudence, but in fact through weariness and a secret wish to abandon the Emperor. The correspondence with Paris grew every moment more frequent, and the defections more numerous. Military commanders were all rich; their families were in the enemy's power. To the anxiety with which they were tormented, they added the hope of remaining great men under the Bourbons. The promises made by the conspirators were unbounded. The Allies and the King would open their arms to them. They were already in idea marshals of France, of the old monarchy. The Cross of St. Louis, the Order of the Holy Ghost, governments, Court favours, their uncontested pre-eminence over the most ancient families, their names placed next to those of Turenne and Villars, seemed in their eyes to give them a lustre that would fear no comparison, even in future times. These childish illusions, this sordid egotism, made them forget natural honour and the faith they owed to their real sovereign. A few days were sufficient to deceive most of them.

Alas! at no period was it more requisite that a deep feeling of patriotism should have animated their hearts! Twenty-two years before (I was then twenty-three), when the Prussians spread over the plains of Champaigne, Paris and all France rushed out against the enemy. French youths, devoid of experience and instruction, but conspicuous for love of their country, exasperated by generous fury, trampled on the old bands instructed by Frederick the Great. Now the barbarians of Russia, and all the European

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armies we had vanquished, paraded in our squares, sat insolently round our hearths; and the French, who were again grown polite, whom prosperity and the luxury of a Court had refined and enervated, looked on the strange scene with eyes of indifference. We deserved but too well our fate.

The fire that animated our soldiers was extinguished when they learned that the Emperor recoiled before ill fortune, and acknowledged himself vanquished. It was then that the army, in despair, felt obliged to submit.

However, the Allied Sovereigns had not expected that submission, and they showed their satisfaction by the treaty of the 11th of April. The title of Emperor was left to Napoleon; the Island of Elba was given to him in full sovereignty; a competent income was allowed, not only for him, but also for his family, and gratuities were granted to almost all the members of his military household. These various arrangements were made in presence of the Bourbons. The King refused to sign them, under the pretence that he could not acknowledge Napoleon as an Emperor; but it was agreed, and he engaged his word, that the treaty should be executed in all its stipulations.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MEANWHILE the Emperor departed for the Island of Elba, and the rage of his enemies augmented with that circumstance. Neither his fall nor his banishment was able to satisfy them; they sought his death alone; and war having spared him, they resolved to get rid of him by assassination. This was the last homage paid to the genius of the Emperor. A sort of superstitious awe had seized the minds of all those who had contributed to his overthrow. "As long as that man lives," they said at the Tuileries, "there will be no repose, no security for France." Maubreuil's perverseness and desperate character give a great deal of probability to all he has said of the proposals made to him by M. de Talleyrand. But that was not the only attempt made against him before his return from the Island of Elba: he was nearly poisoned at Fontainebleau. Generals Drouet and Bertrand will undoubtedly publish one day what the latter told me of the horrible scenes that took place during the Emperor's journey through the South of France, and all the efforts made by murderers sent to the Island of Elba by the Governor of Corsica, M. Brulard.

King Louis the Eighteenth made his solemn entrance into Paris on the 3rd of May. The wealthy portion of the population now took upon them to show that enthusiasm which the mob is accustomed to lavish on the men who dazzle their inconstant and unreflecting imaginations. The sun shone with all the brightness of spring, and added to the magnificence of the novel scene. Gendarmes opened

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the procession ; then came a great number of officers on horseback : some who the day before had been our foes on the field of battle came to solicit a share of the Royal largesse ; others, old servants of the monarchy, had long held out their hands for Imperial favours. By a singular distinction, or a cruel mockery, two companies of the Imperial Guards preceded the golden troop. The aspect of those old warriors, covered with scars—their eyes fixed on the ground, their countenances dejected, the rage of their hearts depicted on their sun-burned faces—inspired compassion. At last the King appeared in an open calèche, accompanied by the Duchess d'Angoulême and the two Princes of the House of Condé. The enormous bulk of the Monarch, his harsh look and severe features, disconcerted the enthusiasm of those who had a close view of him ; and after the space of a few hours, there remained nothing, even in the mass of the population, but cold indifference for the fortunate brother of Louis XVI.

One of the four royal personages ought, however, to have excited very deep interest. The sight of the King recalled no recollections : the two old warriors, leaders of a legion that had shone with so little lustre, represented nothing but an illustrious name and a cruel loss. The daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, on the contrary, delivered up in her tender years to all the violence of revolutionary tyranny—deprived of her parents, who died on the scaffold—abandoned in the dungeon of an old tower, was now passing slowly before that same Palais de Justice out of which her mother had gone in a cart to the scaffold. In passing that same palace she was about to inhabit, what cruel recollections, what feelings of compassion and love might naturally have been excited !—and still the marks of joy, the enthusiasm were lavished alone on the old Monarch ! Was it that policy got the better of the more refined feelings of humanity ? or that the women, who were the most numerous among the crowd, are expected, even when moved by the most noble

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feelings of the heart, to show always the smallest part to persons of their own sex?[1]

The restoration of the Royal Family had been prepared with much skill by M. de Talleyrand. It was, however, necessary to give it a legal character; and as the Legislative Body was not at that time sitting, they had recourse to the Senate, which closed its political existence by one of the most disgraceful acts recorded in history. In despite of all laws, the Senate removed from the throne, and delivered over to foreigners, their lawful Sovereign, whom France had elected, and to whom they owed their existence. They had, moreover, the baseness to insult the Prince they disowned. I am far from refusing to acknowledge the noble qualities, the eminent services, and even the conspicuous virtues, by which many members of the Senate were recommended to public esteem; but the stain will nevertheless remain for ever fixed on that Assembly, since no effort was tried, no resignations offered, no protest uttered by any one against that fatal sitting over which M. de Talleyrand presided.

The first measure of the new Government was to establish the administration, and to punish or stifle the disturbances which disordered passions might occasion in the provinces at the news of the installation.

But before we follow that Government in its measures, it is necessary to cast a look upon the nation over which it was about to rule. France had been subjected to the forms of a Republic, to which had succeeded the Imperial monarchy. In 1814 but few influential leaders of the Republican Government survived. With the exception of Carnot and Barras, who had not bowed to Napoleon, the rest had been mowed

[1] The translator is convinced that Count Lavalette was completely mistaken in both his surmises. The fact is, that men never forgive the wrongs that they have themselves inflicted. The French nation had behaved like savage cannibals towards the virtuous Duchess of Angoulême and her innocent parents, and the sight of her was an everlasting reproach upon their cruelty. To this sentiment must also be attributed the filthy caricatures and scandalous libels on that spotless Princess that have since disgraced the French press.

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by the scythe of Time or seduced by the head of the empire. Merlin, Treilhard, Sieyès, Fouché, and many others, had donned the robes of ministers and senators ; the Brutuses of 1793 were now designated by the titles of duke, count, and even monseigneur. In the army I find none but Jourdan who did not enlist among the titled generals. Kleber, Hoche, Desaix, and Moreau were, it is true, no more ; but would it be too much to suppose that these illustrious warriors, who fell in defending the independence of their country, would have also bent under the Imperial yoke? The whole nation had, on the 18th Brumaire, preceded the conversion of the army. The First Consul found everywhere among the people an equal disgust for Republican forms and government. He took advantage of this to establish the Consulate—and misused it to place the crown on his head. Vanity, so powerful over the French, and hatred of a yoke sprung from under their feet, rendered insupportable to them an authority brutal in its forms and an offensive equality. The persecutions and violent deaths which, during more than two years, had spread mourning and dismay, left such a deep impression on the people's minds that they were resolved, cost what it might, never to go back to them. The defeats the French armies suffered in 1799, the violent and unskilful measures of the Directory, their *coups d'état*, and especially that of the 18th Fructidor, added to the general impatience and to the disrepute in which they had fallen ; so that when General Bonaparte returned from Egypt, all classes of citizens opened their arms to him, and begged him to save France. The 18th Brumaire took place. But the Conqueror of Italy was accustomed to enforce obedience : he therefore organised the country, and commanded over it as he would over an army. The wonderful success at Marengo, order re-established in the finances as if by enchantment, everywhere excited enthusiasm. The odious attempts of the infernal machine, and of the Chouans, commanded by Georges and Pichegru, excited indignation

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against the English and the Bourbons to the highest pitch. Then it was that Napoleon, convinced that he might dare all he wished, again raised up the throne of France with a view to master Europe. Fifteen years' glory and an arbitrary government had made the French more supple ; and the Bourbons never doubted but their government, which they called paternal, would be received with transports of joy, especially as it appeared a sure pledge of sincere reconciliation with the rest of Europe.

But Louis XVIII., dazzled by the easy obedience of the nation to his predecessor, was far from suspecting what had been hidden under the Imperial purple. He did not know what troubles, what cares, what increasing obstacles, perpetually arose against the former Government. He did not suspect that the passion for Liberty had only been suppressed, and that the contempt the nation felt for the last kings of his race extended to him. The hatred of the old Court and the nobility, indifference in regard to religion and contempt for the clergy, had acquired new energy under the Imperial reign. The King did not know that the Emperor had lost many adherents in all classes. Finally, since the departure of the present King, in 1791, a new generation had arisen and taken its rank in the social state. They were a grave population, full of energy, nursed in deep study, free from superstitious mummery, leaving college to fly to the field of battle. To them every career of science and ambition was open, and to their success incapacity was the only obstacle.

Nobody had told the King that all illusion in regard to the majesty of the throne had vanished. The Emperor had, in fact, never been a monarch, or at least the people had never experienced for him the superstitious awe with which they had been wont to look upon Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

He was admired only as a great man. The people beheld in him the gainer of so many battles, the conqueror of so

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many kingdoms, the invincible, the man of fate; but still he was always Bonaparte—a glorious name, which his enemies have not been able to tarnish, nor he himself to deface.

Louis XVIII. therefore, on his return, no longer found the halo of his House. In the eyes of sensible and cool-thinking persons, he was nothing more than an old gentleman of Versailles, whom circumstances again raised to a throne. His family and himself returned, however, with the old prejudices of five-and-twenty years before. They thought that the Revolution had been made by men, and not by the force of things—a fatal mistake which had already ruined Louis XVI. They began, therefore, to inquire of all they saw who they were, and what they had done at various periods. An old rancour against the Constituents, an affected contempt for the nobles who had declared themselves in favour of the Revolution, a haughty indifference towards all the members of the preceding Government, a disdainful and humiliating politeness towards the leaders of the army because they had still their arms in their hands—such were the features that marked the conduct of the Court.

The foreign Sovereigns, in the midst of the intoxication of their triumph, were, however, wise enough not to misuse it; and far from treating France with the violence of a conqueror who thinks he may dare whatever he wishes, they seconded the patriot party in their efforts to prevent France, in her misfortune, from being deprived of the laws by which she had been governed for the last thirty years. The pledges required by a civilised age were therefore laid down in a charter granted by the King, under the wretched title of Ordinance of Reformation. The forms of the administration were preserved, and the agents of public authority provisionally maintained in their posts. Extraordinary commissaries were sent into all the departments, to enlighten and calm the public mind. These commissaries, chosen for the most part among the disinterested, and

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among the enemies of the Emperor, obtained but little success. Private interest, however, weariness, and necessity, produced a surer effect. The people showed themselves everywhere distrustful; but I have no doubt that if Government had advanced with firmness and good faith in the principles laid down by the charter, it would soon have gained, if not affection, at least confidence, and oblivion of the principles with which it was surrounded.

But the intoxication of a triumph so easily obtained turned the heads of the royalists. The bragging of the emigrants knew no bounds. When they saw the Bourbons seated on the throne, they imagined themselves masters of their sovereign and all France. They asked, or rather demanded, employments, favours, and money. All was lavished on them. Most of them were old officers, who at the time of their emigration enjoyed but an inferior rank in the army. Five-and-twenty years' service was reckoned for them. Senior lieutenants became colonels, and colonels majors or lieutenant-generals. The pretensions of these old men to glory, their warlike disposition, now so out of season, cast on them a ridicule that was eagerly seized by the numerous idle young officers whom peace had brought together in the metropolis, and they became the subjects of biting pleasantry and bitter irony. Songs and caricatures were directed against these people, and contributed to bring them into disrepute.

An unimportant circumstance gave Government an idea of the exasperation that began to spread among the people. An actress of the Théâtre Français died about that time in the Chaussée d'Antin. Her funeral was accompanied by most of the theatrical characters in the metropolis. As she had enjoyed a good deal of celebrity, the procession was soon augmented by a great number of those persons who had applauded her talent. When they arrived in front of the Church of St. Roch, they found the doors shut by order of the vicar, according to the ancient custom, by which in

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France actors were considered as excommunicated. The friends of the deceased were unable to soften the obstinacy of the old priest. The mob, full of indignation, broke open the doors of the church, lighted the wax tapers, and began to sing the prayers consecrated to the dead. At last one of the King's chaplains came, as it was said, to fill the sacerdotal functions, and the ceremony concluded peaceably. For this unforeseen disturbance public authority was unprepared; and if the King had followed his first impulse, which was to repel the people by his guards, a riot would in all probability have ensued, the consequences of which would have been incalculable.

This state of the public mind in regard to Government, this propensity towards resistance, spread rapidly from Paris to the departments. The awkward position of the Imperial magistrates and other persons who had been kept in office, and who were all of a sudden obliged to preach other duties, other affections, and contrary opinions, cast on them a sort of obloquy; and the necessity of making the Bourbons forget their former devotion to the enemy communicated to the exercise of their authority a sort of violence that wounded and irritated every one.

The purchasers of national property, who were extremely numerous, ten millions of persons being supposed to be interested in those sales, were soon tormented by the former proprietors, who, far from accepting the offers that had been made to them through fear, rejected all manner of arrangement. They declared openly that their lands would be restored to them by the King's authority, and that they ought to resume the possession of their property by the same title by which he had recovered his crown; that the loss of the subjects and the monarch having been the same, the restitution ought to be made at the same time; finally, that the charter, which was only a temporary convention—a plain ordinance of reformation—was to be modified on that point, even if it were not abolished altogether.

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The King had returned with a very small number of nobles who remained faithful to his person ; but all the emigrants who had come back in 1801, at the time of the amnesty granted by the First Consul, hastened to invade the Tuileries, and added to the joy they felt at the return of the Bourbons, complaints on their former sufferings during their emigration. They appeared every day, by swarms, at the chapel of the Tuileries, most of them dressed in plain clothes, ornamented with shoulder knots, and having by their sides the swords of their deceased regiments. The accounts of their ancient prowess at Coblentz, and in the legion of Condé, appeared pitiful to those who had beaten them with so much facility. They seemed as if they had returned but the day before ; and their boastings, supported by the favours of the Court, gave great offence to the warriors who had recently fallen with so much glory. Finally, after a space of twenty years, the whole troop of Coblentz and the banks of the Rhine insolently triumphed in 1814, as if they had succeeded twenty years sooner.

The army was a still greater cause of uneasiness. Though exhausted and mutilated by the last campaign, still a feeling for glory and the name of the Emperor remained alive in the hearts of the troops. The marshals, and many of the guards, had yielded to necessity ; but the greatest part of the officers remained faithful to these noble sentiments. Discipline and the military virtues were nevertheless preserved, and shone with a new lustre. The King could not review the troops himself, on account of the bad state of his health ; and the Princes affected, every time they saw them, a degree of distrust and neglect which seemed augmented by the jealousy they felt for their glorious deeds.

The following circumstance has been related to me by Count d'Erlon. The Duke de Berri was one day reviewing some regiments garrisoned in the province of which Marshal Duke de Treviso was governor and Count d'Erlon commander. An officer came out of the ranks and asked the

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Prince for the cross of St. Louis. "What have you done to deserve it?" "I have served thirty years in the French army." "Thirty years' robbery!" replied the Prince, turning his back on him. It is true that, the Marshal having remonstrated, the officer obtained the next day what he had solicited; but the words were reported about, and I leave the reader to judge of the effect they had among the troops.

The corps dispersed on the surface of the empire were soon deprived of a part of their officers, whom disgust and forced resignation banished from the army. The staff, and that crowd of military agents now become useless, returned to their homes, whither they carried the discontent and hatred that filled their breasts. The two last campaigns had been ruinous to them. They had almost all lost their baggages. Exasperated by the presence of an enemy, recently victorious, now masters of the country, but who had been beaten during twenty years, the necessity of submitting to the yoke of the Bourbons, whom that enemy had brought with them, soon grew unbearable. Without fortune or possessions, rejected by Government, accustomed to the adventurous life of a camp, they saw nothing before them but misery and disgrace if the Bourbons remained on the throne. They wished at any price to alter their situation, and their thoughts were directed with dissatisfaction towards the Island of Elba.

So many causes of confusion were still not sufficient to open the eyes of the Bourbons. The three first months passed away in apparent tranquillity. Government thought nothing was easier than to subdue the dispersed disaffected; and the Allied Sovereigns, who began to fear the effect which might be produced on their troops by the example of our easy manners, and especially our opinions, consented to retire, after having settled their accounts. France had immense sums of money to pay; the terms and conditions of payment were settled, not without a good deal of difficulty. The Allies probably carried away with them doubts on the

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long continuance of a government that began so ill; but they were satisfied at seeing France weakened for a long while, and fallen from the high station to which glory and civilisation had raised her.

The charter had instituted two chambers. The Chamber of Peers, which was the former Senate, had lost all consideration. The honourable men it contained added no lustre to it. They had, besides, all risen by the Revolution. The King introduced into it all the old peers of the monarchy, and some of these who had of late served with distinction. The new-comers gave to that body, and received at the same time from it, habits, and a love for subservience; and if the nation took but little interest in the elevation of men who numbered in their ranks the Count de Bourmont and the Mayor of Bordeaux, the King might at least be assured that this assembly would for a long time still maintain the traditional obedience of the Imperial Senate.

Things were, however, not quite the same in regard to the members of the Legislative Body: they had been chosen at a time when war had become for France an insufferable burthen. Several of them had energetically opposed the demands of Government in 1813. But the number of royalists was not yet very considerable; and if they had consented to abandon the Imperial Government, it was not with a view to submit to arbitrary law under the authority of a king. Government found, therefore, if not obstacles, at least serious warnings, when the counsellors of the crown submitted to the Chamber projects which but ill agreed with the principles of the fundamental law, and that wounded the feelings and prejudices of the true friends of Liberty. One of them, Count Ferrand, disgusted the Assembly when he came, in the King's name, and established distinctions in the conduct of the French at the different periods of the Revolution, distributing praises to some and reproaches to others. His comparison of the straight line and the curved line applied even to those who had rallied round Government,

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spread alarm and indignation in every one's mind, and the Emperor perfectly well appreciated how serious that imprudence was, when he said: "I came with M. Ferrand's speech in my hand, convinced that the whole nation would rally round me."

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CHAPTER XXX.

I OBSERVED all these seeds of confusion. I felt that the storm was not far distant, and I separated every day more and more from the persons who might take a share in it. I must here explain the singular and perilous situation in which I was placed.

The day before the Emperor left Paris for the fatal campaign of Russia, he kept me with him at the close of the evening; and after giving me all the necessary orders for his journey, he said to me: "Go to the Grand Marshal; he will give you drafts on the Treasury for 1,600,000 fr. You will convert them secretly into gold, which the Minister of the Treasury will procure you the means of doing; and you will wait my orders to send it me." So much gold was difficult to hide. I addressed myself to the keeper of the Ordnance Depôt (M. Regnier), who was a very ingenious mechanic, and who made for me, in a very clever manner, several boxes which looked exactly like as many quarto volumes. Each of them contained 30,000 fr., and I placed them in my library. When the Emperor came back from the Russian campaign, he seemed to have entirely forgotten the money, and he returned to Germany for the campaign of Leipsic without giving me any particular orders on the subject. The only reply he made to my question respecting it was, "We shall speak of that when I come home." At last, when, a few months afterwards, he was going to leave Paris for the campaign of France, I insisted on his relieving me from the charge of a treasure for which I might perhaps

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not be able to answer in the midst of the important events that might threaten Paris. "Well, then," he said, "hide it at your country seat." It was in vain that I remonstrated, observing that the castle of La Verrière, situated on the road leading from Versailles to Rambouillet, might be plundered by stragglers of the enemy; that my occupation in Paris never permitted me to remain long in the country, and that chance and the slightest imprudence might make me lose the money. He would listen to nothing, and I was forced to obey. My steward was an honest and intelligent man. He made, in my presence, during several nights, a hole under the floor of a closet on the ground floor. There we deposited the fifty-four volumes of Ancient and Modern History. Never would any work have been read with more eagerness, nor appreciated nearer to its real value. The inlaid floor was carefully replaced, and nothing was suspected. The taking of Paris threw the Emperor into Fontainebleau. I most ardently wished to share his fate, or at least to receive probably his last orders. But he sent me word by the Duke de Vicenza that it would be dangerous if I were to come to see him; that he wished me to remain in Paris, where I might act as I pleased; and that he would let me know at some later period how I was to dispose of his money.

That circumstance was one of the motives that made me keep so carefully at a distance from Government. My attachment to the person of the Emperor, the oaths of allegiance I had made to him, my gratitude for his kindness and generosity, made me shudder at the idea of not devoting to him the remainder of my life; but, on the other hand, honour forbade me to embrace the party of the Bourbons, when I was placed in the necessity of maintaining a correspondence with him. What punishment would I not have suffered and deserved, if the King's government, after having received my oath, had discovered that I had in my possession a part of Napoleon's fortune, and that I disposed of it according to his orders? At the time I was making

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those painful reflections, three hundred Prussians occupied the castle of Verrière. Fifteen slept in the very room where the treasure was hid. These soldiers were far from suspecting that they would have had only to raise with the points of their swords two boards of the floor, to fall upon heaps of gold. They remained there nearly two months. During all that time I was in continued agony. I expected every day to learn that all had been discovered. Fortunately the Prussians went away at last, and I was easy, at least, in that respect.

The late Empress Josephine had, however, returned to Malmaison. After a short absence, during the month of April, the Emperor of Russia invited her to return home. He added such flattering assurances, that she soon resumed, without uneasiness, her usual mode of living. At first few persons went to see her ; but the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia having visited her, a great number of foreigners appeared in their train, and were soon followed by many Frenchmen, who still felt gratitude and attachment to Josephine, and who feared no longer to express their feelings. The Emperor of Russia went frequently, and paid her long visits : their conversations on Napoleon were inexhaustible. The Empress Josephine's mind was neither extensive nor cultivated ; but she possessed a sound judgment, ingenuity, a thorough acquaintance with good society, and inimitable grace ; whilst her accent, which was rather that of a Creole, added a great charm to her conversation. Alexander appeared delighted with her. One day he presented his brother Constantine to her, and said, " Do you not think that the whole person of her Majesty, and even the sound of her voice, have a great resemblance to the Empress Catharine ? "

Notwithstanding some indiscreet observations that escaped her in the freedom of those numerous conversations, Josephine never belied the tender affection she still felt for Napoleon. The revolution was complete, and the throne

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for ever lost, and still she never ceased to implore the generosity of the Emperor, that he might soften the fate of her former husband. The promises he made, and which she repeated to me with sincerity, were speedily forgotten at Vienna, if it be true that even at that time Alexander consented to let Napoleon be taken from the Island of Elba and sent to St. Helena. Prince Eugene came to Paris, about the time I am speaking of. The Emperor Alexander took a liking to him, made him many professions of friendship, and promised to give him in Germany a principality, the population of which should not be less than sixty thousand inhabitants. These arrangements were afterwards altered: the Prince obtained the principality of Eichstadt, which contains scarcely seven thousand inhabitants. The day before his departure, the Emperor Alexander, in a moment of effusion, said to Prince Eugene, "I do not know whether I shall not one day repent having placed the Bourbons on the throne. Believe me, my dear Eugene, they are not good people.[1] We have seen them in Russia, and I know from experience what to think of them."

In the midst of these splendid comfortings, surrounded by the homage of the most powerful sovereigns of the Continent, death overtook the Empress Josephine. She was subject to catarrhal colds, which a little care and repose usually cured in a short time. One day, as she felt an attack of one of these complaints, she walked round the Park of Malmaison with the King of Prussia. She grew in consequence worse. Three days afterwards she was so ill that Dr. N——, having been called in on consultation, gave me the painful commission to acquaint Prince Eugene and the Queen of Holland that within a few days they would be motherless. The Emperor Alexander brought her, the next day, his own physician, and remained the whole day with

[1] If the Emperor Alexander really used these expressions, he was not of the same opinion as our Yorick—"The Bourbons are a gentle race" ("Sentimental Journey").—*Note of Translator.*

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her ; but on the Sunday she softly expired in the arms of the Countess d'Arberg, her lady of honour, and her friend. The Empress was fifty-two years of age. She was an excellent woman in all respects : she embellished the throne by the most amiable qualities. Her benevolence and her kindness may serve as models to all those whom birth or fortune sentences to wear a crown.

The Emperor Alexander also wished to make a provision for the Queen of Holland. Her husband had left her. Alexander procured for her the title of Duchess of St. Leu. Louis XVIII. did not dare to refuse openly, but his Minister Blacas made so many difficulties, that Alexander sent his aide-de-camp to the Tuileries with an order not to leave the palace until the patent was delivered to him, if even he should be obliged to sleep there.

The Empress Josephine was buried in the Church of Ruel. The funeral ceremony was celebrated with great splendour, by special order of the Emperor of Russia, who wished to give a last token of regard to the memory of Josephine, by sending as chief mourner Field Marshal Sacken, of all his generals the one for whom he had the greatest esteem, and to whom he had entrusted the government of Paris.

The death of the Empress Josephine was the last blessing fortune conferred on her. Accustomed to all the enjoyment of luxury, and not knowing how to set bounds either to her expenses or to her charity, whilst the new Government refused to pay the pension that had been granted her by the treaty of the 11th of April, she was on the point of feeling all that trouble that accompanies want of order and imprudence. The return of the Emperor on the 20th of March would, besides, have undoubtedly compromised her. Her affection for him, and the enthusiasm his presence would have created, would have led her into measures for which she could not have expected pardon from the Bourbons. She would therefore have been obliged to end her unfortunate days far from France and her friends.

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Prince Eugene was going to return to Germany. Not receiving any accounts from the Island of Elba, I resolved to acquaint him with my situation. He was devoted to the Emperor, and he was *my* friend. I proposed to him to take charge of 800,000 francs, and send them to the Island of Elba.

Feeling myself a little easier from the thought of having saved half the sum, I exerted my utmost prudence to keep the eyes of the police off me. M. Pasquier was no longer there; and his successor, prepossessed by the idea of the general excitement which was daily augmented by newspapers and pamphlets written by men who observed no moderation, naturally forgot a person like myself, whom his investigators never met with, and whose name was never uttered in his presence.

What I had foreseen happened at last. The charter was infringed by underhand practices, and the press complained openly of them. The abuse with which the Emperor was overwhelmed by the Royalist papers exasperated all the adherents and friends of the hero. Recriminations took a violent character, and some writers searched the old *Moniteurs*, and published the odious imputation with which the King had formerly been charged at the time of the trial of the Marquis de Favras.

M. Rey, a lawyer from Grenoble, described in a work which was eagerly read all the infringements made on the charter from the day it had been granted. Two young men, Messrs. Comte and Dunoyer, published a periodical work, called *Le Censeur*, whence the principles of Liberty were developed with an energy and a strength of argument that gained universal applause. The writings of the royalists contained abuse on the Revolution, and on all, without distinction, who had taken a share in it; to which they added such provoking threats, that it was impossible not to perceive that their aim was to punish all.

This hostile disposition had extended all over France, by

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the very measures that Government took to alter or weaken it. Fearing, not without some reason, the troops assembled under the colours, they had come to the resolution of disbanding more than half of them. The sufferings of want soon took the place of the happiness they had enjoyed on finding themselves returned in peace to their homes. The fatigues, the dangers, and even the disasters of the last campaign were soon obliterated from their memory; and they only retained the enthusiasm with which the recollection of the Emperor inspired them in their idle hours, mingled with pity for his fall, and indignation at the disgraceful treatment he suffered from enemies he had so often vanquished. The glory they had been promised, the military rewards that could not have escaped them, the illustrious title of soldiers of the Grand Army, and the universal veneration that was to embellish the remainder of their days, had all disappeared. They returned to their homes poor and humbled, and had moreover to suffer from the mistrust of the agents of the new authorities, and from the contempt of that crowd of nobles, most of them old emigrants, who ranked among their rights and privileges the pleasure of detracting from the military glory, and branding with the name of revolt the heroic exertions of the French to save their country from a foreign yoke.

Most of the generals who had been retained, and even those who commanded military divisions, soon perceived, by the reception they met with at Court, that the day was not far off when they would be set aside to make place for the royalists, whose long idleness was repaid by an accumulation of rank.

I saw none of my old companions in arms; but a conversation I had with one of my friends opened my eyes, and made me more attentive to what was passing around me. My lodgings, which were situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, placed me under the necessity of frequently crossing the garden of the Tuileries. I met there one day

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a former aide-de-camp of the Emperor. We talked about public affairs, and he said to me: "I have just met Marshal Ney; I have never yet seen a man more exasperated than he against Government. His lady was yesterday so cruelly insulted at the Tuileries that she went home in tears. The old duchesses taxed her with being the daughter of a chambermaid.[1] Her aunt, Madame Campan, has just lost the situation of superintending lady of the establishment at Ecouen, notwithstanding the Marshal's solicitations. The harsh and insolent manner of Count de Blacas, to whom the King referred him, added to his exasperation."

This account appeared so singular to me, from the disposition in which I supposed the Marshal to be, that I could not help expressing some idea that it might be exaggerated. "If you think me mistaken," returned the aide-de-camp, "let us continue our walk. He will soon pass through here again to return home, for I know he is gone to the Rue du Mont Blanc, and you may hear him yourself."

In fact, the Marshal appeared in about an hour. We stood at the entrance of the terrace, by the water-side. When he saw me, he immediately came up to me, and we walked all three together. "Well," said he, "so you have kept yourself aloof; you are at peace, far from this puddle. How happy you are, that have no insult or injustice to suffer! These people are so ignorant, they know not what a Marshal Ney is. Shall I be obliged to teach it them?"

He continued there for half an hour, to vent his passion; and, notwithstanding some reflections we made with a view to calm him, he left us abruptly. This fact will undoubtedly appear a considerable charge against him; and many

[1] The lady of Marshal Ney was a daughter of Madame Anguié, chambermaid to the Queen. Her unfortunate mother, who was persecuted in 1793 by the revolutionary committees, threw herself into a well, to escape from the scaffold, and to avoid by a voluntary death the confiscation of her property. She had three daughters, all of them remarkable for their beauty and the most amiable qualities: Madame Gamot (afterwards Madame Delaville), the lady of Marshal Ney, and Madame de Broc, who met with her death by falling into a torrent near Aix in Savoy.—*Note of the Author.*

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persons will be tempted to connect that speech with his conduct in the month of March following. This would, however, be a mistake. The Marshal was a man who always acted upon the first impulse: he did not love the new Government; but (it must, alas! be acknowledged) he loved the Emperor still less. A few days after the conversation I mentioned, he went to his seat of Coudreaux, and remained a complete stranger to all that follows.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE youngest and most ambitious among the general officers were naturally the most discontented. Stopped all of a sudden in the midst of their career, forced to mix again with the crowd, fortune and honours escaped from their hands, when they seemed to have only one step more to take to gain them. Accustomed to a showy life, their large salaries were suddenly cut off, and they experienced great disappointment in not being able to keep up the brilliant rank that had been assigned to them in the army and in the world, the enjoyment of which would perhaps have comforted them. I do not say that their love of their country and their devotion to the Emperor had not a great share in their resentment; and all those causes added together made their situation insufferable. The universal contempt for the new Government, and the clamour that was raised on all sides, persuaded them that the favourable moment for an insurrection had arrived; and some of them did not hesitate to employ for that end the troops with which Government had entrusted them for its defence, in full reliance on the oath of allegiance they had taken. I had not the least knowledge of the plot. It was M. de P—— who first spoke to me about it, and who, with the confidence and levity of youth, acquainted me with all its particulars. He did not even seek to hide the names of any of its leaders. By all I had heard, I soon discovered that everybody knew the secret except Government. It was Marshal Soult who held the portfolio of the War Department; but having at

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that time no other wish than to efface by his new zeal the remembrance of his old affection for the Republic and the Emperor, he consecrated all his time to the Vendeans and their history, making the King sign an ordinance for the monument at Quiberon, and placing them in the army. Far from enlightening the Sovereign on the spirit of the army and the people, he knew so little about it himself, that he thought it quite natural to assemble with great *éclat*, in the city of Nantes, all the remains of the old rebels of the Vendée, for a solemn distribution of pensions and orders. The Nantese, at the sight of their old foes, who had so frequently shown marks of cruelty, were at the point of insurrection. The agent of the Minister was obliged to run away, leaving behind him an incensed population, ready to take up arms to repel this counter-revolutionary attempt.

This awkward act was soon after followed by an unjust and brutal measure, which augmented the exasperation of the military. General Excelmans, one of the most brilliant leaders of the army, had been first aide-de-camp to the King of Naples. One of the physicians of that Prince setting off to join him, Excelmans gave him a letter, wherein he feelingly expressed his attachment to his former general. Some loose words on the energy of the army, which still subsisted notwithstanding the peace, and offers of service, concluded his letter. The person who had taken charge of it was arrested ; the letter was then delivered to the Minister of War (then General Dupont), who reprimanded General Excelmans for the very slight impropriety he had committed. But the letter remained in the office of the Minister. One of the first measures of Marshal Soult, when he took the portfolio, was to decide that General Excelmans should leave Paris, and go and reside, until further orders, in the department where he was born. The general resisted, alleging, with reason, that his natural home was in the metropolis, having no property in the department, where he had not even been for the last twenty

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years. Finally, he only solicited a respite. Madame Excelmans had been for three days in the pains of child-birth. All the friends of her husband surrounded him, and encouraged him to resist an order which had all the appearance of a *lettre de cachet.* The Minister was going to use violence, when one of the General's companions in arms, General Flahaut, helped him to escape. A court-martial assembled at Lille to try him : he went there and was acquitted. This acquittal was a fresh triumph to the friends of the Emperor, and a powerful encouragement to those who were at the head of the plot.

One of the leaders was General Lallemant, whom I had known in Italy and in Egypt, when he was an officer of the Guards, and afterwards aide-de-camp of General Junot. He wished me to take an active part in the conspiracy, and especially to undertake the commission of acquainting the Emperor with it. He observed that I had undoubtedly kept secure means of corresponding with him. He opened to me his plans, which were to seize the persons of the Bourbons, proclaiming the Emperor, and replace him on the throne. Marshal Davoust, the Dukes of Otranto and Bassano, and several others, whose names I forget, were the heads of the enterprise. The more he advanced in his explanation, the more my alarm and uneasiness deprived me of all power of replying. In listening to him, it was not, I acknowledge, the fate of the King that caused my anxiety, but that of the Emperor. I, however, answered, "The persons whom you have named are very able, and their co-operation undoubtedly makes your success very probable ; but still, it seems to me, you dispose very freely of the Emperor, simply to acquaint him with an undertaking, in regard to which he has not been previously consulted : to dispose of his fate without his permission appears to me a very bold act. First, I positively declare I have no sure means of sending him a letter. I even entreat his friends not to address him any, as I am sure

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they will be stopped by the posts of France and Italy, and sent to Vienna, where M. de Talleyrand strongly solicits a more distant exile for the Emperor. The motives on which he grounds his demand have not as yet appeared sufficient to determine the Allied Powers to such a measure; but I leave you to judge what effect would be produced upon them by a correspondence such as you wish to undertake. I am convinced the Emperor would be sent to the world's end, and perhaps even murdered. Who knows whether he may not have plans of his own which yours may counteract and destroy? Do you think his mind is weakened? Has he no friends left in Italy? Can he not easily be informed of what happens here? Finally, has he left his orders with anybody? Has he sent any over since he has been in the Island of Elba?" "As you think it dangerous to write," replied the general, "we shall strive to send somebody of great trust. As for our plan, it is too far advanced for us to delay the execution of it any longer. If we put it off till some other time, the Emperor will be one day unexpectedly removed from the Island of Elba, in spite of the brave men who guard him, and then all will be lost beyond resource. For the rest, speak to the Duke de Bassano; communicate to him your anxiety; but be sure we will not. This government is not to be borne; we will break it with our swords; our resolution is taken."

I went the day after to the Duke de Bassano, whom I had not seen since the Restoration. After having related the conversation I had had with Lallemant, I expressed my fears, not only in regard to a correspondence with the Island of Elba, but also to the strange trust they reposed in the Duke of Otranto. Murat spoke openly to me—"This is quite a military operation," he said; "*we* have nothing to say in it: all that concerns *us* is the return of the Emperor. I know not how to acquaint him of it, if you have no means, and if you think them all dangerous. I am, moreover, as much convinced as you are that it would

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be his certain ruin to commit even a single word to paper; and, in fact, I gave no letter to M. Fleury de Chaboulon, who, you know, set off more than a fortnight ago. To be sure, when he left us, the military conspiracy was not yet hatched; or, at least, I had no knowledge of it. As to the Duke of Otranto, I do not share your mistrust: he has entered on the business with so much ardour, and he is on such bad terms with the Bourbons, that I am sure he will not betray us." "Very well; but suppose he be sincere in this, who knows whether he has not some after-thought, and whether he does not intend to work for another?" "I do not know for whom it should be: he can have no thoughts on the Duke of Orleans. Of that I have indisputable proofs. Neither he nor any other would dare to touch that question with the Prince. Come and see me often, and I shall make you acquainted with everything."

My conversation with the Duke de Bassano had augmented my fears for the Emperor. The name of the Duke of Otranto appeared fatal to me, and I returned a few days afterwards to the Duke's house, to speak again with him on the subject. He was closeted with the Prince of Eckmühl; but I found Count Thibaudeau, who was very well informed of the whole business, and knew the plot in its most minute particulars. I communicated to him my anxiety concerning Fouché. His answer was—"It is not yet very clear in my eyes that he really wishes for the return of the Emperor, but he will remain faithful to us on the occasion."

While we were talking together, the Prince of Eckmühl came out of the Duke's cabinet, and the latter taking us aside, acquainted us that the Prince had just declared he gave up all co-operation in the undertaking. The reason he gave was, the levity of the leaders, and the certainty that the Court had already some suspicion on the subject. His resolution came rather late; his name had encouraged all the others. The means of execution had been submitted

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to him, and he had approved of them; it was therefore fear that made him recede, for repentance could scarcely find a place in the heart of such a man. Finally, he stopped rather late, the motion having already begun, the dike being broken, and the torrent ready to overflow on all sides. The initiated were expecting with great anxiety the news of the rising. Only three days more were wanted for us to receive it, when we learned that Lallemant and Lefebvre Desnouettes had been discovered at La Feren, through the vigilance of General Daboville and Colonel Lyon; that Lallemant was taken with his brother, and that a court-martial was already convoked to try them. The cause seemed lost beyond resource. Anxiety and despair seized all the friends of the Emperor. Without uneasiness with regard to myself, I sighed over the fate of so many brave men, who were going to expiate on the scaffold their fidelity for him whom they still looked upon as their Sovereign, when suddenly an extraordinary event, an absolute miracle, began to be reported about, secretly at first, but soon with undoubted certainty. It was on Monday the 7th of March. I was crossing the Tuileries at nine o'clock in the morning, when I perceived on the steps of the gate leading to the Rue de Rivoli, M. Paul Lagarde, late Commissary-general of the Police in Italy. I saluted him with my hand in passing by, and continued my way under the trees, towards the terrace on the water-side. Hearing some person near me, I was going to turn round, when the following words were whispered in my ear: "Make no gestures; show no surprise; do not stop; the Emperor landed at Cannes on the 1st of March; the Count d'Artois set off last night to oppose him." It would be impossible for me to express the confusion into which these words threw me. I could scarcely breathe from emotion: I continued walking like an inebriated man, and repeating to myself—"Is it possible? Is it not a dream, or the most cruel mockery?" When I arrived on the terrace on the water-side, I met the Duke de

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Vicenza, went up to him, and I repeated to him the news word for word, and in the same tone of voice in which I had just received it. He being of a hasty temper, and accustomed to view things on the worst side, exclaimed: "What an extravagance! How! to land without troops! He will be taken; he will not advance two leagues into France; he is a lost man. But it is impossible! However," he added, "it is but too true that the Count d'Artois set off hastily last night."

The ill-humour of the Duke de Vicenza and his fatal forebodings were irksome to me. I left him, to indulge at liberty the joy I experienced. At home I found no one who would share it. Madame Lavalette was dismayed at the news, and drew sad omens from it. I ran to the Duchess of St. Leu, and found her bathed in tears of joy and emotion. After a lapse of a few moments, we began to calculate the immense distance between Cannes and Paris. "What will the generals do that command on that road? What the public authorities? What the troops? What effect will the arrival of the Count d'Artois produce?" It appeared to us as if nothing could resist the Emperor; and we concluded that, when once he should arrive at Lyons, all opposition would become impossible. From that moment the Duchess closed her door. All the suspicions of the royalists, all the eyes of the police, centred upon her. During the eleven months that had elapsed, her house had not been much frequented. Some generals, a few ladies and young men of the new Court, visited her often; but the conversation never turned upon the Emperor. A small number of faithful friends alone now and then inquired what was his manner of living,—what would be his future situation.

An undefined feeling convinced us that he would return; that a life of miracles would not be terminated on a rock between Italy and France; but how, and by what means, that was to happen, our imagination, active as it was, could

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not conceive. Every day we counted the errors Government committed, those they were supposed to commit, and the mass of prepossessions, complaints, violent or satirical writings, in which the ridicule of the royalists and the absurdity of their plans were exposed to light with so much bitter irony. But, notwithstanding all that, the people were satisfied with laughing and shrugging their shoulders: the soldiers obeyed, and the mob appeared to remain quiet. How could the Emperor, therefore, think of showing himself to a Government that appeared strong, and to a people that seemed to have forgotten him? And lo! all of a sudden he lands in France; he agitates the minds of every one; his formidable name spreads dismay and discouragement among those who command, and those who detest him. The days, hours, and minutes were counted. Every morning the newspapers published the most sinister reports: he had either been taken or had fled to the mountains. No certain accounts were received. Our consternation augmented from day to day. I took long walks in the suburbs, and found everywhere the appearance of complete indifference. The labours and habits of the people remained the same. But the police, who carefully gathered the movements of the evening, in the cabarets and other places of resort of the lower classes, were struck with awe at the energetic speeches and terrible plans that were secretly circulated. They dare not, however, imprison any individual of those classes, for fear of causing riots, the consequence of which might have been frightful.[1]

[1] I occupied at that time a part of the old Hôtel de Lamoignon, which belonged to M. de Lamoignon's son-in-law, M. de Caumont. Madame de Staël lived on the ground floor of the same hôtel. The day after the news of the Emperor's landing had arrived, she sent to beg I would come down to her. When I entered her drawing-room she came to meet me, her arms crossed before her breast, and said with a faltering but still sonorous voice: "Well, sir, so he is come back!" "He is not yet arrived; the journey is long and I fear that many obstacles . . ." "He will arrive; he'll be here in a few days, I have no delusion! Oh! my God! Liberty is then lost for ever! Poor France! After so many sufferings; notwithstanding such ardent, such unanimous wishes. . . . His despotism will prevail, and I must leave the country,—leave it undoubtedly

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It must, however, be acknowledged that the tradespeople, moneyed men, and lawyers, did not share these sentiments. The position of the Court inspired no interest; the jests to which it was exposed gained rapid applause; but still, the too recent presence of the enemy caused great anxiety and a sort of stupefaction at the arrival of the Emperor. Nevertheless, with the exception of a few young men who enlisted at Vincennes as royalists, nobody appeared willing to fight. The Count d'Artois returned in despair, unable to place any confidence in the army. All the regiments he

for ever! One month more, and I should have united those two poor children. I should have been happy." (She pointed to the room in which her daughter and M. de Broglie had retired.) "But, Madame, why should you take so desperate a resolution? You have nothing to fear from the Emperor; misfortune and public opinion, which is so powerful, will have great influence over him." "No, I will go. What can I do here? I should have too much to suffer. Alas! when I saw these Princes in England, they listened to truth. I depicted to them the situation of France, what she wished to have, what it was so easy to give her. I thought I had convinced them; and here, during eleven months, will you believe that I have not been able once to speak to them? I saw them advancing towards the abyss, and my warnings have been rejected. I love them, I regard them, because they alone can give me liberty, and because they are honest men. I do believe that Bonaparte will not dare to oppress me at present: but, to live under his eyes! never!" Then looking full in my face, she added: "I do not wish to discover your secrets, nor to know what share you have had in this foolish expedition; but I reckon upon you to help me to escape from the ill-treatment and persecution that may begin even before his arrival; for all this appears to me so well prepared." "For my part, you may rely on me. If I hear that they have any intention of using you ill, you will find my doors open at any hour of the day, and means of escaping through my garden shall be provided for you." I left her, deeply touched with what she had said, and with her noble spirit. A few days afterwards she gave a rout to eight hundred persons of the Court and the city. There was a concert and a supper. One of my friends who had been there came up to me, and told me what he had witnessed. The scene was animated with the greatest apparent freedom and gaiety. The news that the Emperor had landed and was approaching Lyons seemed not to create the least uneasiness. If his name was pronounced, it was only to abuse him. Nobody seemed to doubt but that he would be obliged to fly, and would perhaps be taken; and still a secret feeling of fear disturbed the minds of every one; they seemed to feel the necessity of seeking forgetfulness in noisy diversions, to avoid consternation and terror. I saw Madame de Staël no more. She left Paris a few days before the 20th of March; and the Emperor, to whom I spoke of her departure, appeared vexed at the step she had taken. It was even reported to me at that time that he made some proposals for her to come back.

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had met with, all the troops he had assembled at Lyons, had refused to obey his orders. Marshal Macdonald, so beloved by the army, could not even obtain a hearing. The great name of Napoleon had intoxicated and turned the minds of every one. An immense number of peasants had joined the army. A word, a sign, would have been sufficient to make them murder all the nobles and priests. Fortunately, some moderate men undertook to lead the insurrection, and found means to direct it solely towards Bonaparte. "Do not tarnish the Emperor's name!" they cried on all sides; "he will not suffer a drop of blood to be spilt."

Days passed away, and each hour made the danger more imminent. M. D——, the Prefect of Police, was succeeded by M. Bourrienne. The friends of the Emperor knew what they had to fear from that man, who was a former schoolfellow of Napoleon, at the military college, and afterwards his secretary. He had been dismissed for some shabby tricks, and at the Restoration he had delivered himself up, body and soul, to the royalist party. The choice of this person had been undoubtedly fixed upon because he was perfectly well acquainted with all the friends of the Emperor and their habits. I knew that he was capable of any act, and I was particularly anxious about the Duchess of St. Leu and her two children, whom it was resolved to take as hostages, in case the Court should be obliged to fly to foreign parts. She went however, betimes, to seek a refuge with an old Creole woman from Martinique, who was entirely devoted to her.

Not wishing to compromise any of my friends, I concealed myself in the hotel of the Duchess, but in that part of the house kept apart for the servants. It was the 14th of March: I had no news from the provinces; but, notwithstanding the false accounts with which the papers were filled, I could see that the Emperor advanced rapidly, and that it was no longer possible to oppose any obstacle to his march. The Duke de Berry had just received the command of a camp

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near Paris. The officers, who had begun by immeasurable professions of fidelity, soon grew colder and more reserved. As for the soldiers, the wind itself seemed to waft to them the name of the Emperor ; every bird they saw was to them the Imperial eagle. The rigour of military discipline, exhortations, entreaties, were not capable of keeping them within bounds ; and during the three last days that preceded the arrival of the Emperor, woe to those among the troops who would have dared to abuse him, or designed to attack him !

At last, on the 20th of March, at six o'clock in the morning, I learned that the King and the whole Court had left Paris during the night, and that the city was without magistrates or military leaders. I left my retreat, intending to return home ; for I was anxious about my wife, whom I had left indisposed, and whom I had not seen for eight days. As I came out of the Rue d'Artois, to cross the Boulevards, I met General Sebastiani in a cabriolet. He told me the news of the King's departure ; but he knew nothing of the Emperor. "I have a mind," I said, "to go and inquire at the Post-office." I seated myself next to him. When I entered the audience-room that precedes the closet of the Postmaster-general, I found a young man sitting before a table, and asked him whether Count Ferrand was still in the house. He answered that he was, and I gave my name, begging him to ask for me a few moments' conversation with Count Ferrand. I had never seen him before, but had heard that he was an infirm old man, and the father of a family. I was surprised at his delay in setting off ; and, through a feeling of generosity, I wished to protect his escape, and ensure his safety. M. Ferrand came ; but, without stopping or listening to me, he opened his closet : I did not follow him there ; but I went to another room, where I found the chief clerks delighted to see me again, and disposed to do anything to oblige me. M. Ferrand, after having put up his papers, went away, and left his closet at my disposal. I had a great desire to fly to Fontainebleau and embrace the

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COUNT LAVALETTE.

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Emperor; but I wished to see my wife before I went. To reconcile these two feelings, I resolved to write to Fontainebleau. An express was given me, who went off immediately. I acquainted the Emperor with the departure of the King, and solicited his orders for the Post-office, which M. Ferrand had left vacant. As soon as the express was gone, I went home and remained there an hour. I was far from thinking that the short and natural step I had taken would be charged upon me as a crime. I had so little desire to take possession of the Post-office, that I went to Prince Cambacérès to consult him on what I was to do. I found him, according to the custom of his whole life, complaining of ill-health, and struggling against the sufferings caused by his daily medicines. I communicated to him my visit to the Post-office. I pointed out to him the situation of Paris—deprived of magistrates, and perhaps at the point of an explosion of the most dangerous character. I had forgotten to mention, that after the departure of Count Ferrand, my fear that the cash might be plundered made me go to General Dessolles, the commander of the National Guards, and beg he would send a detachment of soldiers to protect the money. The officer who commanded them did not even consult me in placing the sentries. One of the clerks took that task upon himself. When the Prince learned these particulars, he replied with his usual coolness and gravity: "You have undoubtedly acted very wisely: I foresee all the confusion that will prevail in Paris; but I shall take great heed not to say a word or make a sign by which the Emperor may suspect that I have anticipated his resolutions. I have not forgotten that he reprimanded me on his return from the Russian campaign. I will tell you the circumstance for your information. You know that, during his absence, it was I who presided at the Council. The affair of Mallet took us by surprise. You know he was sentenced with some of his accomplices. They were executed. When the Emperor arrived at the Tuileries, he sent for me, and as soon as he perceived me, he came up

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to me with looks that seemed to pierce me through and through. 'Who allowed you,' he said, trembling with anger, 'to shed the blood of my subjects without my order? They were brave soldiers, who had a hundred times exposed their lives for me and the glory of their country. Have you forgotten that the most precious jewel in my crown is to pardon? I know not what prevents me from punishing you severely for it.' It is not necessary, I think," added Prince Cambacérès, "for me to say any more in the matter, and you may easily suppose that I have not the least wish to expose myself once more to his resentment." "As for me, Monseigneur," I answered, "I act for his interest, and have despatched to him an express. I shall undoubtedly receive an answer, for which I am going to wait at the Post-office."

On my return there, I was really surprised to learn that Count Ferrand was not yet gone. The post-horses had been waiting with the carriage from six o'clock in the morning. The old man appeared quite beside himself, and all the exertions of his family were unable to persuade him to leave the place. He wanted to go to Ghent, and sent to me for a permit for post-horses. I repeatedly refused to give him one, declaring that I had nothing to say there; that he was the sole master at the Post-office, and might protect himself by his own signature. But M. Ferrand, prepossessed with the idea that the return of the Emperor was owing to some great conspiracy, of which I was one of the heads, insisted on having some paper in which my handwriting should stand, convinced that that alone would protect him in his journey, and especially in the streets of Paris. His wife said to me: "It is for his safety that we ask you that permit." At these words I hesitated no longer, and I enclosed the paper, of which he made no use, not having been once obliged to draw it out of his pocket-book, until he arrived at Orleans, where he remained more than six weeks.

The conduct of the ministry in those last days, and

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especially that of M. Ferrand, was inexplicable. The King, before he went away, had issued a proclamation, wherein he exhorted the Parisians, and consequently all France, to submission. This proclamation was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 20th. Its aim was to make all the royalists lay down their arms, and still one of my crimes was stopping the departure of the *Moniteur* and other journals. But if such great importance was attached to the publication of that last will of the King's, why did not M. Ferrand despatch it the day before by expresses? It might have travelled sixty leagues in twenty-four hours, in all directions, except on the road to Lyons, and the Prefects would at least have known how to act. I always suspected that the reason why M. Ferrand did not send it off was because it did not please him. The man has so publicly acknowledged his wishes and his opinions, that I do not think I speak ill of him in saying that he wanted a civil war to break out, which the proclamation might prevent. As for the rest, I own I did wrong in stopping the journals; they could do no harm. Besides, the proclamation was stuck up in all the streets; and whoever wished to read it might do so. Though I wish to be sparing in anecdotes, I cannot, however, omit one that paints admirably well the men who at that time had so fatal an influence over our affairs. The proclamation I mentioned had been digested by the Chancellor d'Ambray; but the order for its insertion in the *Moniteur* had not been delivered. The editor of that journal went at ten o'clock in the evening to M. de Vitrolles, Secretary of the Council, to ask for the order. M. de Vitrolles sent him to the Chancellor. After having repeatedly rung the bell, the porter appeared at a small window, and said that no one could then see his master, who was asleep. M. M——, vexed at not being able to obtain an audience, even of the porter, made a great noise, saying that he came by order of the King, and at last they were obliged to let him in and walk upstairs. There he had a fresh ceremony to go through before he could penetrate to

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his Excellency. The valet de chambre was to be awakened and dressed, and afterwards the master himself roused from the arms of Morpheus. At last M—— found himself in the presence of the head of the law, whom he asked for an order of insertion in the *Moniteur*. "Oh yes, to be sure, the proclamation! Have you seen it?" Then, without waiting for an answer, my Lord took it from under his pillow, and began to read it slowly, complacently, and with pauses and inflexions of his voice, which showed all his paternal affection for that masterpiece of composition. "This is," said he, "one of the things I have written most correctly, and I fear not to say that it is one that will make the greatest sensation. Yes, you may print it." So saying, he laid himself down again on his pillow and closed his eyes.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

My thoughts were solely occupied with the fearful burthen I should have upon my shoulders in a few hours later (for I was resolved not to accept of any other employment than that of the Post-office), and I found myself by degrees engaged in fulfilling the duties of Postmaster-general. I was encouraged and seconded by the commissioners, and by all the clerks, who were delighted at seeing the Bourbons put to flight, and convinced, as well as myself, that we should never look upon them again. Indeed, they were already so completely forgotten, that their reign of eleven months appeared to us nothing more than an uneasy dream of a few hours. After having arranged the business of the Post-office in the best way I could for the interest of the Emperor, I went to the Tuileries. Five or six hundred officers on half-pay were walking in the extensive court-yard, wishing each other joy at the return of Napoleon. In the apartments the two sisters-in-law of the Emperor, the Queens of Spain and of Holland, were waiting for him, deeply affected. Soon after, the ladies of the Household and those of the Empress came to join them. The fleurs-de-lis had everywhere superseded the bees. However, on examining the large carpet spread over the floor of the audience-chamber where they sat, one of the ladies perceived that a flower was loose: she took it off, and the bee soon reappeared. Immediately all the ladies set to work, and in less than half an hour, to the great mirth of the company, the carpet again became Imperial.

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In the meanwhile time passed on : Paris was calm. Those persons who lived far from the Tuileries did not come near it ; everybody remained at home. The departure of the King and the arrival of the Emperor were such singular events, that the fourteen centuries the monarchy had existed did not in their course present one as extraordinary. And nevertheless indifference seemed to pervade the minds of all. Were these events above the capacity of common men ? or, rather, did not the good sense of the people make them feel that it was not for *their* happiness the two monarchs were wrestling for the throne, and that they would reap from it nothing but sufferings and sacrifices ?

But it was not the same in the country. Officers who arrived at Fontainebleau, preceding the Emperor, told us it was extremely difficult to advance on the road. Deep columns of peasants lined it on both sides, or rather had made themselves masters of it. Their enthusiasm had risen to the highest pitch. It was impossible to say at what hour he would arrive. Indeed it was desirable that he should not be recognised ; for, in the midst of their delirium and confusion, the arm of a murderer might have reached him. He therefore resolved to travel with the Duke de Vicenza in a common cabriolet, which, at nine o'clock in the evening, stopped before the first entrance near the iron gate of the quay of the Louvre. Scarcely had he alighted, when the shout of "Long live the Emperor!" was heard ; a shout so loud that it seemed capable of splitting the arched roofs. It came from the officers on half-pay, pressed, almost stifled in the vestibule, and who filled the staircase up to the top. The Emperor was dressed in his famous grey frock-coat. I went up to him, and the Duke de Vicenza cried to me, "For God's sake ! place yourself before him, that he may get on !" He then began to walk upstairs. I went before, walking backwards, at the distance of one pace, looking at him, deeply affected, my eyes bathed in tears, and repeating, in the excess of my joy : "What ! It is you ! It is you ! It is you, at last !"

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As for him, he walked up slowly, with his eyes half closed, his hands extended before him, like a blind man, and expressing his joy only by a smile. When he arrived on the landing-place of the first floor, the ladies wished to come to meet him; but a crowd of officers from the higher floor leaped before them, and they would have been crushed to death if they had shown less agility. At last the Emperor succeeded in entering his apartments: the doors were shut, not without difficulty, and the crowd dispersed, satisfied at having seen him.

Towards eleven o'clock in the evening, I received an order to go to the Tuileries; I found in the saloon the old ministers, and, in the midst of them, the Emperor, talking about the affairs of Government with as much ease as if we had gone ten years back. He had just come out of his bath, and had put on his undress regimentals. The subject of the conversation, and the manner in which it was carried on, the presence of the persons who had so long been employed under him, contributed to efface completely from my memory the family of the Bourbons and their reign of nearly a year. However, on one of the tables there stood, in confusion, marble busts of Louis XVI., the Dauphin, father of the present Prince, and some of the Princesses. These busts recalled to our memory the recollection of the day before. On the following day they all disappeared.

When the Emperor perceived me, he advanced a few steps, drew me into another chamber, or rather pushed me gently before him. Then pulling me by the ear, he said: "Ah! are you here, Mr. Conspirator?" "No, indeed, Sire; and you know, if the truth has been told to you, that I would have nothing to do with a business in which M. ——" "It is well, it is well!"

Fouché was already Minister of the Police. Our conversation, or rather the Emperor's everlasting questions, began. He concluded by offering me the Ministry of the Home Department. "No, Sire! your Majesty will want a man

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accustomed to general business, and who ought to bear a name celebrated in the Revolution. I entreat you to give me again the Post-office, where I may be of service to you." "Well then," said he, "I shall name Carnot for the Home Department."

This was a good choice. Not but that the manners of Carnot, which were rather dry, and his want of experience, gave rise to some complaints ; but he was a sincere man, who ardently wished the good of France. Two months afterwards, the Emperor still congratulated himself with his choice, and said to me, "Carnot is a very honest man!"

My audience had been preceded by one given to M. Molé, who had refused the appointment of Minister of Justice and of Foreign Affairs, to return to the Roads and Bridges, which had been entrusted to him before the last reign. These several audiences continued till very late. At last, at about three o'clock in the morning, the Emperor returned to the saloon, and said, "Make out the patents for all these gentlemen. As for Lavalette, he does not want any ; he has conquered the Post-office."

There was in the tone with which he uttered these words something satirical, and even a little bitter, that made me feel he was hurt at my conduct. In fact, I officiated during the three months at the Post-office without having obtained any letters patent. This strange count might therefore have been added to my indictment, and they might have put in— "Accused of having, during the reign of the Emperor, filled the situation of Postmaster-general without any written authorisation from him."

This was the second time Napoleon had taken possession of France. The first was on the 18th of Brumaire, in 1799, when he came back from Egypt. France was then a Republic, governed by the Directory,—a machine worn out, as well by the powerful attacks of foreigners, as by its own bad administration. Detested, and fallen into disrepute, civil war was rising up before its eyes. Rebellion triumphed over its

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power, and the people seemed only waiting for a man who might help them to cast off the hateful yoke. Nevertheless, how much solicitude, how many manœuvres were required to arrive at the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire! On his way from Fréjus to Paris, and particularly at Lyons, all ranks of men, aristocrats, emigrants, citizens, peasants,—all whispered in his ear—"Overturn the Directory; take the power into your hands!" But on all sides also he must have heard the firm voice of the republicans, who said aloud to him—"Take the power into your hands! Conquer, but let us be free!" To succeed, he wanted the consent of Sieyès, a grave and theoretical organiser of Republics, and of Roger Ducos, his colleague. If the majority of the Directory had possessed energy, they might have had him arrested; and then, even if the sword of justice had not dared to strike him, he would have expiated his glory and his temerity by banishment, and perhaps transportation.

How wide was the difference in March, 1815! Fallen from the throne, erased from the list of sovereigns, banished to the rock of the Island of Elba, he returned almost alone: scarcely did he set his foot on the French shore, when the people everywhere rose up. All France repeated with enthusiasm —"Napoleon! no more Royalty! no more Bourbons! It is Napoleon alone that France wishes to have; it is *his* glory, *his* genius she stands in need of. Woe to those who shall dare to raise a finger against him! or rather, woe to those who shall not declare in his favour!" And in fact, peasants, soldiers, citizens—all hastened to meet him; all hailed him with their wishes and their gratitude, like a good genius, like a Providence. The royalty of the Bourbons was no longer anything more than a dream: it appeared as if royalists, nobles, emigrants, had never existed. It was not the consequence of a conspiracy; it was a great national movement, like that of 1789 for Liberty, of the 9th Thermidor against tyranny, of the 18th Brumaire against incapacity. At what period did man witness defections so abrupt, so remarkable,

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and in some respects so sincere? What were the sentiments which at that time filled all hearts? Patriotism, love of glory, and an enlightened conviction that the newly accepted dynasty was unable to do anything for the happiness and independence of the kingdom; . . . and three months afterwards, this second dream also vanished!!!

In the meanwhile I had taken again upon me the business of the Post-office, whither I returned on the morning of the 21st. Nothing had been wanting in the material part of that service, for that would have been impossible; but the late Postmaster-general had thrown the persons employed into the most deplorable confusion. He had not only urged and favourably received the most absurd informations, but he had even rewarded them. In consequence, hatred and distrust had made the greater part of the clerks enemies to one another. They were all either Jacobins or noblemen. I learned, for the first time, that in a department I had governed during thirteen years, there were priests, regicides, knights of St. Louis, and emigrants. The latter especially, so supple and incapable, had persecuted their superiors with incredible fury, in hopes to get into their places. I put an end to such scandalous practices, by refusing to take any interest in them; and these gentlemen were the foremost to sign the Additional Act to the Constitution, and take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor.

Within eight days' time I was perfectly aware of the deep gulf that was opening beneath us. The too famous proclamation of the Congress of Vienna had reached France before that of the Emperor. It was impossible to entertain a doubt of its authenticity; and the Emperor, although he did not acknowledge it, was as sensible as any one that the storm could not be averted. I had wished that, renouncing the past, he had taken no other title than Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom, governing in the name of his son. I was, however, soon convinced that such a measure would have been impossible. Nothing, therefore, remained but to

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advance boldly with the Imperial crown upon his head. Was he to maintain the Constitution? I know that that question was debated very warmly, and that it found able antagonists. In putting it aside, it was said, nothing remained. The great fault of Napoleon's reign was then paid for—I mean, the want of *ensemble*, the absence of all those laws, so strongly claimed by the old friends of Liberty, which before had ruined all, and which still poisoned our present situation. What a deplorable idea it was, to wish to maintain those numerous contradictory decrees, a hundred times more dangerous than the ordinances of the King! It was in the name of Independence that he ought to have spoken; in the name of his son that he ought to have commanded. The enemy once beaten, it was time to think of settling the internal contest. But I must acknowledge that the Emperor was awed by the energy of all that surrounded him. The eleven months of the King's reign had thrown us back to 1792, and the Emperor soon perceived it; for he no longer found the submission, the deep respect, and the Imperial etiquette he was accustomed to. He used to send for me two or three times a day, to talk with me for hours together. It happened sometimes that the conversation languished. One day, after we had walked up and down the room in silence, tired of that fancy, and my business pressing me, I made my obeisance and was going to retire. "How!" said he, surprised, but with a smile; "do you thus leave me so?" I should certainly not have done so a year before; but I had forgotten my old pace, and I felt that it would be impossible to get into it again. In one of those conversations, the subject of which was the spirit of Liberty that showed itself on all sides with so much energy, he said to me, in a tone of interrogation, "All this will last two or three years?" "That your Majesty must not believe. It will last for ever."

He was soon convinced of the fact himself, and he more than once acknowledged it. I have even no doubt, that if

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he had vanquished the enemy and restored peace, his power would have been exposed to great danger among the civil broils. The Allies made a great mistake in not letting him alone. I do not know what concessions he would have made, but I am well acquainted with all those the nation would have demanded, and I sincerely think he would have been disgusted with reigning, when he must have found himself a constitutional king after the manner of the patriots. Nevertheless, he submitted admirably well to his situation—at least, in appearance. At no period of his life had I seen him enjoy more unruffled tranquillity. Not a harsh word to any one; no impatience; he listened to everything, and discussed with that wonderful sagacity and devoted reason that were so conspicuous in him. He acknowledged his faults with most touching ingenuousness, or examined his own position with a penetration to which his enemies themselves were strangers.

The enthusiasm of the nation soon cooled. It has often been said that the change was caused by the Additional Acts. That measure, no doubt, contributed greatly to it; but there was another reason still, which was that the people felt less love for the Emperor than hatred for the Bourbons. The latter being once repulsed, the nation was satisfied; and when they received the Emperor with so much warmth, the French, according to their custom, did not think of the morrow. Contented to see the royalists, who had made themselves the enemies of everybody, humbled and restrained, they were soon shocked at discovering that their victory would cost them peace, the advantages of trade, and all the sacrifices that an obstinate war draws after it; and nevertheless, such a revolution could not be made without running some risk, the foreign sovereigns considering it a point of honour to maintain the House of Bourbon on the throne. In the meanwhile, all those who had already fought nobly answered to the call of honour and necessity; but as it was no longer possible to

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think of conscription, instead of 400,000 men whom Government declared to be under arms, there were scarcely 250,000, and with those we were forced to begin the war. The Bourbons had been strongly shaken in public opinion ; the Emperor was still more so. The royalists, who had not shown themselves, because they had been taken unawares, began to feel more easy under the shelter of a Liberty they were soon going to crush ; and all the patriots, who must be carefully distinguished from the friends of the country, found themselves face to face, covered with the colours under which they fought. Old quarrels sprang up again, and the new camp soon presented the image of anarchy. The election was made in the same spirit, and the same divisions appeared in the Chamber of Representatives. The Emperor had thought of the Champ de Mai with a view of making an impression on the public mind ; but the electors who were sent there were shocked at the sight of the throne, at the splendour of the Court, and even at the mass that was celebrated ; for their prejudiced eyes saw nothing but the Emperor and his arbitrary law, without thinking of the enemies that were assembling. A great many were thinking of the miracles of 1792, without reflecting on the difference of the periods. In 1792 France possessed an almost inexhaustible treasure in her paper money. She was not embarrassed by a government she had recently destroyed ; nor by her interior foes, whom the people had all murdered or put to flight ; nor by pretensions, everybody being reduced to the same level—now the ignorance of war appeared complete. Still, enthusiasm was raised to its highest pitch, and the French wished for independence at any price. The people were enraged, barbarous, but not corrupt ; the army was brave, ambitious of glory, but indifferent to wealth and favour. Now all was changed. The men who had employments wished to keep them, and were in consequence wavering and without resolution ; the army had its marshals, ashamed of the wretched part they

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had played at the Restoration, and despised by the soldiers—finally, in the presence of their old master, detesting the Bourbons, and fearing their return, but still more fearful of a new war, which they were sensible they could no longer wage with the former advantages, which had procured them so much glory and fortune.

The Emperor had resumed all his titles, and even the offensive form of "Napoleon, by the grace of God and the Constitution of the Empire." The Council of State took a fancy to proclaim the Sovereignty of the People. This declaration was not very agreeable to him, but he let it pass: he could no longer dictate laws. I recollect that the day it was signed at the Council, I was not at the sitting. When I crossed the Section of the Interior, the Secretary proposed to me to sign it. I did so without even reading it; and meeting Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, I asked him what it was. "It is," replied he, laughing, "an act that compromises you strongly." I was not much perplexed at what he said. But M——, to whom I mentioned the circumstance the next morning, told me he had thought proper to sign it also. I appeared surprised that he should have done it; but he told me in confidence, "The Emperor has not taken it amiss." I then read the paper with attention, and I found, in fact, that it could not have been very pleasing to the Sovereign; so that M——, instead of doing an act of courage, made only the calculation of a courtier.

The fatal division of opinions put in part a stop to the national enthusiasm, and extended its influence over all the details of the administration. Many prefects were changed. That was an indispensable measure; but among some excellent choices, favour also produced many bad ones. Several young men, full of ardour, were selected, but who could not inspire much confidence. The reign of the laws was preached everywhere, whilst the commissaries extraordinary of the Emperor, sent into the Departments, every-

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where dismissed the persons in employment, to put in their places either those who had held the situations before them, or some who had in former times given proofs of patriotism. These measures not only impeded public business, which so greatly required expedition, but added also greatly to the number of the disaffected. Such changes were undoubtedly necessary, in as far as the chiefs were concerned, who corresponded directly with the Ministers; but it was easy to have an eye on the subalterns, and their treasonable practices could not be very dangerous in the beginning. I struggled as long as I could against that fatal system, but without success. To my remonstrances they always opposed the situation of affairs, and the success that had formerly been obtained, chiefly by keeping the friends of the Bourbons out of all public employments. But they did not sufficiently consider that the greatest part of the persons employed by Government were not traitors; but weak men, whose chief aim was to keep their situations, who wished in some degree well to the Emperor, prayed for his success, but feared above all things a defeat. I spoke to the Emperor of the harm his emissaries did. He answered, "I want a victory; I can do nothing before that. I am perhaps the only man in the empire who is cool; and still I cannot give the impulse everywhere, and direct all motions." He could not even repulse his enemies, so far was his position changed. A few days after his arrival, General Bourmont presented himself at his levée; he was in full regimentals; and although he had placed himself in the first rank, the Emperor went by without stopping, and without looking at him. He was not disheartened, and came back three days successively. I soon learned that he had obtained the command of a division in the Grand Army. I expressed my surprise, and asked, with indignation, who had achieved such a masterpiece. "I," answered Labedoyère, turning round; "I pledged myself for him. He is a good officer, who loves only his country. He will fight well, and serve faithfully."

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"I wish it may be so," was all the reply I made; and when I saw Labedoyère again, after he had returned from the campaign, I spoke to him of his *protégé*. "What could he do?" he observed: "his father had been arrested in the Vendée." A fine excuse, indeed! Could he not have solicited the Emperor to set him at liberty, who would certainly not have refused him? And besides, was that a sufficient motive to betray his country and the Sovereign he had acknowledged?

Napoleon had undoubtedly expected that the Empress and his son would be restored to him: he had, at least, published his wishes as a certainty; and it was, in fact, the worst thing the Emperor of Austria could have done. His hope was, however, soon destroyed. About a month after his arrival, the Duke de Vicenza called upon me, and presented to me a letter without address, which a courier, just arrived from Vienna, had delivered to him among several others, saying that it had been sent to him by M. de ——, who had not dared to put the direction on it. I was not intimate enough with M. de —— to suppose he could have written to me, so I refused to take the letter. Caulaincourt said: "Be not too hasty; I am convinced it is for you. You would perhaps do well to open it; for if you persist I shall give it to the Emperor." "You may do so," I replied; "I have no interests in Vienna, and I wish the Emperor may read it."

In the evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the Emperor in a dimly lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fireplace, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. "Here is a letter," he said, "which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you; read it." On first casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting of ——; but as it was long, I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the Empress, as she did not even attempt to

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conceal her hatred of the Emperor, and was disposed to approve of all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation; that the Empress, wholly enamoured of ——, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for that man, who had made himself master of her mind as well as of her person. The handwriting of the letter was disguised, yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found, however, in the manner in which the secret was expressed, a warmth of zeal and a picturesque style that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the Emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons enough to throw the Emperor himself into some uncertainty. "How is it possible," I said, "that —— should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connection with him? How can one suppose that the Empress should forget herself in such circumstances, so far as to manifest hatred to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young—whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?" "But," answered the Emperor, "—— is attached to me; and, though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you." The following words were, in fact, written at the bottom of the letter: "I do not think you ought to mention the truth to the Emperor; but make whatever use of it you think proper." I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the

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Emperor then said to me: "Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others of the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine."

I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me: "I am sure the letter is from ——; and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the Emperor can do is to be comforted: there is nothing to be expected from that side."

So sad a discovery was very painful to the Emperor, for he was sincerely attached to the Empress, and still hoped again to see his son, whom he loved most tenderly.

Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the Emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had besides undertaken another plan, which Napoleon's arrival had broken off. I shall perhaps resume this part of his history another time. I suppress it at present without any scruple, because it has nothing to do with mine. The Emperor, however, put him again at the head of the police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skilful man was wanted there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the Emperor, to put in his place either his son, or a sort of a republic with a president. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich; and, if he is to be believed, he had tried to persuade the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. That was also my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the Minister either to think no more of his plan, or to resign his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet, and continued his correspondence. The Emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the Emperor had a great deal of company at the Elysée; he told me not to go home, because he wished to speak to me. When everybody was gone, the Emperor stopped with Fouché in the apart-

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ment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together, talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the Emperor say to him gravely: "You are a traitor! Why do you remain Minister of the police, if you wish to betray me? It depends on me to have you hanged, and everybody would rejoice at your death!" I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, always walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good-night, and said that the Emperor had gone back to his apartments. In truth, when I went in he was gone; but the day after he spoke to me of that conversation. "I suspected," he said, "that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bâle, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping that in the course of a friendly conversation he would mention that letter to me; but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject." (Here the Emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before, "You are a traitor," &c.) "He acknowledged, in fact," continued the Emperor, "that he had received such a letter; but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as a mystification. He showed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer declared over again, that he would listen to nothing more concerning the Emperor, but that, *his* person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest."

I expected that the Emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him. Two days afterwards I went to Fouché to solicit

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the return to Paris of an officer of musketeers, who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. "Do you see this man?" he said to me, pointing with his spoon to the stranger: "he is an Aristocrat, a Bourbonite, a Chouan: it is the Abbé M——, one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*—a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons;—he is one of our men."

I looked at him. At every fresh epithet of the minister, the Abbé bowed his head on his plate with a smile of cheerfulness and self-complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché explained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all those valets of literature were men of his; and while I acknowledged to myself that the thing might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable—the wretches who thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the Emperor had spoken to me of the scene I described above, Fouché said to me: "The Emperor's temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons who have that opinion against them, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it." As I am never in a hurry to speak, I remained silent; but, reflecting on what the Emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang—whom? Perhaps the master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation!—and I believe they were both in the right; so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouché, had swerved concerning the Emperor.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ceremony of the Champ de Mai took place at last; it was on the 1st of June. Nothing could be more singular than that assemblage in the open air. It had but little success, because it had been badly announced. The Emperor wanted time: the minds of the people were not prepared; the influence of the patriots had not had sufficient opportunity to exercise its power, or rather no one yet knew where to find them. Those who had begun the Revolution were old, retired from public life, and few in number; those of 1793 were fallen into contempt. The Imperialists, or Bonapartists, were not much regarded: they had perpetually received and frequently misused popularity. There were no persons truly respectable but the military: though discontented and humbled, they alone still knew how to express themselves with dignity concerning their country and Liberty. But they were no longer mixed with the people, having already joined their corps. The majority of the electors, and many deputies, brought with them a good spirit; but the French, whose imagination is so lively, never know how to enter into the reality of things until their first fire is extinguished: when prepossessed by a first impression, it is not till after much extravagance that they re-enter the path of common sense. In the beginning they only think of advancing, without caring which way. Now, the way they had taken was bad. At first they saw only a despot in the Emperor, and forgot entirely the enemy: they never could feel that it was first

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of all necessary to beat their foreign foes. I never could bring that idea into the head of people who nevertheless were full of merit and long experience. "We will have no more *senatus-consultum*, no double legislative body, no arbitrary practices,—finally, no master. We want a moderator, and nothing else. We are numerous enough to beat the enemy, if he attack us. If he triumph, each department will become a Vendée. France will never hesitate between slavery and civil war." The imprudent men did not observe that by such speeches they stopped the enthusiasm of the people, who preferred to live in expectation of what was to happen, rather than throw themselves into the fatigues and dangers of a struggle which appeared distant and uncertain, notwithstanding the evident approach of the enemy. The ceremony of the Champ de Mai was, however, a noble one; but all France was not there, and even there the feeling for the Emperor was sincere among the crowd. The magistracy were opposed to him. All the judges preferred Louis XVIII. to the Emperor: the pretension they put forward of succeeding to the parliaments, of which they were the dross, flattered their vanity. Under a weak prince they enjoyed real authority, and the love of the Bourbons for old institutions gave them a degree of power they greatly hoped to augment. Under the Emperor, on the contrary, they were forced to obey. All the heads and clerks in the public offices were in a false position: they had everything to fear, and nothing to hope: for they could not help seeing that we were beginning a new era of revolutions, in which all things would become uncertain. Finally, the impression of the horrors that had accompanied the first invasion was far from being blotted out, and the public mind shuddered at the idea of a second one!

The speech delivered to the Emperor by M. Dubois d'Angers was full of energy. It contained a summary of all the wishes, and expressed clearly the national will. But

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could a power that had nothing left give all that was expected? The answer of the Emperor, which was not directed to that speech, was above all sincere. He promised a great deal; but still he was obliged to explain what he wished, in his turn, as the executive power. He displeased his auditors by that. I soon perceived it in talking with some deputies who had heard him. After the celebration of mass, to which, by the bye, everybody turned their backs, the Emperor went down and took his place on an amphitheatre in the middle of the Champ de Mars, from whence he was to distribute the eagles to all the cohorts of the departments. This was a beautiful scene, for it was a national one. The situation besides was true. The Emperor took care to address a word to each of the corps that received these colours, and that word was flattering and full of enthusiasm. To the departments of the Vosges he said: "You are my old companions." To those of the Rhine: "You have been the first, the most courageous, and the most unfortunate in our disasters." To the departments of the Rhône: "I have been bred amongst you." To others: "Your bands were at Rivoli, at Arcola, at Marengo, at Tilsit, at Austerlitz, at the Pyramids." These magic names filled with deep emotion the hearts of those old warriors, the venerable wrecks of so many victories. But, as I have already said, all France was not present at that ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was not communicated to the people in the departments. A few days afterwards the Emperor set off. I left him at midnight. He suffered a great deal from a pain in his breast. He stepped, however, into his coach with a cheerfulness that seemed to show he was conscious of victory. The particulars of that campaign are too well known for me to repeat them here; but I saw with grief too many unworthy Frenchmen form wishes for his defeat. The Assembly of Representatives did not adopt the attitude or speak the language its influence over the public mind rendered necessary. Old

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hatred, former opinions, the hope of the return of the Bourbons, and great anxiety in many respecting the conduct the Emperor would pursue if he returned victorious, threw confusion on the labours of the Assembly. It had been said to them that the first point was to save the Country ;— but they answered : "Let us save Liberty ! " as if Liberty could be saved when the soil was invaded !

At last I learned the fatal news of the battle of Waterloo, and the next morning the Emperor arrived. I flew to the Elysée to see him : he ordered me into his closet, and as soon as he saw me, he came to meet me with a frightful epileptic laugh. "Oh ! my God ! " he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking two or three times up and down the room. This appearance of despair was, however, very short. He soon recovered his coolness, and asked me what was going forward at the Chamber of Representatives. I could not attempt to hide that exasperation was there carried to a high degree, and that the majority seemed determined to require his abdication, and to pronounce it themselves if he did not send it willingly. "How is that ?" he said. "If proper measures are not taken, the enemy will be before the gates in eight days. Alas ! " he added, "I have accustomed them to such great victories, that they know not how to bear one day's misfortune ! What will become of poor France ? I have done all I could for her." Then he heaved a deep sigh. Somebody asked to speak to him ; and I left him, with an order to come back at some later hour. I passed the day in seeking information among all my friends and acquaintances. I found in all of them either the greatest dejection or an extravagant joy, which they disguised by feigned alarm, and pity for myself, which I repulsed with great indignation. No hope could rest on the Chamber of Representatives. They all said, they wished for Liberty ; but, between two enemies who appeared ready to destroy it, they preferred the foreigners, the friends of the Bourbons, to Napoleon, who might still have prolonged

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the struggle, because they were silly enough to despise the former and fear the latter. Besides, each person took counsel only from his resentment or egotism. Some hoped to escape in the confusion, because they were unknown; others thought they might draw advantage from circumstances; and the majority, foolishly trusting to the promises of the foreign Powers, were still persuaded that the Bourbons would not return to Paris, or, at least, that the King, convinced of his weakness and incapacity for government, would be so strongly bridled and fettered, that he would neither be able to revenge himself nor to violate the Constitution. Those who held the latter opinion were the friends of Fouché, who had given them to understand that nothing remained for them but to submit, but that he alone would find means to save them, and erect the edifice of Liberty. The Chamber of Peers presented a much sadder spectacle. Except the intrepid Thibaudeau, who till the last moment expressed himself with admirable energy against the reign of the Bourbons, almost all the others thought of nothing else but of getting out of the scrape with the least loss they could. Some took no pains to hide their wish of bending again under the yoke; and looked upon themselves as being paid in advance, either by their remaining in the Chamber of Peers, or the necessity of disarming revenge. The majority, however, wished to fall with dignity; but there existed no firm will. The Chamber waited for the resolutions of the Representatives, and intrenched itself behind them, as if that shield could have saved it. I sued in vain to those who consented to listen to me: "We have no means of escaping: you must give up all hopes. The other Chamber has been named by the people with the forms consecrated by the Constitution; we, on the contrary, are nothing but the Ex-Emperor's friends; we have not been forced to accept. Each of us, in setting our foot here, has received a sentence of proscription from the Bourbons. It is we who are the rebels: we have

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nothing more to do than to signalise our last moments by a noble energy, and to fall with a good grace."

But I talked to men too old to give up the sweets of life, and who had nothing left in their hearts but the wish to preserve them, and the fear of adversity. I must, however, make some few exceptions, among which I shall name old Sieyès, who maintained fully the opinion I had formed of him. He wanted the habit, and perhaps the courage, to speak in public; but I never heard any one express with greater energy a hatred of slavery, and more forcible and generous ideas on the necessity of fighting to the end against it.

The next day I returned to the Emperor. He had received the most positive accounts of the state of feeling in the Chamber of Representatives. The reports had, however, been given to him with some little reserve; for he did not seem to me convinced that the resolution was really formed to pronounce his abdication. I was better instructed on the matter; and I came to him, without having the least doubt in my mind that the only thing he could do was to descend once more from the throne. I communicated to him all the particulars I had just received myself; and I did not hesitate to advise him to follow the only course worthy of him. He listened to me with a sombre air; and, though he was in some measure master of himself, the agitation of his mind and the horrors of his position betrayed themselves in his face and in all his motions. "I know," said I, "that your Majesty may still keep the sword drawn; but with whom, and against whom? Dejection has chilled the courage of every one; the army is still in the greatest confusion. Nothing is to be expected from Paris, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire cannot be renewed." "That thought," he replied, stopping, "is far from my mind. I will hear nothing more about myself. But poor France!" At that moment, S—— and C—— entered, and having drawn a faithful picture of the exasperation of the Deputies,

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they persuaded him to send in his abdication. Some words he uttered proved to us that he would have considered death preferable to that step ; but still he took it.

This great act being performed, he remained calm during the whole day, giving his advice on the position the army was to take, and on the manner the negotiations with the enemy were to be conducted. He insisted especially on the necessity of proclaiming his son Emperor, not so much for the advantage of the child, as with a view to unite on one head all the power of sentiments and affections. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him. Some men of sense and courage rallied round that proposition in the two Chambers ; but fear swayed the majority ; and among those who remained free from it, many thought that a public declaration of Liberty, and the resolution to defend it at any price, would make the enemy and the Bourbons turn back. Strange delusion of weakness and want of experience ! It must, however, be respected, for it had its source in love of their country : but while we excuse it, can it be justified ? The population of the metropolis had resumed their usual appearance, which was that of complete indifference, with a resolution to cry "Long live the King !" provided the King arrived well escorted ; for one must not judge of the whole capital by about one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants, who called for arms, and declared themselves warmly against the return of the abandoned family.

On the 23rd I returned to the Elysée. The Emperor had been for two hours in his bath. He himself turned the discourse on the retreat he ought to choose, and spoke of the United States. I rejected the idea without reflection, and with a degree of vehemence that surprised him. "Why not America ?" he asked. I answered, "Because Moreau is retired there." The observation was harsh, and I should never have forgiven myself for having expressed it, if I had not altered my opinion a few days afterwards. He heard it without any apparent ill-humour ; but I have no doubt that

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it must have made an unfavourable impression on his mind. I insisted on his choosing England, and the reason I gave appeared plausible ; but after I had left him, I met General F—— in the saloon, and communicated our conversation to him. His answer was: "You are mistaken in respect to the English Government. In that country, all the institutions are excellent for the nation itself ; but foreigners are not admitted to enjoy their benefits. The Emperor will never find anything in that country but oppression and injustice. The nation will not be consulted on the treatment he will undergo ; and, believe my words, far from finding protection there, all possible outrages will be invented for revenge."

These reflections struck me, and I begged F—— to communicate them to the Emperor. I could not, however, admit them without some restriction. I could conceive that the English Government might think it necessary to the safety of Europe, to prevent all connection between the Emperor and his numerous adherents ; but to sentence him to the slowest and most horrible death,—to exercise on his person all manner of cruelty,—to invent for him sufferings unknown to the most cruel tyrants—(for in what other light can be viewed the insufferable separation from all connection with civilisation and human kind ;—from his wife and child, from whom he could not even receive letters to comfort him in his banishment) :—these are things an honourable mind could never have expected. After such conduct, we may be allowed to suspect, that in England, a nation so estimable in other respects, there exists a coldness of heart, with a total absence of humanity and generosity, from the moment her pride is wounded.

The Emperor went to inhabit Malmaison. He was accompanied thither by the Duchess de St. Leu, Bertrand and his family, and the Duke de Bassano. I went there several times a day ; for I could not leave Madame de St. Leu, who had suffered much in her health by the late

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events. The day he arrived in that retreat, he proposed to me to accompany him abroad. "Drouet," he said, "remains in France. I see, the War Minister wishes him not to be lost to his country. I dare not complain; but it is a great loss for me; I never met with a better head, or a more upright heart. That man was formed to be a prime minister anywhere." I refused to accompany him, in the following words: "I have a daughter of thirteen years of age: my wife is four months advanced in pregnancy; I cannot resolve to leave her. Allow me some time, and I will join you wherever you may be. I have remained faithful to your Majesty in better times, and you may reckon upon me. Nevertheless, if my wife had not a claim on me, I should do better to go with you, for I have sad forebodings respecting my fate."

The Emperor made me no answer; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that he had no better augury of my fate than I had. However, the enemy was approaching, and for the last three days he had solicited the Provisional Government to place a frigate at his disposal, with which he might go to America. It had been promised him; he had even been pressed to set off; but he wanted to be the bearer of the order to the captain to convey him to the United States, and that order did not arrive. We all felt that the delay of a single hour might put his freedom in jeopardy. After we had talked the subject over among ourselves, I went to him, and strongly painted to him how dangerous it might be to prolong his stay. He observed that he could not go without the order. "Depart nevertheless," I replied; "your presence on board the ship will still have a great power over Frenchmen; cut the cables, promise money to the crew, and if the captain resist, have him put on shore, and hoist your sails. I have not the least doubt but Fouché has sold you to the Allies." "I believe it also; but go and make the last effort with the Minister of Marine." I went off immediately to M. Decrés.

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He was in bed, and listened to me with an indifference that made my blood boil. He said to me: "I am only a minister. Go to Fouché; speak to Government. As for me, I can do nothing. Good night." And so he covered himself up in his blankets. I left him; but I could not succeed in speaking either to Fouché or to any of the others. It was two o'clock in the morning when I returned to Malmaison; the Emperor was in bed. I was let into his chamber, where I gave him an account of the result of my mission, and renewed my entreaties. He listened to me, but made no answer. He got up, however, and spent a part of the night in walking up and down. The following day was the last of that sad drama. The Emperor had gone to bed again, and slept a few hours. I entered his closet at about twelve o'clock. "If I had known you were here," he said, "I would have had you called in." He then gave me, on a subject that interested him personally, some instructions which it is needless for me to repeat. Soon after I left him, full of anxiety respecting his fate, my heart oppressed with grief, but still far from suspecting the extent to which both the rigour of fortune and the cruelty of his enemies would be carried.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

A FEW days after the departure of the Emperor, I was told that a list of proscriptions, which was said to contain the names of two thousand persons, was making up under the inspection of Messieurs de Talleyrand and Fouché, by order of the Princes ; and that Madame the Duchess of Angoulême vouchsafed to take an active part in the measure. Many persons had already fled from France. The intrepid Thibaudeau, who, a few days after the return of the King, had openly protested against his reign at the Chamber of Peers, took some pains to make me comprehend the danger I stood in. The Duke de Bassano, at his departure, wished to persuade me to follow him quickly ; but I, prepossessed by the idea that my conduct was above all reproach, rejected the cautions of friendship. The Princess de Vaudemont entreated me at least to seek some retreat for a short time. She told me that it was Fouché's wish that I should ; but he never thought of offering me the passport I might stand in need of. The situation of my wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy and very unwell, made the idea of my flight impossible for me to bear. From within the walls of a prison, said I to myself, I may still protect her. Prejudice will diminish, and the Royal resentment will undoubtedly vent itself on those who are absent. The more I examined my conduct, the more I was convinced that my cause could only be brought before the Correctional Police, and the result would be no more than an imprisonment for two or five years, for having taken upon me the superintendence of

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the Post-office a few hours before the Emperor arrived. Having made up my mind to this, I was the more obstinate in my refusal to fly; and I proposed to the Princess de Vaudemont to give her a letter addressed to M. de Talleyrand, in which I should explain my conduct. She consented to lay it before him. In that letter I unfolded to the Ministry my whole conduct since the Restoration; all the steps I had taken on the 20th of March; and I concluded by soliciting my trial. My wishes in that respect were soon complied with.[1]

On the 18th of July I was sitting at dinner with Madame Lavalette and M. de Méneval, when an inspector of the police came to tell me that the Prefect, M. Decazes, wished to speak to me. When I stepped into the hackney-coach, I saw that I was surrounded by three or four spies, who were good enough to act the part of footmen, and stepped up behind the carriage. In less than half an hour I was in the registering room of the prison of the Prefecture. I was introduced to the jailer, who paid little attention to me,

[1] Far from having any uneasiness on my own account, my whole anxiety was for the fate of my friends. The Countess de Souza, the aunt of Labedoyère, knowing that he was still in Paris, entreated me to go and see him, to thrust him, if necessary, by the shoulders out of the barriers, and to persuade him to seek refuge with the Army of the Loire, from whence he might go abroad. I went, therefore, at eight o'clock in the morning to Labedoyère. He was still in bed, playing with his child, and his lovely wife next to him. When we were alone, I warmly pressed him to depart, and, by a singular prepossession, I gave him the same reasons, made him the same entreaties, placed before his eyes the same dangers with which my friends harassed me on my own account. He listened to me with a smile and a yawn, and turned himself round in his bed. I was obliged to put an end to that discourse, and talk of the fate of the Emperor and France, which interested him more than his own. We had already lost more than three hours in useless conversation, when his valet-de-chambre came to tell him that two Prussian officers, who were billeted in his house, refused the apartment that had been offered to them, and insisted on taking possession of his wife's. At these words Labedoyère flew out of bed like a madman, and taking scarcely time to slip on his clothes, he wanted to go immediately and cut off the ears of these two insolent fellows. It required considerable exertions on my side to make him keep quiet and wait the result of his wife's mother's remonstrances. He did not set off till the evening. He gained the banks of the Loire. I shall mention hereafter how he returned from thence.

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being busy with distributing lodgings to several new-comers, among whom I discovered M. de P——, who had been long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, and appeared to be the person in whom he placed the greatest confidence. He seemed so grieved and mortified to be where he was, that I went up to him, and had already begun to express my pity for his misfortune, when all of a sudden he turned aside, and, pointing to me, said to the turnkey, "Conduct this gentleman to No. 17"; after which he disappeared. This man, thought I, has very cleverly turned his coat; and I followed my guide, blushing at the mistake I had made. He introduced me into a dirty garret with a window that opened in the roof at twelve feet from the floor. I was permitted, if I could, to open it by means of an iron bar with notches, but so heavy that it was not possible for me to raise it. When one enters into prison, anger always follows the first surprise. I began by throwing out some energetic exclamations against the Prefect, who had not deigned to receive me in his apartments, though he had sent for me to come and speak to him. I was not yet acquainted with the code of politeness of the Prefects of Police; but I soon made great improvement in that branch of knowledge. As there was no bell, I was obliged to wait three hours before I received a visit from the turnkey, who brought me for dinner some disgusting prison ragout. I made some inquiries respecting the prisoners who lodged on the floor above me. I had seen, through a key-hole, men carrying bottles and all the preparations for a feast. "They seem to be very merry," I added. "They are two aides-de-camp of General Labedoyère." "How! is he then arrested?" "I believe so."

The next day these two officers were set at liberty; and I afterwards learned the following particulars. The unfortunate Labedoyère, after the Army of the Loire had been disbanded, had retired to the outskirts of Riom, with several of his friends, among whom was General Flahaut, his near relation. The latter, who possesses a cool head and unites

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prudence to much courage, immediately perceived the danger of their position. He was convinced that nothing remained for them to do but to pass the frontiers as quickly as they could. Labedoyère was of the same opinion; but no persuasion could make him alter his plan. He wanted to go to the United States, but on his way to pass through Paris, where he wished to take leave of his family and raise some money. All the exertions of friendship had no power over him. He stepped into the diligence under a false name, and found among his travelling companions two wretches in regimentals, who pretended they came from the Army of the Loire, and who were scarcely arrived in Paris when they informed against him. These were the two prisoners who were merrily feasting on a part of the money they had received as the reward of their treachery.

By ten o'clock in the evening the jailer came to call me down to the chief clerk, who was to examine me. In my situation, this might be looked upon as some amusement: I was therefore far from wishing to decline it, and I was conducted, through a labyrinth of passages, to a room on the ground floor, where I found M. V——, who was dismissed a little while after. This inquisitor, who was a short, fat man, was seated in his armchair, where for the space of twenty-nine years he had been asking questions at all hours of the day and night, under all possible governments. After having taken down in writing three or four pages of questions and answers, he stopped, and as we had neither of us much inclination for sleep, he eagerly took advantage of some inquiries I made about his occupations to relate to me all the prowess of the prefects of police, the manner the prisoners made their defence, and the confessions he extorted from them; his skill in troubling their conscience, in disconcerting their firmness, in surprising their tenets, in pursuing their confessions, and finally in sounding the bottom of their hearts. I cannot help recording here one of these anecdotes, which I thought remarkable, in the words he gave it to me.

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"Among the conspirators of the Infernal Machine was one M. N——, an intimate friend of Limoëlan, the first inventor of the plot. He had served among the Chouans, and the police supposed, reasonably enough, that he was in Paris. After being hunted like a fox for several days, he slept at night in the charcoal-boats in the Pot au Bled. When the pursuit had ceased in that part of the town, he ventured to seek a retreat in a miserable garret in a public-house. The next day, the police came back; but he had escaped, and was seen no more. His room was searched, and near the bed was found a scrap of half-burned paper, which he had used to light his pipe. This paper contained, however, some written lines, which seemed to be part of the rough draft of a letter addressed to some general, who was supposed to be Georges. On the last line were the following words: 'I cannot write any more to-day, as I have a great pain in my eyes.' This unfortunate man was afterwards implicated and taken in the conspiracy of Georges, and I had the pleasure of examining him. He was sitting where you are, his face between two wax candles, as yours is. While I was talking with him I continued writing. He was my countryman. I spoke to him of his parents, of his first affections, of his schoolfellows; and having observed that he began to gain assurance, and that his answers betrayed a little more cheerfulness, I stopped all of a sudden, and said in the most natural tone I could: 'But the light annoys you: you may put out the candles if you choose.' 'No; I have no pain in my eyes.' 'I thought you had.' 'No, not at present; my eyes were bad, it is true, about two years ago.' We continued our conversation. At last I slowly read to him his examination: he was surprised to find I had inserted in it so trivial a circumstance, and asked why I had done it. 'It is my custom.' Now, will you believe that this very trivial circumstance convicted him? The half-burned scrap of paper had been preserved. The writing was compared with his, and his presence in Paris, at the time of the Infernal Machine, was proved."

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"And what became of him?" said I. "He was guillotined," answered V——, with a most fiendish look and gesture. He said to me: "I am fond of my profession: I cannot remain one day out of this apartment. I might go to the play and divert myself with my friends, my wife, my children. But, no, I must be here." While listening to him, I observed that by custom he constantly leered to the left side, where the prisoners were placed; and I am convinced that if they had been put at his right, he would have lost half his skill. When he read my examination to me, and before I signed it, I asked why he had not inserted his anecdote in it. "Oh, your business cannot go far," he said: "you are not an important man for me."

I remained a fortnight in that temporary prison without seeing M. Decazes, who might have been a little troubled at having me so near him, if he had not entirely forgotten our former connection. The bad air and the vexations of a prison gave me an inflammatory complaint. My physician, who was also the medical attendant of M. Decazes, prescribed for me with great care, which contributed to make them change my prison, and send me speedily on my trial, for fear I should escape by a natural death from the one they were preparing for me. On Sunday, the 24th of July, I was abruptly put into a hackney-coach to be conveyed to the Conciergerie, at a small distance from where I was. There are many people in Paris wholly unacquainted with the existence of the dungeons of the Conciergerie, which are beneath the magnificent apartments of the Palais de Justice, and which, it is reported, served in the time of St. Louis as kitchens and pantries for the royal household. I was introduced into the registering room, where I found the jailer, whose name was, I think, Landrajein. He was a tall man, disagreeably familiar, though with tolerably polite manners. He began to make out aloud the description of my person, and invited me afterwards to follow him to the end of a dark passage where my new abode was situated. This was a long

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and narrow space, terminated by a window covered with a slanting roof, that just enabled me to distinguish a square foot of the sky. Bare walls, covered with names and exclamations of despair, traced with charcoal, were the only ornaments of this dungeon. A wretched bed, an old table, one chair, and two tubs of foul water, were all its furniture. I describe it thus minutely, because it was there that Marshal Ney passed the three first weeks that he remained in prison. I was weaker than he, for he did not complain of it; but when I saw that it would be impossible for me to read during half an hour, I burst into reproaches, and wrote to the Prefect of Police that disease would soon kill me if my lodging were not changed. In the evening the jailer came to lead me to the promenade in a large yard called the Green; and at nine o'clock, instead of bringing me up again to my dungeon, he introduced me into a room on the ground floor, where I found a fireplace, and a window looking into a small yard, separated from the women's yard by a high wall. "I could not place you here this morning," he said, "because General Labedoyère was locked up in the next room; but he has been transferred to the Abbaye." The next day I wished to see his chamber. It was still more inconvenient and more dismal than the one I had left. He had remained there eight days in the most rigorous solitary confinement, abandoned in a manner by the keepers, who only visited him twice in twenty-four hours. The dungeon was so narrow that he could not even walk about in it, though that was the only diversion left him, as he was deprived of books, newspapers, and even of all manner of correspondence.

They began, according to custom, to keep me during six weeks without any communication. I could receive no letters unless they were opened, nor see a friend except in the presence of the registrar. The accounts I received from my wife were painful. Her tremulous handwriting, the sufferings she sought in vain to dissemble by repeated assurances of good health, her five months' pregnancy, of which she

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never spoke, all added to my anxiety. I soon felt also the inconveniences of my prison. Next to my room was an enormous iron door, that was opened at every hour of the day and the night to relieve the sentry: its violent motion shook my bed and interrupted my sleep, while the cold and damp of the air obliged me to have fire night and day.

Such torments, every instant renewed, were, however, far from discouraging me, and I had no need to seek moral force in meditation, or in delusions that vanished every day more and more before the sad truth: I found it in my attachment for the Emperor. I suffered, but it was for him: my misfortune was heightened by the consideration of the cause that had given it birth. My name and fate were united to his immortal name; and besides, were not his sufferings worse than mine? The perfidy of the English Government was leading him to St. Helena. How many torments were preparing for him in his banishment at the world's end! I should have blushed to complain in presence of such a disaster. The vengeance of kings fell heavy on us both, and I found at once honour and glory in sharing it with him. It was that thought that constantly bore me up, and saved me from all weakness. The idea that he would read my trial, and that my death would cause him some emotion; that I showed myself worthy of his attachment and his trust, elevated me in my own eyes. I shall explain hereafter how that feeling of energy against misfortune received a powerful support from another cause.

A few weeks after my imprisonment, as I was one day walking in the yard, I saw Marshal Ney at the bottom of the staircase which led to my former dungeon. He bowed to me as he went quickly up, accompanied by the jailer and an officer of the gendarmes. It was thus I learned that he was arrested. Like me, he had scorned to leave the kingdom, and had only sought refuge in the country-seat of one of his wife's relations near Cahors. His sabre, which he had left in the drawing-room, betrayed him for the first time.

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He suffered himself to be taken, convinced that they would not dare to condemn him. After he had remained a month in that dungeon, he was at last placed above me in the registrar's lodging. There was a stove that defended him from the cold; and his grated window, being higher than mine, procured him a less unwholesome air than what I breathed. But his name and his rank could not protect him from the hardships they seemed to take pleasure in inflicting on him. He played tolerably well on the flute, and during several days he amused himself with his instrument. He was, however, deprived of this resource, under the pretence that it was against the rules of the prison. He repeatedly played a waltz, which I long recollected, and frequently hummed in my evening musings. I had never heard it anywhere else, till once again it struck my ear in Bavaria. It was at a *bal champêtre* on the borders of Lake Starnberg. I had before my eyes young peasant girls merrily skipping on the fresh green sward. The air was sweet and melancholy, and when played on the flute, it immediately recalled to my memory the Conciergerie, and I retired, unable to repress my tears, and repeating with bitter feelings the name of the unfortunate Marshal. During the day we shared the right of walking in the small yard, without being, however, allowed to remain there together, though he was always accompanied by a gendarme. I was in the habit of taking my walk at six o'clock in the morning: the Marshal wished to take that hour for *his* walk; I resigned it to him with great pleasure, and this arrangement lasted until his solitary confinement ended. From that time, his lady and children came every day to dine with him. She always accompanied him in his walks. One day she came near my window and said to me: "The sentry that guards us is an old soldier who has served under the Marshal; he wishes very much to talk with you." The Marshal in consequence came up: our conversation could not be long. He said to me: "I am easy as to what con-

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cerns myself. A great many friends watch over me: the Government is advancing fast again towards its ruin. The foreigners already take our part; the public indignation has communicated itself to them; and if you wish to have a proof of it, read these papers and burn them when you have done." He then slipped through the bars a file of pamphlets and some manuscript sheets. I found in them violent threats and even provocations, that appeared to me very ill-advised: there was also a great deal of absurd news. According to their accounts, the English already repented having replaced the House of Bourbon on the throne; and there was a long protest of the Empress Maria Louisa against the resolution of the Sovereigns who kept her out of France. What the Marshal had told me about his friends was more correct; but, some time after, I learned that he had failed in an attempt to escape from the Conciergerie, and that six thousand officers on half-pay had been forced to leave the metropolis by order of the Minister of War. A little while after that conversation, we again exchanged the hours of our walks. He then went down in the evening, accompanied by his wife, his brother-in-law, and his sister-in-law, Madame Gamot. The prisoners had retired to their dormitories; among them was a soldier called Dieu, whose good voice and comic songs diverted the Marshal.

I felt a very great wish to see him again; and one evening I ventured to ask permission to go up to the Green. The jailer was gone out: the turnkey opened the door and led me there, where I found Marshal Ney and M. Gamot. I joined them. It was about three months after our first conversation. At that period, all his delusions seemed to have vanished. "Labedoyère," said he, "has crossed the fatal passage. Now it will be your turn, my dear Lavalette, and mine afterwards." "It is all one," I answered, "who fall first. I know there is no hope left." "Oh, oh! that we shall see. However, all these lawyers annoy me; they do not understand my situation; but I shall speak for myself."

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CHAPTER XXXV.

TIME passes very slowly in prison. I did not know what to do with myself: I was discontented without reason with my situation, and uneasy in respect to my poor Emilie. Each day brought me worse and worse accounts of her health. I had obtained her promise that she would not come to see me before her accouchement; the visit might have killed her. My time, so ill-employed in seeking to discover the future, in exhausting all conjectures, in cursing the new Revolution, threw me into a fatal dejection. I felt the want of raising my spirits by the only diversion I was permitted to take—reading. I sent for Hume's History of England. When I perused the narrative of all the royal misfortunes with which it is filled, I found my own more bearable, and I reaped both courage and comfort from it. Finally, in recurring to my own situation, I rested on the idea that it was not possible I could be sentenced to capital punishment, and that I should certainly come off with a few years' imprisonment. This prospect was not cheerful; but, as I entertained the hope of being confined in one of the prisons of Paris, I might see my family, comfort them, and put my affairs in order. I also frequently thought of the scaffold, but only as a vague threat that could never be realised. I was in the abode of crime; and I often figured to myself the terrors of a thief, and especially of a murderer, awaking in the night at the fancied cries of his victims, and struggling, in vain, under the hands of the executioner.

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What must not his sufferings be! As for me, I could at least return without remorse to the 20th of March. The indignation of the Sovereign, the anger of his adherents, could not make my heart beat more quickly. I felt myself strong against their vengeance, and I escaped from it in imagination, by following the Emperor, in a solitary bark, on his way to St. Helena.

I also took a fancy to know who were my new compatriots in this strange country; for the Conciergerie is like a distant region, separated from all civilised nations—a sort of colony of the New World, governed by brutal and despotic laws, and whose population consists only of the dregs of society, and where ferociousness and depravity must be constantly watched and repressed. To penetrate into that region, passports are with difficulty obtained, and many humiliating forms must be observed. The prisoner can see his relations, friends, and counsel, only across double bars, which keep them at several feet distance, surrounded by turnkeys, who are the privileged spies of his words and most trivial gestures, and who trifle with the most painful feelings, by enjoining them a rigorous silence.

I took great pains to obtain any information. The turnkeys could not answer any questions: but, from my own observations, I think there must have been, at the time of my confinement, about fifty prisoners. They slept in about twenty rooms, containing each five or six beds, for which they paid ten francs a month: this was called being *à la pistole*. Those who did not possess the means of paying, passed the night in a sort of shed, on straw very seldom renewed. The greatest part of these wretches were doomed to the galleys, and most of them had committed theft or forgery. Their indifference as to the fate that awaited them was quite inconceivable.

Not to deprive Madame Lavalette of the services of my man-servant, I had accepted for myself those of a condemned prisoner who was respited for a few months. He had filled

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a responsible employment in one of the Government offices, and had embezzled the money that passed through his hands, for which crime he was to go for six years to the galleys. He was a spy over me. His honeyed words and affected officiousness inspired me with a great disgust; but, on the one hand, my pity for his fate, that seemed to frighten him, and on the other, my fear of getting, instead of him, one still more perverse, determined me to keep him. At last, however, a perfidious trick he played to some others became the cause of our separation. He slept with six other prisoners, in a room situated in the western part of the edifice. These wretches took it into their heads to get out of prison, by digging a hole in the wall twelve feet thick, and so to escape on the Quai des Lunettes. My honest servant procured them one of those large iron bars called by the prisoners, I believe, *chancelière;* but he had begun by betraying them, and the jailer let them go on for some time in their work. Every night they filled their pockets with the rubbish, and in the morning they cleverly dispersed it in the yard. To arrive at the outward wall, they were obliged to take out and replace, every night, an enormous stone of six feet in length. They had been already for several months at work, and they only wanted one night more to regain their liberty, when the jailer came to pay them his visit, and all was easily discovered. The traitor was, in appearance, condemned to the same punishment that was inflicted on them all. But his companions were not to be duped by this; and the jailer told me that he ran the risk of being murdered in the galleys. It would be even difficult to let him travel thither with them. The galley-slaves never pardon, among one another, a treachery of that sort. Ten years would not be sufficient to make them forget it.

The yard of the female prisoners was, as I have said, facing my window, and separated from it by a high wall. That circumstance was a continued source of annoyance to

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me. From eight in the morning to seven in the evening, I was stunned by a deluge of the most vulgar, coarse, and depraved expressions in the French language. The turnkeys were frequently obliged to go and restore good order among those harpies. It was on this yard that the two windows of the Queen's prison opened. During my confinement, that chamber, situated on my passage when I went to the Green, served as a speaking parlour for those privileged prisoners who were allowed to receive visits from their friends. It was a large room, divided in two by a sort of pillar that formed two arches. The floor was paved with bricks placed on the thick side, and must have been very old, as the figures they represented are long since out of use. The entrance was at the bottom of a dark passage. The Queen had only a miserable bed, a table, and two chairs: a large piece of tapestry that hung across the room separated her from the gendarme and the jailer, who, however, left her during the night. How many times have I not walked up and down in that prison, when grief and lowness of spirits used to oppress me! There I found strength and courage: I blushed to complain of the fate that might be preparing for me, when I recollected the horrible destiny of a Queen of France. I was certainly the first person who openly expressed the wish that this dungeon might be converted into a chapel. A short time after my escape, the order was really given and executed.

The jailer, with his obsequious manners, began to weary me; and his everlasting questions, his long narratives of prison adventures, became quite insufferable. He used to come eight or ten times a day, and interrupt me while I was reading or meditating. I was imprudent enough to speak in his presence of chess; and from that instant I was obliged, every evening, to let myself be beaten during three hours by him. A circumstance of small importance happily delivered me of that bore. He had been at a former period verger of the Criminal Court, and had sold his office to a man who

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could not pay him. Having heard that I was particularly acquainted with M. Pasquier, then Keeper of the Seals, he begged me to write a few words to Madame Lavalette, that she might solicit for him permission to resume his office. She, however, being rather mistrustful, was convinced that under his claim might be some dangerous plot against me; and she sent my letter to the Minister of Police, Decazes: communications of that sort with the prisoners are wholly prohibited; so the jailer was sent away. This was very fortunate for us at the time of my escape. Having been born and bred in a prison, he was full of artifice, sagacity, and penetration. He would undoubtedly have observed my disguise, and all would have been lost.

They put in his place a man from Bordelais, a *protégé* of M. Decazes. This man was of a harsh humour; his manners were severe, and even rude; and he was very enthusiastic in his political opinions. He wanted at first to imitate his predecessor; to come into my room at all times, and enter into conversation with me: but I took such a high tone with him, that I silenced him the very first day. Consequently, I only used to see him in the morning and in the evening, when he came to examine whether all was right.

I had chosen M. Tripier for my counsel, whom I did not know, and he had taken for his assistant M. Lacroix Frainville. My friends had a great desire that I might be forgotten, and frequently expressed a wish that I might fall sick. Count Alexander de La Rochefoucault, who came very often to see me, continually reproached me with my looking too well. "If you were ill," he said, "and obliged to keep your bed, they would be forced to put off your trial: time would by degrees calm passions, and your friends would do the rest for you." I was certainly of his opinion; but where was I to find an illness? I could not come to the resolution of breaking one of my legs or arms; and one cannot have just at the time one wishes it an inflammation

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on the lungs or in the stomach. I was therefore under the necessity of keeping my health, and with it all the dangers of my situation. It was at last decided that I should be examined by one of the judges of the Royal Court, and M. Dupuis was chosen for my reporter. I had several years before frequently dined with him at the house of a mutual friend. When I came before him, we knew each other again. The presence of the registrar kept me silent. The magistrate appeared to me to be moved by generous compassion; but as the examination went on, he was soon convinced that he need not observe any particular delicacy in regard to me. I took the advance on the required explanation. I urged them on in all possible ways, and the first examination lasted five hours, though he wanted several times to stop it, thinking I might be fatigued. But I felt myself so completely innocent, I laid so much importance on destroying all prepossessions, all superstructure of false imputations which filled the indictment, that I should have continued for two hours longer if he had wished it. The next day we had another sitting, which lasted again four hours. I have heard from my friend, that M. Dupuis did not conceal his surprise at the importance that was attached to my business; and that, at the news of my being condemned, he expressed his indignation with a generous frankness. Two months elapsed, I believe, between this examination and my trial; but time did not alleviate the hatred to which I was exposed. My friends were discouraged at the violence of the Paris drawing-room against me. The royalists were enraged at the recollection of their unworthy conduct in the month of March, and sought to cover their shame by the imaginary plot which they said had brought back the Emperor; and they appeared to have no doubt but that I had been at the head of the undertaking. According to them, a very active correspondence had taken place with the Island of Elba during the eleven months of the first reign, and all the old clerks of the Post-office had taken a part in it. The mails

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which went to the South of France were filled with letters from me. Head clerks, under-clerks, couriers, postmasters in the departments—all had been in the secret, and had abetted in my design. To tell the truth, if I had been the chief contriver of such a plan, I might claim credit for it: its conception and execution would have ensured me everlasting fame; I should have been the most profound of all conspirators, and I might pretend to a great part of the glory which people too frequently bestow on men who have made themselves famous by great enterprises, even when their aim is contrary to morals and humanity; but nothing must go before truth.

In 1814, I had carefully avoided all connection with the clerks of the Post-office. With my ardent wish for seeing the Emperor again, I mixed no thought of ambition. The love cherished for him by France; the conviction I shared with the country, that he alone could govern her, and place her on a solid footing in the first rank among the nations of the globe; the hope, that to all the benefits he had already bestowed on her he would also add the restitution of her liberties; and finally, a deep feeling of gratitude,—were the only motives of my conduct. A thousand others, in my place, would have done as much. Millions have been led on by the same impulses. On his road, at his arrival, the people pressed forward to meet him: the greatest in the land had rushed to serve him,—as well those whom the Bourbons had discarded, as those whom they had retained. One lost battle had decided our fate; but if victory had remained faithful to us, the Empire, re-established on its true foundation, would have repulsed for a long time, and perhaps for ever, the family of the Bourbons, and thus Liberty would have undoubtedly found her place with glory and peace!

I was very much afraid that, during my confinement, there would be some execution. The condemned cell was next to mine, at the bottom of the yard where I used to

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walk. Two persons, accused of murder, were tried, but acquitted: one of them was a young man who had served in the Life-guards. He had murdered his mistress in cold blood, after having passed the night with her: the particulars of his crime were horrible. He first fired a pistol at her, and then discharged one at himself; but his own wound was slight. He was acquitted, as I have said, and they brought him back to the vestibule adjoining my dungeon, where he was to wait until the accustomed forms had been gone through to set him at liberty. I was not yet made acquainted with the verdict, when cries and sobs struck my ear. I thought he had been condemned, and I must confess that my courage was greatly shaken. It was not until two hours afterwards that I was told that joy had produced on him a violent nervous attack. Fortunately, his fear of passing another night in prison gave him strength enough to go away. The other prisoner was a woman who was accused of having pushed her invalid sister into the river, where she had been drowned. This unfortunate person edified even the jailer with her good behaviour; so that he employed rigorous means to prevent her odious companions from extending their abuse into real outrages. The day she was tried, she dressed herself with particular care. When she left the court she fainted,—but her joy was moderate; and on leaving the prison, she wished to distribute among her wretched companions some marks of her benevolence; but as the money she possessed did not make a considerable sum, she sent to beg ten francs of me, to add to the present she made them, saying that she would pray to God that I might find as equitable a jury as hers had been.

When the time of my solitary confinement was over, some friends came to visit me. In the foremost rank I must place Count Alexander de La Rochefoucault, whose constant friendship never ceased softening my sufferings, and who gave me an affecting proof of it by accepting

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the charge of *subrogé tuteur*[1] to my wife during her illness, and M. de Vandeuil, at present a member of the Chamber of Deputies.[2] As he was obliged to go down to the country, and remain there all the autumn, he put one day into my hand two hundred gold louis, begging me to keep them, saying, "Your communications with your family may become difficult, and money can never do any harm. It is better for you to have some now in your possession, than to be obliged to ask for it." And indeed these two hundred louis were of great service to me when I fled to Bavaria two months afterwards. His mother has been an angel of kindness to my wife: it was she who brought her the first consolation in her prison. Colonel Briqueville, who was not yet cured of two wounds he received at the affair of Versailles, frequently left his bed to come and talk with me for several hours together. I owe also many thanks to Messieurs Frank O'Hagarty and de Fidières for the marks of attachment they lavished on me. But the most active friend of all was one of our relations, Tascher de St. Roses, aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene. This excellent young man, though suffering from an asthmatic complaint which, from his childhood, never allowed him to sleep in a bed, and the attacks of which put him regularly twice a month in the most imminent danger, used to come and pass whole days with me. The charms of his conversation, and the gentle cheerfulness of his temper, made me forget at once my dungeon and my future fate. He continually maintained that I would be sentenced to banishment, and he pressed me to accompany him to Martinique, where he was born. He painted to me, with the enthusiasm of a colonist, its

[1] Minors and insane persons have, in France, besides their common guardians (*tuteurs*), a *subrogé tuteur*, who takes up the minor's interests whenever they come in collision with those of their guardian.—*Note of the Translator.*

[2] The reader must not forget that these Memoirs were begun in exile, and finished in Paris. This part appears to have been written by M. Lavalette after the election of 1827.—*Note of the French Editor.*

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beautiful climate, its cool shades, the various pleasures its inhabitants enjoyed, the singularity of their manners, and the attentions I should meet with from a numerous family of which he was the favourite. He sung to me Negro songs, talked the sweet jargon of the Negro women, and thus took a pleasure in preparing for me, my wife and her child, a happy life in the New World.

I had not seen my daughter since my confinement, through the fear of adding consternation to her grief at the sight of the horrors of my prison. Her mother, nevertheless, sent her to me to receive my blessing, the day before her first communion. My daily correspondence with my family was all my love for them required. I thought I should have been able to set bounds to my expansive affection for her; but when I saw my only child, adorned with all the graces of youth, falling into my arms, bathed in tears, and afterwards at my feet in a deep swoon, all the anguish and agonies of paternal tenderness lacerated my heart. For the first time, I felt how great was my misfortune. I could not master my grief; silent tears mixed with my daughter's sobs, and when I placed my hands on her head, it was impossible for me to utter a single word.

This scene made me reflect on my situation. I began to consider it under its real aspect; and my counsel, in their conferences, tore off a part of the veil which till then had covered my eyes.

The first, M. Tripier, was a man whose mind was cool, accurate, and logical. The best way he found to prepare himself for my defence was to attack me on all points. What had I to do at the Post-office? Why did I go there so early in the morning? Why did I send a courier to Fontainebleau? Why did I give orders during the day? Why that bulletin sent all over France by the mail? Finally: Why did I stop the newspapers, and especially the *Moniteur* that contained the King's proclamation? He

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had never done with his questions. My answers appeared to him to be sincere and satisfactory; but they did not clear me of the fault I had committed. He was, however, soon convinced that I had merely yielded to imprudent impatience. But that was not enough to acquit me; and until the day before my sentence was passed, he thought I should be condemned to five years' imprisonment for having usurped the public power.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE preliminary conferences continued twice a week during nearly a month. A few days before the opening of the debates, the *Moniteur* acquainted me with the terrible Letter addressed to the Chamber of Peers, and signed by the Duke de Richelieu, against Marshal Ney. How could that man, of whom public fame proclaimed the frankness, the gentle manners, the impartial and independent character, —how could he attack before the Chamber of Peers, with such brutal and sanguinary rage, one of the most honourable Frenchmen of our time,—one of our most illustrious warriors,—an unfortunate, accused, but unjudged man, whose examination was not yet known, and whom the law ought to have surrounded with a generous compassion? When M. de Lacroix Frainville, one of my counsel, entered my room, I showed him the *Moniteur*. Deep emotion was visible in his features while he read it; and when he had done, he said to me with an air of consternation, after a few moments' reflection, "Sir, I see but too clearly what they want to come to: but I am old; I wish to pass my last days free from political storms, and my health is too weak to bear the persecution that is about to spread on all sides. Permit me, therefore, to deposit into other hands the burdens I have taken upon me. My friend Tripier will easily find a fellow lawyer that will help him with your defence. I shall continue with my advice, but I do not feel strength enough to appear before the court."

The old man appeared, in fact, so overcome, that I made

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no comment on these observations. At that instant M. Tripier entered the room ; and his colleague, after having put the newspaper into his hands, repeated his resolution, and was going to name some other lawyer to take his place, when M. Tripier said coolly, "I want nobody ; I shall defend my client alone. It is my duty, and no consideration shall make me turn away from it:" and then our conference began.

While I was thus debating for my life, my new-born child was dying in the arms of its poor mother. This misfortune would, I feared, have most fatal consequences for her. I reckoned upon that child to comfort her grief after I should be dead. The motherly care it would require, and which she would lavish on it with so much affection and tenderness, would, I expected, give still a zest to her life ; and it was abruptly taken away from her in the space of a few hours. This circumstance threw me into despair. The following day, when Lacroix Frainville came in, the situation in which he found me made him suspect that the fear of a sentence of death was the cause of my trouble ; and he was going to offer me some commonplace comfortings, when I acquainted him of the fresh blow that had shook me. "My God!" he cried, pressing me in his arms ; "this is too much at one time. Pray forget the momentary weakness that I showed yesterday. I will not leave you ;— yes, I will defend you." And he nobly kept his word by coming into court, and assisting his fellow counsel during all the debates.

My greatest anxiety, however, was the situation of Madame Lavalette. That son, the object of the wishes of all her life, had been snatched away from her. I had required of her not to come to the Conciergerie during her pregnancy. The dismal sight of a prison, and of the dungeon in which I was confined, might have had a fatal effect upon her. Through the same motive I had forbid them to bring my son to me. All that had been reported to me of

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the passionate love of the mother for her child made me tremble for her health. St. Roses only spoke to me of her tears and her grief, but tried to make me easy as to consequences. Now, what would be the result of the trial? Five years' confinement was a severe punishment; but still I might see her, comfort her, keep in my hands the management of our mutilated fortune—in one word, offer her the prospect of more happy times to come. But if death awaited me, what would become of her in her misfortune? Through some fatality, too common in our revolution, her family, not very numerous of itself, was dispersed, or had disappeared. Her father was indeed returned from abroad; but he had brought with him a second wife, who had borne him children. Although he was an excellent man, new ties, new affections, and the distance at which he lived from Paris, did not promise that he would be a very effectual consolation for his daughter. My only hope rested on Count Alexander de La Rochefoucault, who was related to her by marriage, and who had given us for the last month courageous proof of his affection.

While my mind was thus agitated, I was informed that the trial would open on the 19th of November. The list of the jury was laid before me on the 18th. Not one among the thirty-six names was known to me. I had to choose among them twelve men, whose conscience might be firm, and whose minds enlightened enough to resist the corruption of party spirit and the threats of Government. The list was composed of tradesmen, lawyers, and two members of the Council of State,—all men, the independence of whose position, except that of the former, was not extremely certain. I had several copies made of that list, and my friends hastened to make inquiries concerning them, and to visit them. But it was Sunday, and consequently difficult to meet them. The notes I received the next day were so contradictory that I knew not whom to reject or admit. I was, however, obliged to go up to court. Before I entered

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the room where the jury was assembled, they made me wait in the President's closet, where I found a verger of the Criminal Court. He was a young man, whose eyes, fixed upon me with an appearance of great interest, seemed to question me respecting the list I held in my hand. "Read the list to me," he said, with emotion; "your fate lies in that paper. I can direct you better than any one." I did as he bade me, and at each name I mentioned he cried—"That one is doubtful; this other shocking; quickly erase the name." He had scarcely heard twelve of them when I was called to assist at the drawing of the jury. It was an imposing scene. Thirty-six persons assembled, standing in presence of the magistrates and the prisoner: twelve were to decide his fate. My looks wandered over the assembly. I sought for good-will, or at least for impartiality, and methought I perceived a sort of sympathy for me. The gravity of their countenance, their downcast looks, the air of melancholy spread over their features, infused a degree of tranquillity into my mind, that augmented with each minute. I challenged the first names that came out of the urn, because they had been so by my kind verger; but I accepted the thirteenth, M. Horon de Villefosse. The information my friend had given me was favourable to him. He was an engineer, who had been employed by the Emperor in the mines of the Hartz, in Hanover. I had been assured he was a learned and sensible man: he had been Master of Requests during my time. I congratulated myself, therefore, for having him for foreman of my jury. To his name followed that of M. Jurien, now Councillor of State, and, I believe, formerly an emigrant. I accepted him with a secret reluctance, and with a sort of foreboding that he would prove inimical. The sequel will show in how far I was mistaken.

My intention is not to retrace here all the particulars of my trial. I cannot however pass over in silence some facts, which are not explained by the perusal of the proceedings.

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On the 20th of March, the two nephews of M. Ferrand were at the Post-office. One of the two accompanied Madame Ferrand when she came to ask me for a permit for post-horses. It was the first time in my life that I had seen this young man; and it was not he that came up as a witness against me. The one who appeared had neither his stature, his features, his eye, nor the tone of his voice. I did not know there were two brothers, and in my first astonishment on finding myself in the presence of an utter stranger, I made the observation aloud. The witness, however, positively affirmed that it was he who had accompanied his aunt. The President asked me what use I wished to make of so serious a charge, which might have involved the witness in a trial for perjury. My counsel, whom I consulted, was at a loss what answer he should give me; and in all probability I should not have succeeded in eliciting the truth. I nevertheless remain convinced that I was in the right. What could have been the motive of that change of individuals? The eldest, who really accompanied his aunt, was a Master of Requests: could it have been repugnant to his feelings to present himself as a witness against me? I have not seen either of these two gentlemen since that time; and when I returned to France, after five years' banishment, it would have been impossible to throw any light on so strange a circumstance.

The Advocate-General Hua was a man of very violent opinions; and I am not the only victim of the unjust severity which he showed at that time, with several other officers on the Crown side of the court. He had shown himself my private enemy. The violence of his attacks, his obstinate hatred of me, made him reject in a brutal manner all that seemed to militate in my favour. The result of the trial was advantageous to his personal interests: he is at present a counsellor at the Court of Cassation.

The first day was spent in examinations; the second was devoted to the pleadings of my advocate, and of the King's

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attorney. I stood in the presence of numerous spectators, none of whom were my friends. However, the great animosity which prevailed during the first day, and which expressed itself more than once by groans, was afterwards softened. The second day appeared to me much more favourable. At last, towards six o'clock in the evening, the jury were going to retire, when the manner of putting the questions was discussed between the King's advocate and mine. The latter wanted them to be put in the following manner: 1st, Is the prisoner guilty of conspiracy? 2nd, Is he guilty of an usurpation of public authority? It was clear that I had had no share in the conspiracy, for that charge had been abandoned from the beginning of the proceedings; and the jury would undoubtedly have acquitted me on the first question. On the second I should certainly have been declared guilty. But by that means death was avoided. By separating the plot from the usurpation of authority, the jury would have saved me, as my crime was no longer a felony, but a misdemeanour. That was, however, not the object of Government; death was the result they demanded from the jury, and the following were the infamous means made use of to gain over the majority. It was secretly observed to the jury: "That after a great act of justice (the condemnation of Marshal Ney), it is very important for the King to do a great act of clemency. Good policy and the interest of the monarch will have it so. Give, therefore, a verdict against the prisoner. His life shall be spared, while Justice will be satisfied, society avenged, and the King's bounty will shine in all its splendour." Thus the two questions were joined in one, and delivered over to the conscience and timidity of the jury. I was brought back to prison, where St. Roses, who had been in the court, came to keep me company. My hopes had all vanished, but I tried to prolong those of this excellent young man. After a very sad dinner, I prepared to play a game at chess, and I won it, contrary to custom, for he was the better player.

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The more the hours advanced, the more his courage slackened; and when at ten o'clock he was obliged to leave me, he burst into tears and could scarcely resolve to go. I remained alone during two whole hours; for it was not till after midnight that I was called up to hear my sentence pronounced. The verdict had been read during my absence; so that the gendarmes who received me at the top of the staircase and accompanied me to the President's closet observed the most dismal silence. I sat down, and looking at them attentively, I read my fate in their faces. "Well," said I to the brigadier, "I am condemned? How could an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte expect to be acquitted?" Without giving me any answer, he led me before the judges. A deep silence, an absence of all motion, prevailed in the extensive and dimly-lighted hall. The benches were still filled with ladies. My eyes, wandering around me, sought in vain a look of compassion and kindness. One of the jurymen had his face covered with his handkerchief: it was M. Jurien. At last the President ordered the Registrar to read the verdict of the jury. It was as I expected; but fearing, above all things, to see the cross of the Legion of Honour torn from my breast, I had taken care to lay it by, as well as the great ribbon and other insignia of the Orders of the Iron Crown and Holland. The judges retired *pro formâ* for a few minutes, and on their return the President repeated aloud the article of the Criminal Code by which I was sentenced to die. Fortunately, the ceremony of tearing off the cross of the Legion of Honour was omitted. This outrage could alone have destroyed the tranquillity of my mind. The minute circumstances recorded by the public papers are correct: I shall therefore not repeat them here. At half-past twelve I went down again to my dungeon. In the passage that leads to it I met the jailer, who questioned me with great indifference. I answered: "All is over!" The man started back as if he had received a violent blow, and disappeared. I had re-

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strained my feelings in presence of the public, but night and solitude recalled to my memory the fatal words, "Pain of Death!" The agitation of mind began to show itself by an effusion of violent indignation. I walked backwards and forwards with long strides; I appealed to all France against the iniquity of my sentence. However, I grew calm by degrees, and soon, in a deep sleep, I forgot my misfortune.

The next day I received authentic particulars of what had passed the day before at the discussion of the jury. The foreman had enforced the charges with inconceivable obstinacy, and M. Jurien had confuted them with wonderful strength of argument. The discussion lasted six hours with a great deal of animosity, and such loud speeches that they were heard very far from the room where the jurymen sat. At last the foreman got the better, notwithstanding all the efforts of M. Jurien: eight votes against four pronounced me guilty.

I wished to die without appealing to the Court of Cassation. I concluded that the forms had been undoubtedly too well observed for me to hope that the verdict could be set aside. Besides, why should I languish in agony during a fortnight, or perhaps a month? Why let myself be dragged to the scaffold among the rabble in the streets, and perhaps amidst the hootings of the royalists? But then, when I thought of my wife and child, reason and coolness recovered their sway, and this was the only fit of despair which I experienced.

The first thing to be done was to communicate the dreadful news to Madame Lavalette. I wrote to an old friend, Madame de Vandeuil, and to the Princess de Vaudemont. They both went to her, and the mourning they had put on acquainted her immediately with her misfortune. But the Princess de Vaudemont, whose firm character was capable of foreseeing everything, made my wife write a letter to the Duke de Duras, First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, to obtain an audience of the King. It was very

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doubtful whether it would be granted. The ladies of Labedoyère and Ney had been refused. Nevertheless, contrary to all expectation, an hour afterwards she received permission to go to the palace. "The King expects Madame de Lavalette in his closet." Such was the answer sent to her. She stepped in consequence into the Princess's coach with my daughter, and alighted at the Tuileries at the apartments of the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber. The Duke de Duras took her by the hand, and led her, amidst all the courtiers, to the King's closet. There she fell at the feet of Louis XVIII., who said to her: "Madame, I have received you immediately, to give you a proof of the interest I feel for you." These were the only words he uttered. She was raised, and went out of the chamber. But the words of the King had been heard; they circulated as Madame de Lavalette passed; and her grief, her beauty, her noble and graceful demeanour, notwithstanding the evident dejection under which she laboured, affected all who saw her. They recollected that she was the daughter of an emigrant, and nobody doubted but my pardon would be granted, the King having once admitted her into his presence. They were nevertheless mistaken.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

The next day Madame Lavalette came to see me for the first time during four months. Her pale, emaciated, and dejected countenance made me shudder. Her voice was scarcely audible, and during half an hour I could not draw a single word out of her. She recovered, however, by degrees, and acquainted me with the particulars of the reception she had met with from the King. She came alone, but Count Carvoisin came to fetch her and conduct her home. Gratitude does not permit me to forget that worthy friend. I had known M. de Carvoisin eight years before at Surêne, where we were country neighbours. He had at that time with him a young niece, who afterwards married the Count de Clermont Tonnerre. Though he had not yet attained old age, he had already some of its infirmities. Subject to an asthmatic complaint from the time of his infancy, he had left the army before the Revolution broke out, and lived at present the life of a Christian philosopher, far from the world he did not love. He was solely occupied with the education of his young ward, and with a charitable society of which he had urged the establishment, and which prospered through his benevolence. We were far from sharing the same opinions on several political questions; but by yielding a little on both sides, the greatest harmony had never ceased to reign between us. I had lost sight of him since the Restoration; but he returned to me in my misfortune, and during the last and most terrible month of my confinement he used to come

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every day to see me, after having assisted at a mass he ordered to be said every morning for my liberation. He was, however, admirably moderate in his opinions. My situation seemed to require from him that he should offer me the comforts of religion. His conversation had a most seducing charm: he gave to his words a devoutness, and an openness of heart, that touched me; but I was too sincere not to acknowledge that there was no hope of our agreeing. I explained to him, in the most simple manner, all that it was impossible for me to admit, and he ceased his entreaties without showing the least impatience or the slightest coldness.

Now that Madame de Lavalette is about to fill a prominent part in these Memoirs, I think fit to enter into some particulars concerning her and our marriage.

Louise Emilie de Beauharnais was born in 1780. Her father, Francis, Marquis de Beauharnais, had married his first cousin, the daughter of the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais, who has acquired some celebrity in literature, and sister to the Count de Beauharnais who died a Peer of France, and whose daughter is now Grand-Duchess of Baden. M. de Beauharnais was the head of his family. His brother Alexander, who had married Mademoiselle Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, had two children, Eugene and Hortense. My father-in-law had only one surviving daughter.

At the convocation of the States-General, Alexander was elected deputy of the nobility of Blaisois. The eldest brother, Francis, was named supernumerary member of the nobility of Paris, and only took his place in the Chamber after the 6th October, 1789, in lieu of M. de Lally Tollendal, who left France at that period. Alexander embraced the cause of Liberty, and was rewarded by the scaffold. Francis always voted with the right side, and in 1792 he rejoined the Princes at Coblentz. Madame de Beauharnais soon shared the fate of all the nobles who remained in France.

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COUNTESS LAVALETTE.

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She was put in prison, where she stayed more than two years. Young Emilie was entrusted to the care of a governess, or rather abandoned to the vulgar caprice of some domestics who shared the movements and passions of the mob. Born of emigrant parents, the poor child was obliged to assist at the patriotic processions which took place every month on the Republican holidays. She often said: "I was very ill-used on those occasions by my companions, the young girls of the neighbourhood. They could not forgive me my tall stature and genteel features, which contrasted with those of the greatest part among them. The daughter of an emigrant marquis and an imprisoned mother could scarcely share the honour of their company. As for me, the exclusion had nothing disgraceful in my eyes; but my governess, though she had none of the prejudices of my companions, took great care to conduct me to their assemblies for her own interest. The least reluctance she would have shown for it might have exposed her to be arrested."

At that terrible period of madness and fanaticism, private life was subject to jealous and perpetual supervision. The porter of a nobleman's house was obliged, for his individual safety, to become a spy and an informer. The servants were again the masters, or rather the tyrants, of those who employed them. They were displeased that the daughter of an emigrant was not bound in apprenticeship, and that she maintained in her manners and occupations something genteel and delicate. The two cousins of Emilie were both apprentices—Hortense to her mother's mantua-maker; Eugene to a joiner in the Faubourg St. Germain. The 9th Thermidor having overthrown tyranny, Madame de Beauharnais got out of prison, and Emilie was sent with her cousin to a boarding-school which Madame Campan had established at St. Germain-en-Laye. There she continued her education, which had been interrupted during two years.

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General Bonaparte, to whom I was at that time aide-de-camp, had sent me in 1796 to Paris, that I might follow the motions of the two Councils and the Directory. I had written to him the truth, with a frankness that made him sensible how dangerous and how disgraceful it would be to confirm, by his assent, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor. The Directory soon became acquainted with my opinions; and though they dared not punish me for them, they expressed so great a resentment, that General Bonaparte did not think fit to take me with him to Paris, when he returned from the Army of Italy. He left me at the Congress of Rastadt; and I rejoined him only three weeks before his departure for the Egyptian expedition. All my comrades had obtained advancement: the General wished to reward me also; but, not willing to expose himself to a refusal from Government, he determined to bring about a marriage between me and Mademoiselle Beauharnais. One day, when I had accompanied him to the Treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new Boulevards, that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. "I cannot make a major of you," he said; "I must therefore give you a wife: you shall marry Emilie de Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?" "I have seen her twice. But, General, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa: I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for marriage." "Men must marry to have children; that is the chief aim of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well, in that case she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may again marry advantageously. Now, she is the daughter of an emigrant that nobody will have: my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl! deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly

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settled. Talk this morning with Madame Bonaparte about it: the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days; I will allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th." (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing all the while he spoke:—at last I said: "I will do whatever you please. But will the girl have me? I do not wish to force her inclinations." "She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home."

In the evening, I went to see Madame Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. "To-morrow," she said, "we shall all go to St. Germain. I will introduce you to my niece. You will be delighted with her: she is a charming girl!"

Accordingly, next day, the General, Madame Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped at Madame Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the courtyard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought anxiously her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us, that she might salute the General, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great that the General could not help laughing at her; but he went no farther. It was decided that we should breakfast on the grass in the garden. In the meanwhile I

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felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added: "I possess nothing in the world but my sword and the good-will of the General; and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret."

While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company; and eight days afterwards we went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest who had not taken the oaths married us in the small convent of the Conception,[1] in the Rue St. Honoré. This was in some manner forbidden, but Emilie set a great importance on that point: her piety was gentle and sincere.

A few days after our marriage I was obliged to begin secretly to prepare for my journey to Toulon, where the General had already arrived. It was agreed that Emilie should divide the time of my absence between her aunt and her grandfather, who was then eighty-six years old, but who preserved at that advanced age a sound understanding, an amiable and even temper, and who doted on his granddaughter. I left her without taking leave of her: for our separation would have been too painful. I did not return until eighteen months afterwards. My forebodings were not fulfilled. Of the eight aides-de-camp of the General, four perished. Julien and Sulkowski were murdered

[1] This convent no longer exists.

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by the Arabs, Crosier was killed at the siege of St. John of Acre, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir. Duroc and Eugene Beauharnais were severely wounded. Merlin and I escaped. Glory and fortune were dearly bought with General Bonaparte.

On my return to France, and a short time after the 18th Brumaire, I received an order to go to Saxony, with full power to negotiate a peace with Austria, in case she might be inclined so to do in the midst of the war. I took Madame de Lavalette with me. Since the year 1792 the people of the North of Germany had not seen a Frenchwoman. They were convinced that they were all dissolute persons, without education, and almost naked. Their astonishment was great when they saw a young woman, perfectly modest, extremely bashful, and dressed with a decorum and good taste that might have served as a model to the most prudish of her sex.

The admiration she obtained increased the more she was known. We passed the Carnival at Berlin. The whole Court, and especially the Queen, loaded her with kindness and attention. She was the means of destroying the extravagant prejudices that were entertained against the French ladies, and of rendering the Germans very fastidious in respect to those that came after her.

My stay in Germany was no longer necessary after the victory of Hohenlinden. In consequence the First Consul recalled me near his person; and when he placed the Imperial Crown on the head of Josephine, her niece was named Dame d'Atours. Her functions were not easy to fulfil. The Emperor, who wanted to govern his household as he did his extensive empire, was far from obtaining the same obedience there. He had ordered that the tradespeople who supplied the toilet of the Empress should only be admitted into her presence one day in the week; that the Dame d'Atours should assist at all the bargains, keep an account of what was bought, and be answerable for all

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want of order. These rules soon displeased the Empress. The Dame d'Atours remonstrated; she fell into disgrace, and by degrees her functions were reduced to those of a Dame du Palais. Fortunately for her, the Emperor was not dissatisfied with her. But what she had been unable to do, the Emperor could not do either; and the lady of honour, Madame de La Rochefoucault, could not avoid many petty discussions that made her very uncomfortable. The divorce of the Emperor, and his marriage with Maria Louisa, restored Madame de Lavalette to her liberty. From that time she appeared no more at the Tuileries; so that the catastrophe of 1814 found her prepared, and, excepting the pain her gratitude for the Emperor made her feel on his account, she accustomed herself without much trouble to the obscure life she had led for the last three years.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I NOW return to my dungeon. During the night that followed my condemnation, I had written to two of my friends, General Clarke and M. Pasquier. I imagined that the former could not forget an important service he received from me when he was disgraced by the Directory on the 18th Fructidor. "I have kept no secret from you (these were the words of my letter); I have revealed everything to my judges. See what you can do for me. Endeavour at least to spare me the horrible agony of the scaffold. Let me be shot by brave soldiers. In that manner, at least, death will be almost a favour to me." I will not give here literally his answer. I shall only mention the following phrase: "You have nothing more to do than to recommend your wife and child to the inexhaustible bounty of the King." The sentence of my death was less painful to me than the perusal of that letter. In my indignation I was going to write to him all his cruelty made me feel. I however contented myself with the agreeable thought, that my wife and child would never be found to implore the pity of him who had deprived them of a father and a husband. I was still full of the agitation into which the letter of the Minister of War had thrown me, when my door was mysteriously opened. A man approached, pressed my hand, and, slipping a note into it, disappeared immediately. It was M. Angles, the Prefect of Police. The note was from M. Pasquier, and contained the following words: "Keep up your spirits; all is not lost. His Majesty

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is surrounded by several of your friends, and all that can be attempted to soften him shall be done with courage. Hope still."

Among the Peers who might interest themselves for me, I was far from reckoning the Duke de Ragusa. We had been for a long time united by the most cordial friendship; but his conduct towards the Emperor in 1814 had separated us, and I broke off our connection. I, however, received a letter from the Marshal, in which he mentioned: "I used to go twice a week to the Tuileries; now I shall go twice a day. I will speak, I will solicit even till I grow troublesome. Whoever has any heart will join with me, and I hope to obtain my greatest wish in the world."

These comfortings of courageous friendship could deceive me no longer. I saw that I had been condemned, as Marshal Ney was going to be, to serve as an example. He was, by his reputation, the first on the military hierarchy; while I was in the eyes of the Court the most important man in the civil order—the late Aide-de-Camp of General Bonaparte, first cousin of Prince Eugene and the Queen of Holland, whom they detested, Postmaster-General during twelve years, and by that circumstance the depositary of a great many secrets it would be good to stifle (such was at least their opinion). My death was irrevocable. I therefore sought resignation, to regard with a firm eye, and make myself familiar with all the details of that death I was shortly to undergo. The turnkeys had frequently described to me the last moments of most of the unfortunate men who had left them for the Place de Grève. But I wanted to know all that concerned what they call the *toilet*. A little before four o'clock the culprit is brought into the registering room; scarcely has he crossed the low door that opens into that chamber, when the executioner and his men appear; they make him sit down on a bench, take off his coat, cut off his hair and the collar of his shirt; after which they tie his hands behind his back. They lead him thus to the cart that

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stands waiting at the door. This moment is terrible. Those who till then have shown the greatest courage and strength of mind, fall into a complete dejection and confusion ; but the open air and the crowd of people generally revive them on the way. Sometimes also the exhortations of the confessor have their effect. I listened with attention, repeated my questions, multiplied my observations, and asked every day to hear the fearful description over again, sometimes by one person and sometimes by another. There were some who made it with reluctance ; but the oldest among the jailers seemed to delight in it.

By that means I augmented my sufferings without reason. I experienced a horror and a shuddering that agitated my inmost frame. I walked in dismay up and down my room, and my sleepless nights were terrible. However, by my perseverance in recurring to the same idea I obtained at last what I so much wished for : a tranquillity at which the turnkeys were themselves surprised. At first, when listening to them, I used to grow pale ; I now could hear them without emotion or reluctance. I had some time before concealed in my straw mattress a table-knife that belonged to me ; I lost all idea of making use of it. I found a sort of glory in challenging death—in awaiting it as I would have done on the field of battle.

The Minister of Justice, Count Barbé Marbise, was endeavouring to delay the judgment of the Court of Cassation as long as possible, in hopes that time would moderate the feelings of the inhabitants of the palace ; for all my enemies were there. The Princess de Vaudemont, through her name of Montmorency, happened to be related to the most considerable persons of the Court. Almost all of them owed to her their return to France, and the tranquillity they had enjoyed under the Emperor ; for though the Emperor did not like her, and mistrusted her, she had a great deal of influence over Messieurs de Talleyrand and Fouché, and made use of it with courage and generosity. The King and his

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family had inherited the Emperor's dislike of her. They could not forgive her former connections with their two powerful Ministers. However, at her house there had been held some of the meetings which, in 1814, prepared the downfall of the Empire: and though she only took in them a very indirect and timid part, I had left off visiting her, after confessing openly the reasons of my conduct. But in my misfortune I found her animated with all the courageous devotion of a real friend. Through her M. de Richelieu was perpetually assailed. A great number of persons, whose names I scarcely knew, made it a point of honour to obtain my pardon. Madame de Vaudemont recalled to their memory my behaviour in Saxony towards the unfortunate French whom I had found there, and in France during fourteen years. I had facilitated the return of a great many; and as I never regarded them otherwise than as unfortunate countrymen, I had frequently employed my influence to be serviceable to them. Some of these kept it in their memories. But party spirit ran too high, and in particular the wound inflicted by the 20th of March was still too painful for the voice of generosity to be heard. Had my courage failed during the thirty days that elapsed between the judgment of the Assize Court and that of the Court of Cassation, I must have died or have gone mad. Every morning I learned the measures that had been taken, and the obstacles that had been overcome, and every evening I received the most desperate news:—the stubbornness with which the Royal Family rejected all solicitations; the timidity and discouragement of M. de Richelieu; and, finally, the impossibility of softening the Monarch. From time to time some courageous friends came to see me in my prison, in spite of Government, who might have punished them.

M. Pasquier, though a Secretary of State, and M. de Freville, Master of Requests, both told me to hope for the best; but I easily discovered, through their professions, a secret

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discouragement, over which they could not triumph in my presence. "I could never have had the courage to come," said M. de Freville, "if I had not reckoned on the success of your friends."

But while he was talking, the tears rolled in his eyes, and his trembling hand, that pressed mine, destroyed the hope his words were meant to convey.

It was during this interval that Marshal Ney was tried. Even before the trial came on, the number of his guards had been considerably augmented. Day and night three sentries were stationed under his window, which was also mine: one gendarme, one National Guard on horseback, and one grenadier of the Old Guard, or rather a disguised Life-guard; for they could not place confidence enough in the soldiers of the old army. I was soon satisfied in regard to that disguise by one of our relatives, Mademoiselle Dubourg, who had obtained permission to see me. She had seen one of her cousins standing sentry, and in the uniform of an old grenadier of the cavalry of the Guards. Every evening the Marshal was conveyed in a coach to the Luxembourg, and brought back to the Conciergerie next morning. On the 7th of December he did not return. I questioned the turnkey, who showed some confusion; and, on insisting, I learned that the Marshal had been executed. "Was it in the Place de Grève, on the scaffold?" "No; he has been shot." "What a happy man he is!" I joyfully exclaimed; and the poor turnkey, who did not understand what I meant, thought I was run mad.

Time, however, passed on; one of my counsel advised me not to wait for the judgment of the Court of Cassation, but to write to the King and invoke his clemency. I had an invincible reluctance to take such a step. Besides, his colleague was not of the same opinion. "It might be very dangerous," he said, "or at best produce no effect at all. If the King wishes to pardon him, he will wait for the judgment of the Court. If he is decided not to do it, he still

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will wait. It is therefore preferable not to alter anything in the present progress of the business."

The Duchess of Placencia, a daughter of the Minister of Justice, came one day to fetch Madame Lavalette, and conduct her to her father. The two ladies fell at the feet of the venerable old man. His daughter was bathed in tears; she pressed his hands in hers, and solicited with a degree of vehemence of which those who know her can alone have an idea. While he listened to her the tears trickled in silence down the cheeks of the minister, but she could not obtain a single word of him. This was a bad omen. It was evident that he had but little hope. Finally, on the 20th of December, the cause came on before the Supreme Court of Judicature. Six motions for laying the verdict aside were alleged in the writ of error; but, notwithstanding the eloquent pleadings of M. Darrieux, the sentence was confirmed. It was M. Baudus, one of my friends, who came to acquaint me with the fatal news; but he endeavoured to counteract the impression it made on me by holding out hopes, which in fact appeared so certain that I began to share them. An hour after he was gone, M. de Carvoisin came into my room. The terrible impression the judgment had made on him was visible in his face: he still hoped; but his arguments were those of a prepossessed mind, who would have found it easier to talk to me of resignation.

Three days were now all that were left to me; and in that short space of time means were to be found to approach the King. The Duke de Ragusa took that charge upon himself. General Foy came in his name to fetch Madame de Lavalette, and led her by roundabout passages to the entrance of the Galerie de Diane, where she found the Marshal, who offered his arm, and read to her the memorial she was to present to the King. It was during mass. The whole Court was at the chapel. The King was obliged to pass through that same gallery to return to his apartments. Unfortunately, one of the vergers who was there knew my

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wife ; and as it was against the custom for any one to stand in the gallery without a special order, he thought it necessary to acquaint the Marshal with that circumstance, and beg he would lead Madame de Lavalette away. "This lady shall remain," said the Marshal in a firm tone. The verger went to acquaint an officer of the Palace of what had happened, who repeated the warning in so positive a tone that the Marshal might look upon it as an order : however, he replied : "This lady, being here, shall remain ; I will answer for everything." In the meanwhile the Court was advancing. The King, who had been informed of the fact, felt it was too late to send away an unfortunate woman, who might perhaps cause some tumult by her resistance. He therefore advanced ; and when he came facing Madame de Lavalette she fell at his feet and presented her memorial. The Monarch bowed to her, took the paper, and saying, "Madame, I can do nothing but my duty,"[1] went on. My wife held in her hand a second memorial for the Duchess of Angoulême. The Duke de Ragusa, seeing her hesitate, pressed her to go after the Princess and give it to her. She was already advancing, when M. d'Agoult, Chevalier d'Honneur, with his two arms extended and his hands open, forced her to stop.[2]

This observation of the King was very unlike the one he had made a month before, when Madame de Lavalette was admitted into his closet. He now talked of his duty when his clemency was invoked. The word was appalling. Emilie seemed at first not to feel its full force ; but my fate was decided by it, and I quickly began to think what I should do to deceive and keep my wife and child away during two days. In regard to the former, that was no easy thing. Her

[1] By Appendix No. I. which contains an extract of a letter from the Duke de Ragusa on the subject, the reader will observe that this answer of the King is here misrepresented.—*Note of the Translator.*

[2] The Duke de Ragusa fell into long disgrace and was very ill-treated for his courageous kindness on this occasion. I have been told that a Prince, who is now no more, forgot himself so far in his passion as to say : "He deserves to be sent to the galleys."—*Note of the Author.*

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courage augmented in proportion to my danger, and she resolved to make a fresh appeal to the Duchess of Angoulême. The Princess lodged on the ground-floor of the Tuileries, in the apartments previously occupied by the King of Rome. Madame de Lavalette put off the black dress she had worn the day before at the Palace, got out of her sedan-chair in a neighbouring street, and presented herself at the Princess's door at the usual hour of admittance. Her pale features, her swollen eyes, her slow step, soon told the footman who she was. The door was immediately shut, and an order given not to let any one in. Finding that entrance was prohibited at this door, she hastened to seek it at the grand vestibule; but a footman ran before her to tell of her arrival, and she was also repulsed there. Exhausted with fatigue, she sat down on the stone steps leading to the court-yard, and remained there a full hour, still in the delusive hope that she would be admitted. She attracted the notice of all who passed by, and especially all those who went into the Palace; but no one dared to show her the least compassion. At last she resolved to leave the place and return to my dungeon, where she arrived exhausted and heart-broken.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

I FELT, however, that my hours were numbered : I had no more than forty-eight left, for only three days are allowed for convicts to apply for mercy. The Keeper of the Seals chose not to present his petition before the second day. The King had already silenced the Duke de Richelieu on the subject. All my friends were in despair. The turnkeys themselves came no longer near me. Eberle, who was more especially attached to my service, spoke no more to me. He wandered about my room, apparently without knowing what he did. It was on a Sunday evening. "They usually execute criminals on a Friday ? " I said. " Sometimes on a Saturday," he answered, stifling a sigh. " The execution generally takes place at four o'clock ?" " Sometimes in the morning." Saying these words, he went out and forgot to shut the door. A female turnkey of the women's prison was just going by at the time : seeing me alone, she rushed into the room, seized the cross of the Legion of Honour I wore, kissed it with transport, and ran away in tears. This enthusiastic action of a woman I had never seen but at a distance, and to whom I had never spoken, told me at last my fate. My wife came at six o'clock to dine with me. She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg. When we were alone, she said : " It appears but too certain that we have nothing to hope ; we must therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You shall step into my sedan-chair, which will carry you to

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the Rue des Saints-Pères, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await without danger a favourable opportunity of leaving France."

I listened to her and looked at her in silence. Her manner was calm, and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so; but she interrupted me at the first word by saying: "I will hear of no objections. I die if you die. Do not therefore reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me!" It was in vain that I reminded her of the numerous turnkeys with whom she was surrounded every evening when she left me; the jailer who handed her to her sedan-chair; the impossibility of my being sufficiently disguised to deceive them; and finally my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of the prison keepers. "What will they do," I said, "when they discover that I am gone? These brutes, in their blind rage, will they not forget themselves and perhaps strike you?" I was going on, but I soon saw, by the paleness of her countenance and the movements of convulsive impatience that were beginning to agitate her, that I ought to put an end to all objections. I remained silent for a few minutes, at the end of which I continued thus: "Well, then, I shall do as you please; but if you want to succeed, permit me to make at least one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my flight will be discovered, and I shall most undoubtedly be stopped in the chair, for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des Saints-Pères. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes." This reflection seemed to strike her. "Change," I added, "that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is still at our disposal: I promise to do to-morrow all you wish." "Well, you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that

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is our last resource." I took her hand and answered: "I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it." This promise made her easy, and we separated.

The more I reflected on her plan, the more impracticable it appeared to me. She was full half an inch taller than I am; all the turnkeys were accustomed to see her; her figure was slender and flexible. It is true that my troubles had made me much thinner; but nevertheless the difference between us was striking. On the other hand, I was so well prepared to die! I had in truth begun again during the last two days to deliberate with myself whether I should not use my hidden means of self-destruction. The *toilet* of the executioner, the slow march from the Conciergerie to the Grève, startled me; but still my heart remained firm. And all of a sudden I was obliged to turn my eyes from death, and direct my thoughts on the details of an escape, impossible to be realised, and which to me appeared extravagant. The burlesque was about to be mixed with the tragic part of my story; for I should certainly be retaken in woman's clothes, and they would perhaps be cruel enough to expose me to the public under that ridiculous disguise. But, on the other side, how could I refuse? Emilie appeared so happy at her plan, so sure of its success! It would be killing her not to keep my word.

The following day, while I was still absorbed in these dismal thoughts, she came. I learned from her that on leaving me the evening before, she had gone to the Rue du Bac, and had stepped out of her chair at a short distance from the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Baudus having advised her to make one more endeavour with that Minister. But ingenuity was required to come at him. She had asked the porter which were the apartments of M. Bresson, Treasurer of the Department; and as he lived in the first court, she stopped for a few minutes on the staircase, and then went into the second court and arrived at the Minister's antechamber. She was told that his Excel-

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lency was out. "I will wait," was her reply. The valet-de-chambre, to whom she addressed herself, recognised her, and went to complain to the porter, to whom orders had been given, since the morning, not to let her in; for her presence before the door of the Duchess of Angoulême had put everybody on the alert. The porter came, much out of humour, and among many reproaches he said to her, "You put me in danger of losing my place." "I deceived you,—there was no fault of yours. I am resolved to see the Minister. If he is out, I will wait for him; if he is at home I will pass the night in this room. Violence alone shall drag me out of it; you may go and say so to your master." What could the Minister do? He admitted her: Madame Lavalette explained to him in a clear and brief manner the whole trial; expressed with force how unjust my condemnation was, and concluded with invoking his intercession with the King. The Duke de Richelieu listened to her with down-cast eyes. He seemed to pity her, but at last confessed that the King had forbidden him to say a word more about the business. "Then, Sir, save him yourself." "Madam," he replied, "that would be a criminal act." "Cannot you at least present a fresh memorial in my name?" The Duke, eagerly seizing the idea, answered: "I consent to that. Send it me to-morrow by eight o'clock, and I give you my word that it shall be delivered without delay to his Majesty." [1]

"I went," said Emilie, "immediately to your lawyer for that memorial. M. de Richelieu has received it this morning, and it must be by this time in the hands of the King. My plan shall nevertheless be executed to-night. To-morrow it would certainly be too late, as we have received no accounts from the Palace. I shall come and dine with you: keep up your spirits, you will want them. As for me, I feel I have courage for four-and-twenty hours, and not for a

[1] All these particulars were given to me since by M. Baudus, to whom the Minister communicated them.

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moment longer," she added with a sigh, "for I am exhausted with fatigue. She was right to count the hours. She was scarcely gone when the jailer came in and said: "An editor of the *Quotidienne* has been with me to inquire whether it was true that you had asked for four confessors, that he might print it in his paper."—"Four—that's a great many; and what answer did you give him?"—"The truth. That I had not introduced a single one." (I guessed that this was a covert warning.) "Well, wait a little; by and by I shall give you the address of a clergyman. This whole day is my own." He made no reply, and went away shaking his head; a little while afterwards M. de Carvoisin arrived. He threw himself into my arms and burst into tears; I made him sit down, and sought to soothe him; my own tranquillity made him recover a little. "The vicar of St. Sulpice," he said, "has just been at my home; he will not refuse to lend you his spiritual aid if you require it, because you are one of his parishioners, but I beg you to spare him. He has assisted Marshal Ney in his last moments, and he has confessed to me that the scene affected him so much, he does not feel the courage to go through another. He is nevertheless ready to come, if you insist upon it." "Thank him, my friend—I have another clergyman in view; I shall send for him this evening, but not before."

The excellent man wished to enter into some particulars, but he had not the power to do so. At that moment my daughter was introduced with an old nun, the portress of L'Abbaye aux Bois. Josephine wept in silence; the nun exclaimed: "What have I done, that God dooms me to witness such horror?" Her sighs, her sobs, her endless invocations, annoyed me at last. I felt that I should lose all my courage if I did not quickly put an end to the scene. I therefore took M. de Carvoisin aside and said to him, "Take leave of me and go away softly; your grief distresses me:—adieu! do not forget me." I should have wished to retain my daughter much longer; but the sight rent my

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heart to pieces: I took her on my knee—her head fell on my breast. I attempted to speak to her, but it was impossible for me to utter any words of comfort. At last I placed her in a chair, and began to walk up and down the room, panting in vain for breath. I was therefore obliged to take a resolution with her also. "Go back to your convent," I said; "I shall see you again to-morrow, I promise it you: my affair is in a better way than you think. Do not speak to any person about it, but be sure I shall see you to-morrow." She was scarcely gone when all my strength left me. I burst into tears at the parting of my only child, and I had a great deal to do to regain my wonted courage. I succeeded, however, at last.

At five o'clock Emilie came, accompanied by Josephine, whom I saw again with as much surprise as pleasure. "I believe," she said, "it is better to take our child with us. I shall make her do with more docility what I want." She was dressed in a pelisse of merino richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put on over her light dress on leaving a ball-room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. "This is quite sufficient," she said, "to disguise you completely." She then sent my daughter to the window, and added in a low voice, "At seven o'clock precisely you must be ready; all is well prepared. In going out you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly; and when you cross the large registering-room, you will put on my gloves and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care, when you pass under the doorways, which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering-room, and the jailer generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance door; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand

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staircase. There you will be met after a short time by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm. Give me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion?" I could perceive that she was in a high fever. "But above all things," she added, "let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin." I gave her, however, my marriage-ring, on the pretence that if I were stopped in my journey to the frontiers, it would be advisable not to have anything about me by which I might be known. She then called my daughter and said to her, "Listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight; you must walk behind me, because you know that the doors are narrow; but when we enter the long registering-room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailer is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right-hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well?" The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. She had scarcely finished when St. Roses came to us. He had got introduced under the pretence of accompanying Madame de Lavalette home; but his real aim was to see me once more, for he was not in our confidence. His presence would have been a great restraint upon us. I took him therefore aside, and said to him, "Leave us now, my friend. Emilie has as yet no idea of her misfortune. We must let her continue in her ignorance. Come back at eight o'clock; but do not come in if the sedan-chair is no longer there. In that case, go immediately to her house, for she will be there."

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I embraced him, and forced him out of the door. But there soon came another visitor; it was Colonel Briqueville, whose wounds had kept him at home for above two months. He had not expected to see my wife, and he soon perceived that his presence might be intrusive, though he was not yet acquainted with the whole extent of my horrible situation. So great was his emotion, that I was afraid it would become contagious. "Leave us," I whispered to him: "this is the last time I see her. One moment's weakness may kill her." At last we remained alone. I looked at Emilie; I thought of all the obstacles I should find in my way, and which would overwhelm us. A fatal idea crossed my mind: "Suppose," said I, "you were to go to the jailer and offer him one hundred thousand francs if he will shut his eyes when I pass: he will perhaps consent, and we shall all be saved." She looked at me for a moment in silence, and then replied, "Well, I will go." She went out, and came back after a few minutes. I already repented the step I had made her take. I was sensible how useless, how imprudent it was. But when she returned, she said to me calmly, "It is of no use. I drew from the jailer but a few words, and these were sufficient to convince me of his honesty, therefore let us think no more of it."

Dinner was at last brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to table, an old nurse of ours, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill. Madame de Lavalette had left her in the registering-room, intending to send her after me when I should be gone; but the heat of the German stove and her emotion had made her so ill, and she had so long insisted on seeing me once more, that the turnkey let her in without the permission of the jailer. Far from being useful to us, the poor woman only added to our confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to make her cease her moanings, and Emilie said to her in a low but firm voice, "No childishness. Sit down

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to table, but do not eat; hold your tongue, and keep this smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air."

This meal, which to all appearance was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three-quarters struck at last. "I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville," said Madame de Lavalette. She pulled the bell, and the valet-de-chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, "Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming.—Now," she said to me, "it is time to dress."

A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and formed a sort of dressing-closet. We stepped behind the screen, and, while she was dressing me with charming presence of mind and expedition, she said to me, "Do not forget to stoop when you go through the doors; walk slowly through the registering-room, like a person exhausted with fatigue." In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. We went back to the room, and Emilie said to her daughter, "What do you think of your father?" A smile of surprise and incredulity escaped the poor girl: "I am serious, my dear, what do you think of him?" I then turned round, and advanced a few steps: "He looks very well," she answered; and her head fell again, oppressed, on her bosom. We all advanced in silence towards the door. I said to Emilie, "The jailer comes in every evening after you are gone. Place yourself behind the screen, and make a little noise, as if you were moving some piece of furniture. He will think it is I, and will go out again. By that means I shall gain a few minutes, which are absolutely necessary for me to get away." She understood me, and I pulled the bell. "Adieu!" she said, raising her eyes to heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The

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turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering-room. I was obliged, at the same time, to raise my foot and to stoop lest the feathers of my bonnet should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded; but, on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on my left hand. The child, however, took my right hand; and the jailer, coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left hand, came up to me without hindrance, and, putting his hand on my arm, said to me, "You are going away early, Madame." He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said, that my daughter and I sobbed aloud: the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large armchair, and in a space so narrow that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. There my daughter did not mistake again, but took my right arm. We had a few steps to ascend to come to the yard; but at the bottom of the staircase there is a guard-house of gendarmes. About twenty soldiers, headed by their officer, had placed themselves a few paces from me to see Madame de Lavalette pass. At last, I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next to the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them, immovable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle

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with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards its prey. It almost seemed to me that I held that musket in my grasp. At the first motion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men; and I would most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes; but they seemed to me as long as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, "One of the chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another." At the same instant, I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Orfèvres, facing the Rue de Harlay. There the chair stopped; and my friend Baudus, offering me his arm, said aloud, "You know, Madame, you have a visit to pay to the President." I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet that stood at some distance in that dark street. I jumped into it, and the driver said to me, "Give me my whip." I looked for it in vain;—he had dropped it. "Never mind," said my companion. A motion of the reins made the horse start off in a quick trot. In passing by, I saw Josephine on the Quai, her hands clasped, and fervently offering up prayers to God. We crossed the Pont St. Michel, the Rue de la Harpe, and we soon reached the Rue de Vaugirard, behind the Odéon theatre. It was not till then that I breathed at ease. In looking at the driver of the cabriolet, how great was my astonishment to recognise Count Chassenon, whom I was very far from expecting to find there. "What!" I said, "is it you?"—"Yes; and you have behind you four double-barrelled pistols, well loaded; I hope you will make use of them." "No, indeed, I will not compromise you." "Then I shall set you the example, and woe to whoever shall attempt to stop your flight!"

We entered the new Boulevard at the corner of the Rue

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Plumet: there we stopped. I placed a white pocket-handkerchief in the front of the cabriolet. This was the signal agreed upon with M. Baudus. During the way I had thrown off all the female attire with which I was disguised, and put on a dicky great-coat with a round silver-laced hat. M. Baudus soon joined us. I took leave of M. de Chassenon, and modestly followed my new master. It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured of rain; the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg St. Germain. I walked with difficulty. M. Baudus went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was, nevertheless, obliged to get on. We saw gendarmes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in search of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally, after one hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on and one off, we arrived in the Rue de Grenelle, near the Rue de Bac, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. "I am going," he said, "to enter a nobleman's hotel. While I speak to the porter, get into the court. You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with to the right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood. Stop there." We then walked a few steps up the Rue du Bac, and I was seized with a sort of giddiness when I saw him knock at the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus went in first; and, while he was talking to the porter, who had thrust his head out of his lodge, I passed rapidly by. "Where is that man going?" cried the porter. "It is my servant." I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place that had been described to me. I was scarcely there, when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm, and pushed into an apartment, the door of which was immediately shut upon me. I stepped on towards a lighted fire, which cast around the room a very faint glimmering.

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Having placed my hands upon the stove to warm myself, I found a candlestick and a bundle of matches. I guessed that I might light a candle. I did so; and I examined my new abode. It was a middle-sized room, on the garret-floor. The furniture consisted of a very clean bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and a small German stove, of earthenware. On the chest of drawers I found a paper, on which the following words were written:—"Make no noise. Never open your window but in the night, wear slippers of list, and wait with patience." Next to this paper was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Molière and Rabelais, and a basket containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond-paste, and all the little utensils of a gentleman's dressing-box. The delicate attentions and the neat handwriting of the note made me guess that my hosts combined with their most generous feelings elegant and refined manners. But why was I in the Hotel of Foreign Affairs? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the King. Besides, in that case, it would have been more natural to pardon me. If I was there by the connivance of the Minister, what reason could he have had to violate his sacred duties, belie the loyalty he owed to his Sovereign, associate himself with the party of Bonaparte, and protect a criminal sentenced for a conspiracy?

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CHAPTER XL.

I REMAINED lost in these reflections when the door slowly opened and I found myself in the arms of M. Baudus. After the first transports of joyful emotion were over, I hastened to address to him the questions that perplexed me, but he interrupted me by saying:—"I comprehend you; but keep your curiosity within bounds: the truth is, that the day before yesterday Madame de Lavalette sent for me, and when the servants were gone and the door shut, she said: 'I am resolved to save my husband, as his pardon cannot be obtained; but I do not know where to conceal him. My relations and friends are unable to serve me. I address myself to you with confidence. Procure him only a hiding-place, and he shall be free to-morrow.' This appeal was abrupt, and disconcerted me. You know I mix very little in society. To conceal you in my lodgings would have been impossible: I live in a furnished hotel, where there are thirty persons besides myself. I mentioned this to Madame de Lavalette. 'Think about it immediately,' she replied; 'you must find for me what I want.' At last, after a great deal of hesitation, I requested two hours' time; observing that I was connected with a family who had suffered misfortune themselves, and who entertained most admirable feelings of courage and devotion. 'Go quickly, and acquaint them with my situation. I shall owe my life to them, if they conceal my husband.' I asked for some particulars. 'No, no,' she said; 'you shall know all when you come back; but first run to your

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friends.' I left her, and came hither.—Stop; no impatience! you are at M. Bresson's, the Treasurer for the Department of Foreign Affairs.[1] Let me go on. Madame Bresson, since her husband's proscription, had made a vow, in the excess of her gratitude towards those who had concealed him, to save some person condemned for a political crime, if ever Providence favoured her sufficiently for any one to fall in her way. I therefore came to her and said, that the time was come for the fulfilment of her vow, and I acquainted her with your history and Madame de Lavalette's resolution. 'Let him come!' she said, with enthusiasm: 'my husband is not at home; but I need not consult him for the performance of a good action. He shares all my sentiments. I shall immediately prepare a room, where the unfortunate man will be safe. Go and acquaint Madame de Lavalette.' I went back to her, and then she explained to me her plan. I listened to her in silence: this was not a fit moment for objections. She talked with so much confidence—she seemed so sure of success, that I entered with ardour into all the details of the enterprise;—but I wanted a private cabriolet. With Madame de Lavalette's permission, I went to M. de Chassenon, whom I knew to be a man both devoted and resolute. These are the means by which you came here, for the success of which a sort of miracle was required; for, I must confess, I do not myself comprehend how it was done. Now you must be sensible of how much importance it is to your generous friends that nobody may ever know they afforded you this retreat: the whole family would be ruined. M. Bresson cannot do without his situation: he

[1] I had never seen M. Bresson but twice; but I knew his history. When a deputy in the National Convention, he spoke very strongly against the trial and sentence of Louis XVI. He voted against death, and was soon outlawed, and was obliged to fly. His wife and he found a retreat amidst the mountains of the Vosges, in the house of an honest family, who, notwithstanding they saw inevitable death before them if the unfortunate couple were discovered, kept them, nevertheless, concealed during two years with admirable fidelity.

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has a daughter and nephews to establish. Being a public functionary, and lodged under the King's roof, honoured with the trust of his minister, he knows full well all the irregularity of his conduct. But, on the other hand, he is convinced of your innocence;—and what are all other considerations when they are put in the scale with a man's life? We shall now set about getting you away from hence and beyond the frontiers, which will not be an easy matter; but the most important object is achieved, and Providence will not leave the work imperfect."

M. Baudus then left me, and I remained alone during two hours, scarcely daring to make any motion, or even to breathe, buried in sad reflections on the situation of my poor Emilie, who remained as a hostage in my dungeon. At about eleven o'clock in the evening the door opened once more, and I saw a lady enter my lodgings. She was dressed in the highest fashion, and her face was covered with a veil; she was accompanied by a young girl, who appeared to be about fourteen years old. The lady threw herself into my arms, while the child remained standing bashfully, and in tears, next to her mother. In the midst of the deep emotions that agitated us all, I could not help saying—"For Heaven's name! Madame, raise that veil, that I may see the features of the angelic person to whom I owe my life!" "We are not acquainted," she replied, raising her veil; "but I feel happy in taking a part in the heroic action of Madame de Lavalette." In fact, I never had seen Madame Bresson. She was at that time forty years of age; but her fine complexion and elegant figure made her look at least ten years younger. She placed on the stove a sort of tureen. "That is your dinner," she said; "the two courses are in the same vessel: you will make but sorry fare, but we are obliged to rob ourselves to feed you. I do not choose to tell our secret to any of our servants; they all sleep in this corridor, and the next room is occupied by my nephew Stanislaus. So make no

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noise in the morning, but make your bed and sweep your room yourself. The apartment you are in never having been inhabited, the least sound might ruin us all."

She left me after an hour's conversation. M. Bresson came afterwards: I had wept with the ladies,—his visit made me rather merrier. I was no better acquainted with him than with his wife. I had seen him once, fifteen years before, at the time I went to Saxony;—once more also, I think, at my return; and our acquaintance having ended by my not pursuing the diplomatic career, we had not met again. M. Bresson had very agreeable features, an elegant and cultivated mind, and an energetic character, of which he had more than once given the most striking proofs. It was not his attachment to the Emperor that had persuaded him to place himself in such a dangerous situation to serve me, and I do not believe that he ever was very fond either of Napoleon or his government: it was a deep feeling of humanity, and a courageous protest against those political condemnations of which he had been himself a victim. "I just come," said he, "from the drawing-rooms of some of our grand dignities. You cannot form an idea of the alarm and consternation that fill the minds of every one. At the Tuileries, nobody will go to bed to-night. They are convinced that your escape is the result of a great plot that is going to burst over them; they see you already at the head of the old army marching against the Tuileries, and all Paris flying to arms. I should not be surprised if they stop the march of the foreign troops who are already preparing for their departure. They talk of shutting the barriers. Think only of the terrible consequences of such a measure! The milk-women will not be able to get into town to-morrow!—there will be no milk for the old women's breakfasts! and I listening to all these lamentations,—I who have you under lock and key!"

He then examined with the most minute attention all my modest furniture, and what they had brought me. The

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chest of drawers was filled with his linen and clothes. "Open only half your shutters," he added, "and let no more light in than just as much as you want to read; if you catch a cold, thrust your head when you cough into this closet." I had asked for some beer, to quench the thirst that tormented me for the last month. "You cannot have any. We never drink beer, and some observation might be made on the circumstance. I have not forgot the history of M. de Montmorin, who was discovered, and died on the scaffold, through having eaten a chicken, the bones of which had been thrown at the corner of the door. A neighbour, who knew that the woman who concealed him was too poor to buy chicken, guessed that she had in her house an outlaw, and informed against her. You shall have as much sugar and refreshing syrups as you may wish, but no beer."

I passed the first night of my liberty in walking up and down, and breathing the fresh air through the half-opened window. I could not see into the Rue du Bac, but I heard everything distinctly, and the frequent passing of men on horseback sometimes startled me. At last, in the morning, fatigue got the better of my anxiety, and I fell asleep. Two hours afterwards I was awakened by noise near me, and to my great astonishment I saw in my room a little man, who was putting the furniture in order, sweeping and rubbing with great precaution. "Who are you?" I asked. "Monsieur's valet-de-chambre." "But it was agreed with your master that nobody should come in my room." "They have altered their minds, and if you please to get up, you may step into my chamber while I put everything in order here."

I got up, and he led me into another room facing the one where I slept. When he was gone, I began to examine the place I was in. It was much too well furnished for a servant's room. The chimney was ornamented with a clock, and china vases containing flowers; the bed was elegant.

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I opened a closet at the head of the bed, and found several articles of female attire. "What's the meaning of all this? Could the man be married, and his wife in the secret? How! there are already a child and two servants entrusted with my fate, and that in this house! Is that very prudent?" These reflections troubled me so much that my heart throbbed within me. I attempted to rise, but I fell on the floor in a deep swoon. The servant came back in about half an hour, and finding me insensible, he dragged me to my bed, where he had great trouble to bring me to myself. "Do all you can," he said, "to keep up your spirits, for neither my master nor my mistress can come back until this evening. I shall come if I can. But, for Heaven's sake! do not fall sick, for how could we call in a doctor?"

I was but too sensible of the truth of all this good man said to me, and added to myself, "Suppose I were to die, what would they do with my body?" I was soon diverted from these painful reflections by the voice of a newsvender who was crying something in the street. I could not well distinguish what he said, but I thought I heard my own name. I ran to the window, but the man was already too far for me to catch a word of what he uttered. I was obliged to wait until another went by, and four hours elapsed before the second came. This time it was a woman, whose shrill, sharp voice brought distinctly to my ears the words "*Lavalette* — householders — landlords." It was undoubtedly an ordinance proclaiming severe penalties on those who would give me refuge (this did not make me uneasy), but at the same time offering rewards to those who might denounce me. And who could know whether among the servants of the house there might not be found one whom the love of lucre might incite to such an act? I was very unjust: for André Joineau and his wife, whom they called *Montet*, were old domestics, whose fidelity and devotion were proof against all seduction. The woman, in

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particular, was a pretty Protestant, remarkable for the good education she had received, and her elevated sentiments. At last, about six o'clock in the evening, while I was still without light, a lady came in and seated herself at the foot of my bed: she inquired in a low voice how I was. I endeavoured to tranquillise her, and repeated my thanks for her kindness. "I am not Madame Bresson," she said; "I am her lady's-maid; my mistress will certainly come home in an hour or two: but she has heard that you were not very well, and she wished to have some account of your health." "Here is another witness!" said I to myself with a sigh. "I pray to God that so many confidants may not spoil the business; but I have great fears." At last Madame Bresson came. I spoke to her of the cries I had heard in the street. "It is nothing," she replied; "merely the renewal of an old Police Ordinance of the year 1793, that makes everybody laugh, for the joy is incredible in Paris. Madame de Lavalette is extolled to the skies. Nothing can be more diverting than the observations of the women among the lower classes, and particularly in the markets. At the theatres, the slightest allusions are seized with enthusiasm; and if Government were to attempt to stifle these transports,—which, by the bye, are something worse than disaffection,—their agents would no doubt be murdered. So you may rest easy in that respect. As for the confidants we have made around us, M. Bresson and myself have decided that it would be much safer to tell the whole business to the two servants who sleep facing you. Notwithstanding the greatest precautions, they might have heard you, been alarmed at the unusual noise, and have mentioned it to their comrades. It was much better to close their mouths by trusting them with our secret. They are married, and have lived with us during the last twenty years; they are a very worthy couple, and would most willingly expose their lives for us. We have moreover resolved that Stanislaus should also be told, for he is your

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next-door neighbour. I will bring him to you this evening." She did so. He was a young man of twenty, very well informed, and whose address was agreeable. We soon became friends. He used to remain with me from eleven at night till two in the morning. I taught him to play chess; and he brought me the journals and the news of Paris.

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CHAPTER XLI.

I MUST now return to the Conciergerie. I had scarcely passed the outer door when the jailer entered my room, and, as I had foreseen, retired when he heard a noise behind the screen. But he returned about five minutes afterwards; and not seeing any one, though the same noise was once more repeated, he took a fancy to remove one side of the screen. At the sight of Madame Lavalette, he uttered a loud exclamation and ran to the door. She caught hold of his coat, and said to him, "Wait a minute; let my husband get off!" "You will ruin me, Madame," he said in a rage; and, disengaging himself with so great an effort that he left a piece of his coat in the hands of my wife, he went off calling aloud, "The prisoner has escaped!" With those words he ran, tearing his hair, to the Prefect of Police. In an instant, all the turnkeys and gendarmes were sent about in all directions. Two of the former reached the sedan-chair, that was leisurely advancing on the quay. They opened it, and finding no one in it but my daughter, they left it. Soon, however, the pursuit began in regular order; and during the whole night, the houses of my friends and acquaintances, and even of all the persons with whom my late situation in the world could have given me the least connection, were rigorously examined. The next day the barriers were shut, and the joy of the whole capital in witnessing the despair of the police was inexpressible. Madame Lavalette, a little easier after half an hour, began to get the better of her agitation; and she would have enjoyed her happiness, if

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the brutal turnkeys, who had left her door open, had not uttered against her the most horrible abuse, and assured her it was impossible I should not be retaken in a very short time.

The arrival of the Procureur-General Bellart put an end to their abusive language. He sat himself gravely down to examine her, and addressed reproaches to her that were only ridiculous. By his order, she was treated with so much severity, that, in the state of health in which she then was, that usage became the chief cause of the disorder under which she laboured during twelve years, but from which she has at last recovered. They placed her in the chamber of Marshal Ney, where there was no chimney, but a German stove, the suffocating heat of which made her suffer a great deal night and day. The window opened into the women's yard. To hear the noisy cries of those wretches during the whole day, and their vulgar and obscene language, was agony to so delicate a female. No person could come near her; even her maid was excluded, and she was attended by one of the female turnkeys. None of her letters could cross the threshold of the prison, nor could any communication from her friends reach her. She was for ever assailed with a thousand different terrors, especially in the night, when the sentries were relieved. She always imagined it was her husband they were bringing back. During more than five-and-twenty days and nights, she did not enjoy one moment's sleep. I was far from thinking she could be so unhappy. I had been told, with the view of comforting me, that she was lodged in the apartments of the lady of the Prefect of Police, treated with the greatest attention and respect, and that she would soon obtain permission to return home.

My daughter had returned to her convent in an ecstasy of joy, and agitated with so strong an emotion that she could not explain in what manner she had contrived to save her father. But when, next day, the whole business was explained, the Superior, who had just succeeded in obtaining

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the protection of the Duchess of Angoulême for her house, was seized with alarm: my daughter was ordered to hold her tongue; and the nuns and some of the boarders shrunk away from her, as if she had had the plague. Will it be believed when I add, that the parents of several of those boarders declared to the Superior, that they would take their children home if Josephine Lavalette remained in the convent? So that a virtuous, generous action, which ought to have been presented as an example to be followed by young persons, was through fear, personal interest, and perhaps also by meaner passions, regarded as a sort of crime and a cause of proscription. Six weeks afterwards, when Madame de Lavalette was set at liberty, she hastened to take her daughter from the convent.

I passed the first ten days very quietly in my retreat, loaded with the most touching marks of friendship. My kind protectors sought, above all, to ease my mind. As long as I remained with them, I had, they said, no danger to fear. I might stay whole months in my hiding-place, without putting them to the least inconvenience. I was, however, not of the same opinion. M. Baudus, who came now and then to see me, could not dissemble that the activity of the police had not relaxed in the least: they were certain that I had not crossed the frontiers either at Strasburg or at Metz. General Excelmans, who was an outlaw, and had fled to Brussels, wrote to his wife, as a great secret, as soon as he had heard the history of my flight, that he had just supped with me. The anecdote was industriously circulated, but the police were not deceived by it. It was in Paris that they continued their searches. My friends were watched with a strictness inspired by the hope of a considerable reward. M. Berton de Vaux, then Secretary-General of the Police, explained to M. Baudus the hidden cause of so obstinate a persecution. The Ultra party accused the Minister of having yielded to old connections of friendship with me, and to the wish of making a merit of

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my flight in the eyes of Louis Bonaparte and his whole family, and thus insuring himself a title of gratitude for some future contingency. These absurd charges might come to the ears of the King; and M. Decazes, fearing above all things to lose his credit, and perhaps to fall beneath the hatred to which he was exposed, augmented, from day to day, the activity of his inquiries. It was therefore necessary for me to fly;—but by what means? It was proposed that I should once more assume the garb of the other sex, and go secretly to a sea-port, where smugglers would undertake to convey me to England. I rejected that plan as quite extravagant. Neither did it please Baudus. A few days afterwards, he came and told me that a Russian general offered to take charge of me; that I should be conducted to his inn during the night, and then concealed in the back of his carriage. Thus I might pass the barrier without any accident. But for that I first was to lay down eight thousand francs to pay his debts, and then take upon me all the expenses of the journey. The money was ready, but the plan miscarried. The Russian wanted to know the name of the outlaw; and when he heard it, the fear of being sent to Siberia, in case I were discovered, made him draw back. After that, it was proposed that I should join a battalion of Bavarian soldiers that were going to leave France, by trusting my secret to the commander, who would undoubtedly be very glad to save a relation and friend of Prince Eugene. This plan appeared unobjectionable to me. I too well knew the King of Bavaria to fear that the officer would be punished; and that excellent Prince, to whom I mentioned the fact a few months afterwards, said to me with emotion, "I would have attached him to my person, if he had succeeded in saving you!"

But I was also obliged to abandon this project: the police, having guessed that I might make resort to it, watched the troop with so much vigilance, and the officers were so com-

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pletely circumvented, that it became quite impossible to have any connection with them. At last, on the eighteenth day after I had left prison, Baudus came to me with a joyful countenance and embraced me, saying, "We shall at last succeed. Some Englishmen have offered to serve you, and I believe they possess the means of doing so." These are the particulars of what had happened. The Princess de Vaudemont, uneasy at knowing me to be still in Paris, though she was not acquainted with the place of my concealment, looked about for persons who might help me away. She spoke of her anxiety to Madame de St. Aignan Caulaincourt, one of the cleverest women born in France, whose kindness is inexhaustible, and whose courage is unbounded: she proposed to the Princess to sound a young Englishman, Mr. Bruce, who used to visit both their houses. Bruce, delighted at the idea of saving an unfortunate man who had escaped the scaffold in so wonderful a manner, accepted with enthusiasm the proposal of the ladies, and went immediately to consult Sir Robert Wilson on the subject.

Sir Robert shared his young friend's enthusiasm. He had failed in his attempt to save Marshal Ney, but he hoped to take his revenge in my case. He made quite a military expedition of the business; and as Bruce was not in the army, it became necessary to find one or two officers, independent men, of liberal opinions, who might be disposed to play off a good trick on the Government of the Bourbons. The road to Belgium, by Valenciennes, was specially assigned to the English army, and it was therefore chosen for my escape. They asked no more than two days to finish their preparations. I received a very particular instruction concerning my dress: no mustachios; an English wig; my beard shaved very clean, after the manner of the officers of that nation; a great-coat with buttons of the English Guards: the regimentals and hat were to be given me at the instant of our departure.

We held council, and, as it occurs in most cases, our first

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steps were wrong. It was looked upon as very necessary to get my coat made by the tailor of an English regiment; but he would want my measure: my friend Stanislaus took it with fine white paper; and instead of the notches that the tailors are accustomed to make, he wrote on it, "*Length of the forearm, breadth of the breast*," &c., in a fine neat hand, and carried it boldly to the tailor of the regiment of the Guards. He quickly made the coat, however—not without observing that the measure had not been taken by a tailor. M. Bresson had been to buy me another great-coat at an old clothes shop, and was naturally obliged to measure it on himself. He was, however, tall and thin; so that in less than forty-eight hours I had two coats, neither of which could be of any service to me. I had no boots, and all our speculations were useless in contriving to procure me a pair. I was forced to put on a pair belonging to M. Bresson: they were at least two inches longer than my foot; I could scarcely walk in them, and we all laughed much at the awkward figure I cut.

On the 9th of January, 1816, at eight o'clock in the evening, I at last took leave of my kind friends. We were all very much affected, and particularly myself, who was leaving them with so little hope of ever seeing them again. I did, however, meet them again. I write this at twenty minutes' walk from a delightful country seat, on the right bank of the Seine, which they inhabit the whole year through. I see them every day: they are happy and independent. Fedora, their only daughter, is married to M. de Montjoyeux, an amiable young man. They have two pretty children; and Fedora is one of the cleverest, handsomest, and most agreeable women I know. I take some pleasure in thinking that the happiness this family enjoy is partly the reward of their generous and courageous conduct towards me.

After I had embraced them, Messieurs Bresson and Baudus brought me to the corner of the Rue de Grenelle, where I

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found again the faithful Chassenon, with his cabriolet. In going to my destination, we crossed the Place du Carrousel. I could not help smiling when I passed so near the numerous sentries stationed along the railings of the Tuileries, and when I saw the place lighted up, and filled, as I had reason to imagine, with people enraged at not being able to seize me, while I was not more than fifty yards from them.

We stopped at a house in the Rue du Helder, near the Boulevard: there I took leave of my friend Chassenon. As I walked slowly up the stairs, I was surprised at meeting Mademoiselle Dubourg. There would have been too much danger in our appearing to know each other. I afterwards learned that she was going to M. Dupuis, my Reporting Judge, who lived on the second floor of the house; so that I was going to pass the night under the same roof with the magistrate who had during my trial examined me twice at length, and with great severity. This circumstance, however, by no means troubled me. M. Dupuis was an honourable man, to whom I had shown no reserve—who was convinced of my innocence, and did not fear to declare it openly, with an energy that might be hurtful to his fortune.

When I reached the first-floor, I saw before me a gentleman of tall stature and noble features—it was Sir Robert Wilson. He introduced me to two persons who were expecting me in the parlour; in one of the two I recognised Mr. Bruce, whom I had met sometimes during the preceding winter at the Duchess of St. Leu's. Mr. Hutchinson, to whom the apartments belonged, was a Captain in the English Guards. He received me in a friendly manner. We seated ourselves round a bowl of punch. Our conversation turned on public affairs, and we talked with as much ease and freedom as if we had been together in London. These gentlemen did not appear to entertain the least uneasiness in respect to our next day's journey; and at last, after sitting for about an hour, Sir Robert and Mr. Bruce rose, and the former, shaking hands

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with me, said: "Be up to-morrow by six o'clock, and be very careful about your dress. You will find here the coat of a Captain in the Guards, which you must put on. At eight o'clock precisely I shall expect you at the door." "As for me," said Bruce, "I am going to spend three days at the country-seat of the Princess de la Moskowa; for you will not want me any longer. My wishes go along with you, and I shall receive accounts from you by my friends."

When they were gone, Mr. Hutchinson offered me his bed; but I had no desire to sleep, and I laid myself down on a sofa. While my host was lying in a profound sleep, I looked about the apartments to find a corner where I might conceal myself, in case the police should come and pay us a visit; but it was very scantily furnished, and consisted only of two rooms and a closet. It would have been impossible to elude, even for a quarter of an hour, the most superficial search. I opened the window to ascertain the distance I was from the street; that distance was too considerable for me to leap. I could not hope to save myself after my fall, and still too near the ground for me to be killed at once. Fortunately, I recollected the pistols M. de Chassenon had given me. I took one of them in my hands and examined it with care. I placed it under my pillow, and was as easy after that, as if I had had in my possession the surest talisman. I soon fell asleep; but about one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a great noise and a very animated conversation that was taking place at the carriage-door of the house. By listening, I discovered that somebody wanted to get in. I immediately awoke my companion, and said, "I believe I am discovered. Some person wishes to get into the house." Mr. Hutchinson went out of the apartment in the calmest manner, and in about five minutes, which appeared horribly long to me, he came back, saying, "It is only a dispute between the portress and a French officer who lives on the third floor. She is complaining that he comes home too late. So let us go to sleep again without fear."

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At last, after having counted every hour of the night, I heard six o'clock strike: I immediately set about my toilet, and at eight o'clock precisely I found Sir Robert Wilson in the street, dressed in his full regimentals, and seated in a pretty gig. Mr. Hutchinson soon appeared also on horseback, and we set off. The weather was beautiful; all the shops were open, everybody in the streets, and by a singular coincidence they were just at that moment putting up in the Place de Grève the gibbet which, according to custom, is used to execute in effigy persons declared guilty in contumacy.

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CHAPTER XLII.

We entered the Rue de Clichy which leads to the barrier of the same name. As I had on the regimentals and cap of the Guards, the English soldiers we met saluted us in the military manner. Two officers we met on the road appeared very much surprised at seeing with Sir Robert one of their comrades with whom they were unacquainted; but Mr. Hutchinson went up to them and talked to them while we were approaching the barrier. To the right and to the left were two guard-houses—the one English, and the other French. The soldiers drew up under arms. Fortunately the French were National Guards, and it was not probable they could know me, as they did not belong to my quarter of the town. We crossed the barrier with a slow step; and when we were out, I thanked Sir Robert with as much gratitude as if we had crossed the barriers of the kingdom. We went on thus to the village of La Chapelle. There we were obliged to take another horse, to be able to go to Compiègne. This horse had been baited at a large inn. When we approached the house, we perceived four gendarmes standing in front of the door. Sir Robert went up to them: they separated, that we might pass; and, to prevent them from paying attention to us, Mr. Hutchinson began a conversation with them. His inquiries were chiefly directed to the number of stables and the quantity of forage and lodgings that were to be found in the village: from all which they concluded that English troops were expected, and one of them invited the

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English captain to accompany him to the Mayor. "Not at present," he answered: "I am going forward to meet the waggons, and in two hours I shall be back." The conversation could not last very long with an Englishman who knew but little of our language. But the horse was quickly changed, and we had the satisfaction, on going away, to exchange salutes with the gendarmes. I then learned that the man who had brought us thus far belonged to M. Auguste de St. Aignan. On the road we met with several gendarmes in pursuit of malefactors, or bearing military correspondence. They all fixed their eyes on us without suspecting anything. I had accustomed myself, on seeing them, to shut my eyes, but with the precaution of placing my hand on my pistol,—fully resolved, if I should be recognised and apprehended, to blow my brains out; for it would have been too great a stupidity to suffer myself to be brought back to Paris.

We arrived at last at Compiègne. At the entrance of the suburb stood a non-commissioned English officer, who, on seeing his general, turned to the right and marched with gravity through several small streets, until he stopped at a small house in a very lonely part of the town. There we found an officer who received us very well, and we waited for Sir Robert's carriage, which Mr. Wallis was to bring from Paris for him. That officer had ordered post-horses for General Wallis, brother-in-law to Sir Robert Wilson, who travelled under his name. Mr. Wallis arrived at about six o'clock; after having been followed a great part of the way by the gendarmes. We had not an instant to lose: the carriage advanced rapidly. We experienced a great delay at Condé, in getting through the town, but it was during the night. At last, next morning, at seven o'clock, we arrived at Valenciennes, the last French city on that frontier. I was beginning to feel more easy, when the postmaster told us to go and have our passports examined by the captain of the gendarmerie. "You forgot,

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I suppose, to read who we were," said Sir Robert calmly: "let the captain come here, if he chooses to see us." The postmaster felt how wrongly he had acted; and taking our passports, he went himself to get them signed. As it was very long before he came back, I began to be tormented by a most horrible anxiety. Was I going to be wrecked in the harbour? Suppose the officer of gendarmes were to come himself to verify the signatures and to apprehend me? Fortunately the weather was very cold, it was scarcely daylight, and the officer signed the passports without rising from his bed. We got out of the gate. On the glacis, an officer of the Preventive Service wanted to see whether we were in order; but having satisfied his curiosity, we went on and stopped no more. We flew along the beautiful Brussels road. From time to time I looked through the back window, to see whether we were not pursued. My impatience augmented with every turn of the wheels. The postillions showed us at a distance a large house, that was the Belgian Custom-house: I fixed my eyes on that edifice, and it seemed to me as if it remained always equally far off. I imagined that the postillion did not get on: I was ashamed of my impatience, but it was impossible for me to curb it. At last we reached the frontier: we were on the Belgian territory:—I was saved! I pressed the hands of Sir Robert, and expressed to him, with a deep emotion, the extent of my gratitude. But he, keeping up his gravity, only smiled, without answering me. About half an hour afterwards he turned to me, and said in the most serious tone possible: "Now, pray tell me, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?" I stared at him with astonishment, and made no reply. "Yes," he continued; "they say that you had solicited, as a favour, that you might be shot?" "It is very true. When a man is guillotined, they put him in a cart, with his hands bound behind his back; and when he is on the scaffold, they tie him fast to a

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plank, which they lower to let it slip thus under the knife." "Ah! I understand: you did not like to have *your throat cut like a calf*."

We arrived at Mons at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and we stopped at the best inn. While dinner was preparing, I wrote a few letters, of which Sir Robert was kind enough to take charge; and after having gone with me to buy some things I wanted, and having given me two letters, one for the King of Prussia and the other for Mr. Lamb, the English resident in Munich, we separated,—he to return to Paris, and I to go farther into Germany and try to reach Bavaria.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

I REMAINED, however, the night at Mons. Next day I could not go any farther than Namur. I travelled under the name of a Colonel Losack, sent by the Duke of Wellington on a mission to Munich and Vienna. I had purchased at Mons a bad cabriolet ; I had no servant ; and the weather was so severe, and my health so feeble, that I could not travel above twenty leagues a day. It was very dangerous for me to remain so long on the road. The description of my person had been sent everywhere about: I might meet with Englishmen, and my passport, great-coat, and buttons with the arms of England, would all betray me, as I could not speak the language. I arrived, however, without any accident, at Worms. I knew enough German to serve my purpose, and I hastened to read the papers. How great was my consternation when I read in the *Gazette* that Madame de Lavalette remained in the Conciergerie, and that Sir Robert Wilson and his two friends had been apprehended!

The General had brought with us to Mons a young servant who could not speak French. When he returned, the spies who were on the look-out for me, observed in the yard of the hotel where he lived his coach covered with mud. They inquired of the pottress, who told them that the General was just come home from a journey, on which he had been absent only three days. The police suspected him: the young servant was seduced by one of the spies, who questioned him artfully, and he confessed that his

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master had been to Mons with an officer of the Guards who could not speak a word of English. The description of my person given by the young man put the police on the track; but proofs were necessary. It was this servant who used to carry the correspondence of Sir Robert Wilson to the English embassy. They promised him money if he would bring his dispatches to the Prefect of Police. He did not fail to do so. The first letter they opened was directed to the Earl Grey.[1] The history of our journey was related in it, with all its details. Having gained possession of this document, the police had the three Englishmen apprehended.

The perusal of the journals grieved me beyond expression. I took a resolution to go to Russia, to solicit from the Emperor Alexander that my wife and friends might be set at liberty; and I flew to Manheim to get a letter from the Grand-Duchess of Baden, first cousin to my wife. She was out of town; and from what I learned from my landlord, I should be forced to keep up a most severe incognito. The Grand-Duke refused the passage through his territories to the outlaws who came from France; not so much, however, out of ill-will towards them, as for fear of compromising himself with the French Government. When I left Manheim, I wrote nevertheless to the Grand-Duchess, and continued my journey, like a madman, through Wirtemberg, where I was nearly arrested at Stuttgard. The King who at that time occupied the throne would not have failed to make me acquainted with his dungeons. I succeeded at last in passing through Ulm, and found myself in safety in the Bavarian territory.

When the King of Bavaria heard of my escape from the Conciergerie, he said to Prince Eugene—"As for him, he may come to me; I will take care of him."

I went in consequence to Munich, and wrote a note to Baron d'Arnay, secretary to the Prince, to beg he would

[1] For this letter, see Appendix No. XII.

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come to see me. He came, but after having delivered my note to the Prince, who dined that day with the King. The news was communicated to his Majesty after dinner. They reckoned no longer upon me, thinking me gone to America. My arrival surprised the King, who did not wish to have disagreeable discussions with France. After a moment's reflection, he said, "He cannot remain here: not even under a feigned name. That ferret, the Duke d'Alberg, is at Munich, and would soon find him out. Remain two days with him, and let him set off the third for Frayssingen. He will be in safety there." That small town is surrounded with woods, the cold was severe; but I felt so happy at being at liberty, that I could not bear to remain in my room, and went out ten times a day to stroll about in the forest, notwithstanding the snow and ice. My strange manners surprised the inhabitants; and a French emigrant, who lived at Munich, came to my abode, soon discovered who I was, and carried the news to the capital. I was in consequence obliged to leave my retreat, and the King was kind enough to send me to Starnberg, a wretched village, situated near the lake of that name.[1] I was uncomfortable there; but spring was approaching. The forests in that part of the country are beautiful, and of immense extent: while the banks of the lake are lined with delightful country seats. Prince Eugene used to come twice a week to the house of a gamekeeper, two leagues from Munich, where I went to meet him. He brought me newspapers and books, and acquainted me with all that was going forward. I thus reached the month of May; but I was again obliged to leave Starnberg. I had been recognised; and the Prince Royal, who learned that I resided in that remote corner of the country, remonstrated with his father on my stay in Bavaria, and the difficulties into which he might get involved with France, in case they should learn in Paris that he had given me a retreat. The King denied

[1] See Appendix, No. XV.

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my being in his states ; but at the same time he sent me an order to retire to the farther end of the lake. By the advice of Prince Eugene, I went and concealed myself in the house of a gardener, four leagues farther still. "You will be more comfortable there," said the Prince : "in about a fortnight, I shall come to reside in the royal seat that is no more than a league from your new abode. We shall be able to see each other every day." He soon came there with his family, and I used to go every morning to the castle, and did not go home till the evening. The friendly reception I met with from Princess Augusta, the kind attentions bestowed on me by all the persons that surrounded her, contributed greatly to alleviate my grief and restore my health. The Prince said to me one day—"The King is accustomed annually to spend one day in this place. When I went yesterday to take his orders on the subject, he accepted my invitation, but on condition that you would come and dine with him."

I went. His Majesty received me with open arms. He was accompanied by some officers of his household, and among others by Count Charles von Reichberg, who told us that he had left Paris eight days after my escape from prison. Though the gendarmes had been present at his departure, and had examined his passport with a great deal of care, he was nevertheless stopped on the Boulevard, and obliged, as well as his two travelling companions, to get out of their carriage, that the descriptions of their persons might be verified, and that it might be ascertained that I was not among them. The King was very merry, and took a great deal of pleasure at seeing me where I was, after having been exposed to so many dangers. During the five hours that he remained with the Prince, he never ceased loading me with the most delicate attentions. The pains he perpetually took to bring to my mind his former stay in Paris, when I had the honour of paying my court to him ; the slight service I had rendered to him in my quality of Postmaster-General,

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and the attachment with which the Emperor had honoured me, were meant to show the persons who surrounded him that I was under his especial protection, and that my misfortunes augmented the interest he vouchsafed to express for me. When he was ready to go, he came up to me, and, pressing my hand, said, "Remain at peace in my country, live among your friends, and reckon upon my attachment and protection."

I soon obtained permission to settle in Munich under a feigned name. I went every night to the theatre; and when the play was over, I finished the evening with the Prince, who lived *en famille;* but it was quickly known in Paris. The Duke de Richelieu took it amiss, and a formal demand was transmitted to Munich, to send me away from Bavaria. Count d'Erlon, who lived in the outskirts of the city, was comprehended in the sentence of proscription, though he did not live there under his own name. The cabinet of Munich replied to that of Paris that they knew nobody in Bavaria who bore our names; but, at the same time, the King proposed to us to take refuge in Silesia, where he possessed several castles, as Duke of Deux-Ponts. The measure was a dangerous one: could the King of Bavaria's protection follow, and defend me at so great a distance, and in the heart of a Prussian province? Should I not be obliged to go from thence to Russia, whither I felt they wanted to drive me? I answered by begging he would rather shut me up in some prison in Bavaria. Fortunately, the diplomatic correspondence relaxed by degrees on that subject; Count d'Erlon remained at his country-seat, and I escaped by going to Eichstadt, in the principality of Prince Eugene, and afterwards to Augsburg, to his sister, the Duchess of St. Leu. I passed with her the last year of my banishment; the attentions and kindness she showed me might have made me perhaps forget France if my dearest affections had not made life intolerable far from my country.

Madame de Lavalette had got out of prison after six weeks'

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ill-usage. Deep melancholy and perpetual alarm inspired her with a great disgust for society, and threw her mind into such a state that she was said to suffer from mental derangement. Though my daughter was at that time no more than fifteen years old, her mother hastened to establish her, that she might enjoy the protection of a husband, when the state of her own health would not permit her to keep a watchful eye over her. She wrote to me: "I feel it is high time to shelter my daughter from our misfortunes." She fixed her choice on M. de Forget, the son of a gentleman of Auvergne, whose name had been long respected. He had been Auditor to the Council of State. I had observed in him a great deal of talent, and an excellent heart. I gave my consent, and my daughter is now happy and honoured in her province.

Finally, after six years of outlawry, the gates of France were again opened for me. Before my departure, I obtained an audience of the King of Bavaria. He pressed me in his arms with emotion, and said: "I embrace M. Cossar—(that was the name under which I went in Germany)—but I require of M. de Lavalette to come and thank me within two years. I am growing old: he must not tarry too long." My political situation in France was very uncomfortable, and the severity of the Government too great to have permitted me to fulfil the engagement the King had made me take, and which was so consonant to the wishes of my grateful heart. Death has since snatched him from his subjects, who adored him, and who never will forget *him* whom they were wont to call "the good King."

I left Prince Eugene in the prime of his life, enjoying excellent health, in the most happy situation, beloved by the King as if he had been his son, surrounded by a numerous and charming family, loaded with all the gifts of fortune, of whom he had nothing more to demand, his name shining with bright and unsullied glory. He had a fall from a sledge in 1816, in consequence of which a

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gathering took place, they say, in his head. The pain being very slight, he neglected the necessary remedies. Seven or eight weeks afterwards, the gathering appeared with symptoms which the physicians did not comprehend ; and he died at the age of forty-four, leaving a disconsolate widow and children, whose education was not yet finished, but also a reputation for courage, wisdom, and generosity, that neither France, Italy, nor Bavaria will ever forget.

When I came back to France, I was obliged to have my letters of pardon registered. This ceremony, which might have become painful to my feelings, was managed by the magistrates at Colmar with a discretion for which I shall always be thankful. The Advocate-General, M. Rossec, only said, "He had been sentenced for conduct which, from day to day, appears less serious." I came to Paris, where I fixed my abode, and lived in retirement, forgotten by most of my former friends, and also by the police, who might have made my life very uncomfortable.

At last, the health of Madame de Lavalette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take her home. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into fits of abstractedness ; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass the summer in a retired country-house, where she seems to enjoy herself. I have preserved my independence, the first of all mortal riches, without pension, salary, or gratuity of any sort, after a long life, consecrated to the service of my Country, offering up for her liberty prayers that will perhaps never be fulfilled, and living with the recollections of a great period and a great man.

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APPENDIX.

No. I.

Toulon, 28 Floréal, Year VI.

THE General of Division, chief of the General Staff of the Army, orders Citizen Lavalette, Captain, Aide-de-camp to the General-in chief, to go on board the frigate *Artemisa*, and to sail with the expedition.

ALEX. BERTHIER

No. II.

TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE, AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Head-quarters at Malta, 29 Prairial, Year VI.

The *Artemisa*, Citizen, has orders to anchor off the coast of Albania, to give you the means of conferring with Ali Pacha.

You are to deliver to him the enclosed letter, the contents of which only mention that he is to believe all you say to him, and call an interpreter whom he can trust, so that you may hold a private conversation with him. You are to give the said letter into his own hands, and you will take care that he reads it himself.

Afterwards you are to tell him that having conquered Malta, and being at present in those seas with thirty ships and fifty thousand men, I shall of course enter into communication with him, and that I wish to know whether I may rely upon him.

That I wish he would send to me by the frigate a man of note in whom he places confidence. That considering the service he has rendered to the Republic, his personal qualities, courage, and

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gallantry, if he trust me, and consents to second me, I am able to increase considerably his glory and his fortune.

You are to make general inquiries respecting the political and military situation of the different states of those regions.

You are to write down whatever Ali Pacha says to you, and re-embark in the frigate to return and make me a report on the result of your mission.

When you pass by Corfu you must see General Chabot, and tell him to send us wood, and issue a proclamation to the inhabitants of Corcyra and other islands, directing them to send to the squadron wine, dried raisins, and other objects, for which they shall be liberally paid.

BONAPARTE.

No. III.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

Head-quarters, Cairo, 22 Frimaire, Year VII.

You must set off on board the djerme *La Venitienne*, with Citizen Beauchamp, to go to Alexandria. You must inspect the situation of the fortifications, magazines, and of every ship of our squadron.

You must deliver the sabre you receive herewith to Rear-Admiral Perée.

You must inspect the fort of Rosetta.

You must endeavour to get from Alexandria to Rosetta my travelling carriage and the carriage I brought from Malta. At Rosetta you will embark them on a djerme for Boulac.

You are not to come back until you have seen Citizen Beauchamp under weigh.

BONAPARTE.

No. IV.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

Head-quarters, Cairo, 18 Nivose, Year VII.

I have received your letters of 28 and 1 Nivose: stay at Alexandria until the caravella be gone, and set off immediately after.

GENERAL BONAPARTE.

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No. V.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

Head-quarters, Cairo, 18 Vendémiaire, Year VII.

You must set off this day, Citizen, on board the little *Cisalpine*, taking with you the cange *La Corcyre*, and the canoe the *Rhone*.

You are to conduct the convoy bound to Salahieh to Mit-Kamas, where it will be placed under the orders of General Murat, who is to send it farther up.

You are then to continue your passage with the armed vessels, and go to Mansoura; there you will see General Dugua, and inquire what news he may have received either from Damietta or from Menzalé. You will go on to Damietta, take on board of the three vessels all the troops they are able to carry, and go with them to rejoin General Andreossi and newly man his flotilla. You will follow that General on his reconnoitring trip to Peluse.

You will write to me from Mansoura and from Damietta; and, if there be any newly arrived vessels in the roads of Damietta, will question them and send me a report.

BONAPARTE.

No. VI.

REPORT ADDRESSED TO THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF ON MY JOURNEY TO PELUSE.

Cairo, 6 Brumaire.

I left Boulac on the evening of the 18th Vendémiaire, on board of the cange *La Corcyre*, bound for Damietta, with the *Cisalpine*, and the canoes the *Rhone* and the *Seine*.

I sent General Vial before Mit-et-Koli, at the moment that village had been plundered for having murdered some Frenchmen. He had with him two hundred and fifty men of the 13th and 25th half brigade. No inhabitants were found in that village. The same circumstance took place in regard to two others which had been equally guilty. In returning to Damietta on the 23rd, the General stopped at Farescout, surrounded the village, and required of the chiefs that they should deliver up to him the arms of their inhabitants. He obtained only eighteen muskets, and took two sheiks as hostages, who were sent off to Cairo. Farescout is the

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village the inhabitants of which are the most devoted to Hassan Toubar. It was there that the insurrection of the 24th Fructidor was decided.

I left Damietta on the 24th, and passed the night at the tower of Bogaz, the wind not having allowed me to go any farther. That tower contains a garrison of twenty or thirty men. The wall that has been raised round it shelters it against a surprise. But the cannons that defend it are ill-placed, and the platforms are not in a state to support them long.

On the 25th I went to Dibbé by land. The road from Bogaz to the mouth of the lake is eight leagues in length, and the soil a firm sand; the heaviest artillery may pass over it without danger.

Dibbé consists of about thirty fishermen's huts. Several inhabitants came to meet us, and brought us provisions.

Having the advantage of a fair wind, I arrived at Menzalé in twelve hours. This is a considerable place, containing about five thousand inhabitants. However, not more than one-fifth of them were there when I passed. Hassan Toubar was the owner of two houses there: he had taken everything with him. We found nothing in them but some cattle and wretched furniture. Though the inhabitants trade on the lake, the boats are obliged to anchor at half a league distance, the lake not being deep enough for them to approach nearer to Menzalé, which, besides, is not built on the shore. The anchoring place is unprotected, but possesses sweet water, which is brought to a small distance from it by the emptying of the canals of the Nile in the season of the inundation.

On the 27th, at six o'clock in the morning, I left Menzalé to join General Andreossi, to whom I brought water and provisions. I found him on the 28th at the mouth of Aroum Farregge.

He had with him fifteen barks; his troops consisted of a battalion of the 25th, and a detachment of the 2nd light infantry.

On the 29th, at four o'clock in the morning, I set off for Peluse with the General and a detachment of thirty men.

The distance from the mouth of Aroum Farregge to El Farameh is three leagues. This ruined town presented nothing remarkable. At three-quarters of a league from the sea we found an enormous quantity of dust and bricks, which are supposed to have been the fortress of Peluse. There is yet a wall standing, and some arches that have been examined. The ruins of the town extend to about three thousand paces. In all that space we found nothing but a

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few pillars of granite of large size, and a sort of tower partly in ruins.

On our return we observed, at eighteen hundred toises from Peluse, an edifice which is thought to be a ruined mosque. Nothing, however, remains but the brick walls and a part of the arched roof. We saw there several cannons unfit for use, and granite balls.

On the 30th we left Aroum Farregge, and I separated from General Andreossi near Tanis.

I found on my arrival at Damietta the train of artillery designed for Salahieh. They were embarking it on the lake, and it was to go off the following day for Sann.

General Dugua had arrived the preceding day at Damietta. He told me that the government of that province was not yet organised, but that he was going to look after it.

General Barras complained of the difficulties he met with in the discharge of his duty. The secretary they have given him is a young man, who understands nothing about the business; and the state of his health will not allow him to do all himself. He was unable to give me a very exact account of the property of Hassan Toubar. As soon as he shall have made the necessary inquiries on the subject, he will acquaint you with the result.

General Vial complains that he has not troops enough to guard Mansoura. He has not two thousand able men under his command, and twenty thousand peasants assemble every week in the market-place of that town.

I accompanied General Murat on his expedition to ——, the inhabitants of which had the day before massacred some dragoons of the 14th, and stolen their horses. The village was surrounded at ten o'clock at night; and next morning the General sent into it two companies of grenadiers, who slaughtered more than one hundred peasants. In their houses were found two sheaths of dragoons' sabres, and some helmets.

LAVALETTE.

No. VII.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 27 Nivose, Year VII.

You will please, Citizen, to come back to Cairo as soon as possible. I have received your report.

BONAPARTE.

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No. VIII.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 9 Pluviose, Year VII.

You will please, Citizen, to come to Cairo as soon as possible. I want you for the new campaign that is about to commence.

BONAPARTE.

No. IX.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 20 Pluviose, Year VII.

You must set off, Citizen, as soon as possible, to join me. You need not wait for the departure of the caravella. At your arrival at Cairo you must remain three days there, to gain a perfect knowledge of the situation of affairs; and you must not depart until a favourable opportunity offers.

BONAPARTE.

No. X.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER OF THE DUKE DE RAGUSA TO M. ——.

I had been intimately acquainted with Lavalette, but political events had separated us. The cruel fate that threatened him caused a renewal of my friendship for him. He wrote to me the letter you have in your possession. I carried it to the King, who read it from beginning to end. My prayers and solicitations were without effect; I obtained neither his pardon nor a commutation of the sentence; it was even in vain that I hoped Louis XVIII. would consent to Lavalette's last wish, and change the manner in which he was to die. The King was inexorable.

I then went to Madame Lavalette to concert with her a petition she was to present. She told me she had means of procuring her husband's escape. I tried to persuade her not to make any use of them as long as she had any hopes of another nature. The report was brought to the Palace that she intended to come there, and orders were given not to let her in. I took upon me to conduct her, and gave her my arm. I chose to enter into the Saloon of the Guards at a moment when the sentry turned his head another way, and then I found myself all of a sudden, with her, in the

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middle of the saloon. The Life-guard stopped us, and, without failing in any way in the respect he owed to me, executed his orders in the most rigorous manner. The officer came and delivered his soldier from the awkward situation in which he was, and I persuaded M. de Bartillat—this was the name of the officer—that, should he even risk a few days' arrest, he ought to lend his aid to do a good action. So he allowed Madame Lavalette to remain in the Saloon of the Guards. I had chosen to enter the moment the King was hearing mass. I knew that if I had come earlier the King would rather have gone that day without mass than run the risk of meeting this poor woman; but once in the Chapel, he could not help coming back. M. de Glandevès, major of the Life-guards, came and told me that orders had been given not to admit Madame Lavelette. "But," said I, "have you an order to put her out of the apartment, now that she is in?" He answered, that he had not. "In that case," I continued, "I remain." The King came. Madame Lavalette threw herself at his feet: he answered—"Your grief is very natural, Madame, and I appreciate it, and share in it as I ought to do; but I have duties to fulfil which cannot be dispensed with;" and he continued his walk. Madame Lavalette threw herself also at the feet of the Duchess of Angoulême, who avoided her, and went by without saying a word. We went out. The next day was the Duchess of Angoulême's birthday, and the anniversary of her leaving the Temple. We prepared ourselves to stand by when she should pass. Measures were taken to insulate her, and sentries placed up to the roof of the Tuileries to prevent our coming by a round-about way.

From that moment I looked upon Lavalette as a lost man, and I said so plainly to his wife, telling her that if she possessed, as she had said, means of getting him away, she would do well to try them. Her other friends endeavoured to keep up a delusion to which she seemed but too well disposed. She said to me—"They want to pardon him on the scaffold." "Do not believe that," I answered; "if he gets upon it, he is lost." I had, even in her presence, a discussion with the Duke de Plaisance, who entertained the same false idea. She believed me, and her husband escaped the next day. This poor woman has often repeated—at first, while she still possessed her reason, and afterwards, when she had lost it—that I was the only person who had not deceived her.

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No. XI.

LETTER OF M. ——, AIDE-DE-CAMP OF THE DUKE DE RAGUSA, TO M. ——.

The day after the Marshal had placed Madame de Lavalette in the King's passage, he went early to the Palace, to discover what was going forward. The most rigorous measures had been taken. The passage was guarded — only one chance remained: the antechamber of the Captain of the guard upon duty has a second door, leading to the King's staircase, directly facing the apartment of the Duchess of Angoulême. To pass through that door was the only manner of getting Madame Lavalette where she wished to be; but the Marshal stood too much in public view to be able to accompany her. He gave the commission to one of his aides-de-camp, with the necessary instructions. Madame Lavalette left her home alone, and the aide-de-camp went with General Foy to meet her sedan-chair that she left at the bottom of the Pont Royal, where General Foy remained waiting for her while she went into the Tuileries with the officer. The hour had been calculated so as to make her arrive, towards the end of the mass, at the moment that the Duchess of Angoulême should leave the Chapel. She arrived at the apartments of the Captain of the guards, after whom the officer asked, knowing very well that he was just then with the King; he would not, as he was afraid, enter into the saloon to wait for him, but stopped in the antechamber, where he made Madame Lavalette sit down. The door of the antechamber was open; he went into it in an unaffected manner; and when he saw the Duchess of Angoulême come down, he called out to Madame Lavalette, "Come, *cousin*, and see the Duchess pass." Madame Lavalette stood up; but while they had been waiting, the officers of the Life-guards had crossed the antechamber and recognised Madame Lavalette; so that when she came to the door, the door-keeper rushed forward and locked it. The officer tried to turn the key. "It is not permitted to pass." "Come, come; people every day stand in the staircase; and my cousin, who is from the country, has never seen the Royal Family; so that I should be very glad if she could seize this opportunity." "It is impossible: I know who this lady is, and I have positive orders not to let her pass." "Well, then, fifty louis, a good action, and the protection of the Marshal." The doorkeeper was not to be bribed; and

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during the conversation the Duchess of Angoulême got into her apartments. They were forced to go away. After having handed Madame Lavalette back to her chair, the officer re-entered the court of the Tuileries. A little while afterwards, a Life-guard came to ask him whether Madame Lavalette was still in the Palace. Louis XVIII. was to have gone out; but he remained, for fear of meeting Madame Lavalette.

No. XII.

LETTER OF SIR ROBERT WILSON TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY.[1]

MY DEAR LORD,[2]

I am just returned from a journey of about three hundred and fifty miles, the first half of which was undoubtedly the most interesting I ever made.

The question was one of immediate life or death for my companion, and of all that such responsibility, accompanied by the most aggravating circumstances, might lead to for myself.

Acknowledged as the victim of breach of faith with my country, he had claims to my personal efforts even at the foot of the scaffold; and to the most powerful claims on humanity he added a character by which he had acquired to himself the general esteem of all classes of society.

It was the fifth of this month [3] that, already acquainted with his perilous position, I also learned that his persecutors had obtained certain knowledge that he was still in Paris; that they had discovered the traces of their prey, and were multiplying their efforts to ensure their bloody triumph: there was no longer any hope of pardon.

The virtues of Madame Lavalette, and the interesting circumstances of her husband's first extraordinary escape, had only the more enraged the monsters.

[1] This letter was intercepted by the French Police, at Paris, and laid the first foundation to the charges against Sir Robert Wilson and his numerous friends.—*Note of the French Editor.*

[2] The reader will please to observe that this letter must have been first written in English, but appears here *re-translated* from the French; so that it may happen that some expressions are not in exact accordance with the original.—*Note of the Translator.*

[3] January, 1816.

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It was for me to decide whether rage or vengeance should be satisfied,—whether all the preceding efforts should be rendered useless,—whether the cause of liberty and humanity attached to his fate should be disgraced by his catastrophe, or whether criminal hopes should be deceived,—whether England should escape from the shame of again participating in murder,—and whether every honest and independent man in Europe should have, at least for once, an occasion for rejoicing in these times of mourning and infamy.

I did not hesitate: if I had, I am sure you would have blamed a weakness that would have made me unworthy of the opportunity I then had of becoming the protector of the oppressed. I had only one thought left—that of ensuring the success of the enterprise. The secret had been entrusted first to young Bruce, who had been authorised to communicate it to me. His friendly zeal in favour of Ney had rendered him too suspicious in the eyes of the Court for his steps not to have been watched; so that, although he was disposed to dare and undertake everything, still he was sensible that an active interference on his side might make our plan miscarry. I was myself too fearful, watched as I knew I was, to absent myself from the capital; but one officer of the Guards whom I consulted not having been able to get leave of absence, and another officer whom I sounded not judging fit that he should leave his post, I resolved not to hazard anything more by these half confidences, and to take the execution on myself.

It was, however, necessary to find some persons of trust who might facilitate the necessary dispositions, and our choice fell upon Ellister, of the fifth regiment of the Guards, and John Hutchinson, as well on account of the confidence we placed in their honour, as because we knew that they had been already, once before, engaged in a business of the same nature; and, in fact, Ellister was the person who had first undertaken to put our plan into execution if he could have obtained a temporary leave of absence.

We decided that the fugitive should wear the regimentals of an English officer, and that I should conduct him out of the barriers in an English cabriolet, myself being in a military costume; that I should have a fresh horse ready at La Chapelle, from whence I should go to Compiègne, where Ellister was to bring me my coach, into which I should step with Lavalette, to reach Mons by way of

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Cambrai. On my solicitation and responsibility, I easily obtained from Stuart passports for a General Wallis and a Colonel Losack, names we chose because their initials corresponded with those of the real names. These passes were duly signed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; only, when they were presented for signature, one of the secretaries asked Hutchinson, that brought them, who was Colonel Losack; upon which he immediately answered—"He is the brother of the Admiral." This important part of our negotiation being finished, Ellister went to the police with Colonel Losack's passport, and asked for post horses for my carriage; and at the same time, to prevent all suspicion, he took apartments and a coach-house at the Hôtel du Helder, in the name of Colonel Losack.

Bruce fortunately learned that the brigade of his cousin, General Brisbane, was at Compiègne, and that his aide-de-camp was to leave Paris on the 7th of the month, to go to Compiègne with the horses and baggage of the General, who was at that time in England. We saw him at Bruce's, where we had appointed to meet him; and I told him that some very particular circumstances obliged me to pass through Compiègne with a person who wished not to be known, and that it would be necessary for us to remain there an hour or two in some retired part of the town. He answered obligingly, that his confidence in us was unreserved; that his existence depended on his situation; but that he would not hesitate in satisfying us, knowing that we took an interest in the matter. I do confess that it went much against my inclination to implicate such a person in the business; but the cause was too important a one for me to stop at such a consideration; and I conceived a hope that a day would come when I should have it in my power to acknowledge that service either by myself or by my friends. Bruce procured Lavalette's measure; Hutchinson gave it to a tailor, saying it was that of a quartermaster of his regiment, who wanted immediately a great-coat, a waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons. The tailor observed that it was the measure of a lusty man, and that it had not been taken by a tailor. His observations alarmed me so much, that I thought fit to send Hutchinson back to him to say, that the quartermaster not being able to wait for his clothes until Saturday evening, they were to be carefully folded up in a box, so that they might be sent after him. Hutchinson and Ellister took, besides, all the necessary measures to procure

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horses, and went the day before to reconnoitre the barriers, posts, &c.

All these preparations being made, and all the precautions taken it was finally decided that Lavalette should go to Hutchinson's lodgings on Sunday evening the 7th, at half-past nine precisely; that I should be on Monday morning at half-past seven at his door, in Bruce's cabriolet, with my servant, who was to follow on my well-harnessed mare, as if I were going to pass an inspection; that Hutchinson should ride next to the cabriolet, talking with us; and that, in case any stoppage should occur, Lavalette should get upon his horse, and I on my mare, that we might be more at liberty and get on with speed.

I should certainly have preferred crossing the barriers on horseback, but we thought that our English mode of riding might attract attention; while the crossing them in full daylight, and in an open cabriolet, would be showing so much assurance that no suspicions would arise. At last, the hour fixed for our departure drawing near, Hutchinson, Ellister, Bruce, and I came to Hutchinson's apartments, under the pretence of taking a bowl of punch. The moment came when we were to fix our eyes upon a man whose fate hung on the plan we had formed to save him, and whose days had already been counted by his enemies,—a man who was the object of all the hatred and affection of the two opposite parties, and who, if he were discovered, would occasion us all the sufferings that enemies, or even friends deluded in their hopes, might heap upon us under the form either of punishment or of reproach. Bruce went on the staircase, and immediately Lavalette took him by the hand, and we saw before us that interesting individual. He was dressed in blue regimentals, and so well disguised that he would not have been remarked even in an Englishman's apartment. The friend who had brought him did not come in, but he gave to Hutchinson, for the use of Lavalette, a two-barrelled pistol that I have kept to this day. The latter appeared at first much affected, but we did not leave him the leisure to express his gratitude; and, after a few moments, Ellister and myself went away, leaving him to the care of Bruce and Hutchinson. At midnight, Bruce retired, and Lavalette laid himself down on a bed that was prepared for him. In about half an hour, somebody knocked at the house-door: Lavalette sprang from his bed, crying, "We are undone!" But Hutchinson soon discovered that it was

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a drunken French officer, who, in going to his apartment, had made all that noise. You may well think that not one of us spent a very tranquil night; and, in fact, I was not without anxiety as long as Lavalette remained in Paris—for I also thought of my family. I had barely mentioned to Lady Wilson that I was engaged in a plan to save one of the outlaws, and that I was obliged to conceal his name and the arrangement that had been taken. I did not think fit, in the first moment, to enter into any further particulars with her, though I knew she would have been able to keep the secret if it had been necessary, and would moreover, I am sure, have given willingly all the aid in her power. She perhaps suspected the truth from my air of uneasiness; but I must say to her praise, that she did not say a single word that could make me suppose she wished to dissuade me from the plan, though she constantly suffered a great deal as the time drew near when I was going to deliver myself up to the chapter of accidents, having under my charge so precious a deposit.

I was at Hutchinson's door at half-past seven. I went upstairs to call Lavalette, and within five minutes we were together on the way to the Barrière de Clichy. We met an officer who appeared surprised at seeing a superior officer he did not know, but my servant eluded his inquiries. I crossed the barrier at a slow pace; the gendarmes looked steadfastly at us; but the act of presenting arms gave Lavalette an opportunity of concealing his profile in the bow he made. When we were passed, Lavalette pressed my leg with his; and when we had no more fear of being observed, I saw his face glistening with pleasure at this first favour of fortune.

The road was covered with all sorts of people; but whenever we met any public conveyance, I began a very long conversation in English; and I remarked that the hat ornamented with a white feather that Lavalette held in his hand attracted the attention of travellers, and drew off their curiosity from our persons.

The features of Lavalette are so remarkable, and his face is so well known to all the postillions and postmasters, that it required the greatest caution lest he should be recognised. At La Chapelle we changed our horses, and we had a moment's alarm at the sight of four gendarmes hovering around us; but Hutchinson, to whom they addressed themselves, got rid of them by saying that we had come to look out for quarters for an English division. We were afterwards obliged to pass near other gendarmes, who had in their

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possession the description of Lavalette's person ; and it may be remarked by the bye that it had been distributed everywhere throughout France. As we came near Compiègne, I remarked some white hairs that showed themselves under his brown wig ; and having fortunately a pair of scissors about me, I dressed his hair by the way. At the entrance of Compiègne, we found the orderly commanded by Captain Fennell, who led us through the town to a very well-chosen place, for we were not disturbed by the spectators in the street.

Nobody saw us enter except some English soldiers and domestics who served us while we were waiting for the carriage. Mr. Fennell offered us a luncheon, which would not have detained us like Louis XVI., but enabled us to spend very agreeably the time that began to hang heavy on our hands, and which otherwise would have been lost. At last, towards night, as it had been agreed, Ellister came with the carriage, which had been got out by the Barrière St. Denis, and had been followed by gendarmes to La Chapelle. Horses were immediately ordered.

The postillion having come alone, I had the lamps of the coach lighted, not only for safety, but also to show that we were without uneasiness within. We left our friends, and entered the carriage that was to be for us either a hearse or the chariot of fortune. We were well armed, and prepared to resist in case we were attacked. But I reckoned more upon presence of mind than upon force, if any difficulties should arise.

We were frequently questioned at the different post-houses ; but Colonel Losack [1] always kept himself back, and I took care to cover the door as much as possible. My servant and the postillion said at every stage that it was an English general ; and my carriage being English produced a good effect. I must observe, that we took only three horses and one postillion, for fear four horses might make it appear as if we were in too great a hurry to get on : we besides avoided by that means the eyes of the second postillion we should have been obliged to take, and who would have been a spy upon us.

We experienced no delay until Cambrai, where we lost three hours at the gate by the obstinacy of the English sentry, who, not having any order to call the gatekeeper, whose duty it is to let the couriers in during the night, would listen neither to entreaties nor

[1] That was the name Lavalette had taken.

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to threats—a negligence which has already caused considerable delay in the communications of Government, and might have proved fatal to us. In passing through Valenciennes, we were three times severely examined, and our passports were carried to the commander of the gendarmerie; we got off, however, and, about five miles from thence, we had finally the happiness of crossing the last barrier, and being examined for the last time.

I shall not attempt to paint the feelings of Lavalette. I shall only say that from that moment his mind appeared quite calm. He was not only saved, but triumphant. What seemed to gratify him most was the idea that the effort dictated by his wife's devoted affection had been finally crowned with success.

We did not stop till we arrived at Mons: there we dined, and made arrangements for the farther journey of Lavalette. I wrote several letters to facilitate to him the means of reaching his destination; and having also provided all that was necessary for his safety and satisfaction, I took leave of him, and returned to Paris, where I arrived last night by the road of Maubeuge, Soissons, and the Porte St. Martin.

My absence having lasted only sixty hours, my journey cannot have been much remarked; and up to the present moment I have no very bad consequences to fear from my undertaking. I do not wish either to be put into prison, or lose my rank in life, but I had made up my mind to both before I embarked in this enterprise; there is, however, no appearance that I shall have reason to regret an attempt that has so completely succeeded.

I have had at times an idea of communicating confidentially to the Duke of York what I had done, to avoid the suspicion of having conspired clandestinely; but I fear to compromise those whose interests I am bound to defend, and therefore I only for the moment acquaint *you* with what has happened, begging you would send this letter to my brother at Arundel[1] after having perused it, not having sufficient time to write separately to him, and, in fact, being rather fearful of sending to his address a letter on this subject.

You may well imagine that I have learned most interesting particulars; but I must wait to communicate them until I can write to you again by some safe opportunity.

I should be very glad if Lord Holland were to know what I

[1] In the county of Sussex.

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have done, for he is acquainted with Lavalette, and has taken interest in his fate: I mentioned this to the latter, who learned the fact with gratitude.

Lavalette will send to him his protest concerning the Convention, and will claim his protection as soon as Madame Lavalette gets out of prison and is in safety. I hope I shall be able to get the written opinion of Fouché on the subject, and the explanation of his motives for signing the list of the outlawed: it seems that he did it from a wish to save a great many others.

I have just heard that Soult is to be placed in the first list, and that the Princes make the greatest efforts to ensure his condemnation and his execution:—this report coming from a person who enjoys the confidence of Feltre, I shall put Soult upon his guard.

I am for ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely,
(Signed) R. W.

It cannot but be extremely agreeable for me to know your opinion. Let me know as soon as possible whether I ought to write to the Duke, or beg Gordon to speak to him.

I am sorry I cannot make a fair copy of my letter, but I have no time; and you must pardon me if you are obliged to decipher my scrawl, having just received a letter from Lord H. that will take me a week to read.

R. W.

No. XIII.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM COUNT LAVALETTE TO M. ——

London, the ——.

The first public sitting for the election opened this morning. There are three candidates for the Borough of Southwark—Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Calvert, the late members, and Mr. Polhill, a candidate to be elected instead of one of them. Each candidate wears his colours: Sir Robert has chosen blue Marie Louise; Mr. Calvert, sky blue; and Mr. Polhill, orange or yellow. It was agreed that I should be at Sir Robert's at half-past eight or nine o'clock. We stepped into an elegant landau drawn by two beautiful horses: Sir Robert and his eldest daughter, Jemima, sat on the back seat; the youngest and myself on the front one. They were elegantly dressed, though with simplicity; their father's

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colours shone on their bonnets and sashes. The two footmen, the coachman, his whip and the horses, were all covered with those ribands. All went well till we arrived at the entrance of the Borough; but there the crowd entirely filled up the broad street we were going through, and we were soon stopped by an immense number of people bearing the banners of Wilson, and music playing. The horses were taken from the carriage, which was dragged along by the people for nearly half a league, with cries of "*Hurrah—Wilson for ever!*" It was a tumult—a confusion which the strongest heads could with difficulty have borne. In the front of the people that dragged us along were placed the banners, with deafening music, and behind them the carriages of several Frenchmen, such as Messrs. de Staël, Francis and Alexander Delessert, the lady of the latter, young Montebello, the son of Duvergier de Hauranne, Daru, Montalevet, and, among others, Sir Robert was standing at the bottom of the open landau, bowing to everybody, offering his bare hand to the dirtiest hands I ever saw. Women of the lowest classes stretched out their children to him, that he might caress them; while the windows, and even the roofs of the houses, were literally covered with inhabitants, crying out as loud as they could, and carrying, on the walls and before the shops, large bills fastened to long sticks, with the following words:—"*Wilson, the friend of humanity!*" "*Wilson and Liberty!*" "*Wilson and the Abolition of Slavery!*" "*Wilson and the Protestant Constitution!*" "*Wilson for ever!*" We advanced slowly. Sir Robert said:—"We shall soon arrive in the enemy's country." In fact, a little while afterwards we passed before Mr. Polhill's door. Yellow began to show itself on the windows, coaches, handbills—but the crowd that accompanied us redoubled their cries of "*Wilson for ever!*" Five minutes later, we saw Mr. Polhill pass in a very elegant coach, but a shut one, and all his followers covered with yellow ribands. The mixed cries of "Wilson!" "Polhill!"—the hurrahs, the hissings—the thick crowd, made such a confusion, that I certainly thought we were going to be overthrown, and crushed to death. I observed the young ladies growing pale, but they felt so happy at being near their father, that it renewed their courage; and the emotion that was visible in their handsome faces was the only thing that betrayed the anxiety that tormented them. They did not make a motion, nor utter a cry. I endeavoured to tranquillise the

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eldest, who sat facing me. "No, no!" she said, "I am only afraid for the poor people that surround us." Generous in their hostility, the two rivals bowed to one another as they passed, and we arrived at last before the *Hustings*, situated in a place where the street divides in two, and forms a small square, scarcely wide enough for a battalion of six hundred men to manœuvre, and where, however, more than four thousand persons were assembled. We stepped out with difficulty before the hustings, at the house of a wealthy tradesman, a zealous partisan of Wilson's, and from a parlour on the first floor we distinctly saw the whole sight of the election. What they call the *Hustings* is a scaffolding large enough to hold two hundred people, and covered with boards as a shelter from the rain,—something like what we see in our public ceremonies on our quays and boulevards. Sir Robert left us to get on the hustings. The High Bailiff, a magistrate delegated by the Lord Mayor or the Sheriff, opened the meeting in presence of all the people, by declaring that the election was about to take place. He read the writ, proclaimed the names of the candidates, and made known the forms that were to be observed in the election. Afterwards, according to custom, a friend of the first candidate made a speech, in which he expatiated on the titles of the candidate to the suffrages of the people, his public conduct, his opinions in regard to Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. Then came the friend of Sir Robert. The celebrity of his name, the splendour of his life, rendering it unnecessary for the orator to enter into particulars, he bounded himself with praising his parliamentary conduct, and explaining to his hearers that the attempts made to expel him from the House had been directed by a party that might endanger Liberty. Afterwards, the candidates, presenting themselves in person, were received,—the two first, Sir Robert and Calvert, with a great deal of favour; while Mr. Polhill could never succeed in obtaining a hearing. The hootings, hissings, and cries of all sorts perpetually covered his voice. Wilson, at last, went up to him, took him under his protection, and claimed silence from the mob. Mr. Polhill seemed touched by this generous act of his rival, but he did not reap any more assurance from it. He looked embarrassed; and some person who went near the foot of the hustings to listen to what he said, assured me that the House of Commons would not have gained an orator in him if he had been elected. At last,

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after three hours' speeches, to which the people listened with an attention that proves how fond they are of political discussions, the High Bailiff said that the election was about to take place, and invited the electors to hold up their hands for the candidate they preferred when they heard his name uttered. Mr. Polhill had very few hands for him, the greatest part of the crowd being for the two others. A great number of the electors' tickets were then thrown among the people. The polling took place on the front of the hustings, with books prepared to receive the votes of the electors. Each voter came with his ticket, and put down the name of one of the candidates: this operation lasted about two hours. At four o'clock, the number of voters was counted and proclaimed aloud, as also by means of a bill stuck up. The result was, 175 for Sir Robert Wilson, 170 for Mr. Calvert, and 106 for Mr. Polhill. The polling will continue to-morrow, and probably the day after. The candidates will speak the whole morning, and from two till four o'clock the books will be opened, and the votes taken down: nevertheless, if during the space of an hour not one voter appears, the book is definitively closed, and the majority of the voters decides the nomination. It is probable that Mr. Polhill will give up the contest.

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No. XIV.

LETTER OF M. BALLOUCHEY, ADDRESSED TO COUNT LAVALETTE.

16th May, 1827.

M. LE COMTE,

I hasten to transmit you the information the Duchess of St. Leu asked of you concerning the moneys received on account of her august mother, the Empress Josephine, during the time that I had the honour of being charged with her affairs,—that is to say, from the 1st of Messidor of the twelfth year (20th of June, 1804) until the year 1809 inclusive; and I add to that only the sums delivered by M. Duménil during the eleventh year and the first nine months of the twelfth.

The expenditure of the Empress's household, as well as that of the estate of Malmaison, were each year fixed by the common budget of their Majesties. That budget received the Emperor's

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approbation, who examined the accounts at the end of each year; and when any sum remained disposable out of those allowed for the household of the Empress, instead of being delivered over into the hands of her Majesty, they returned to the treasury of the Crown.

The same thing took place in regard to the revenues of Malmaison: they were gathered by the treasurer of the Crown, and entered in compensation of the sum allowed by the budget for the expenses of the estate, so that the Empress never received any portion of them.

On the common budget of their Majesties' household an annual sum of 480,000 francs, payable monthly at the rate of 40,000 francs, was allowed to the Empress, of which 30,000 francs were for her toilet and personal expenses, and 10,000 for her *cassette* of pensions and alms. This latter part being almost always insufficient to meet the numerous charitable gifts bestowed by the Empress, her Majesty was obliged to draw upon the 30,000 francs designed for her toilet, for the overplus of the expenses of her *cassette*, as well as the support she allowed to a great number of planters, &c., left almost wholly to her charge, and whose children she paid for in various boarding-schools, and, finally, the sums disposed of in payment of objects of art and other things she purchased in the course of the month, to distribute as presents of all sorts. The remainder of the 30,000 francs not being sufficient to meet the expenses of her Majesty's toilet, the result was an account of arrears that was balanced from time to time by means of the extraordinary sums of which the Emperor disposed by special orders.

In consequence, the total sums received on account of her Majesty the Empress Josephine, during the space of about seven years, was 5,354,435 fr. 44 c.; to wit:—

	fr.	c.
By M. Duménil during the eleventh year and the first months of the twelfth, according to an account of which I possessed a duplicate certificate by M. Estève, then Treasurer of the Crown	960,841	92
And by me, here undersigned, from the 1st of Messidor of the twelfth year (June 20, 1804) until the year 1809 inclusive, a sum of 4,393,593fr. 52c.		
That is:—		
At the Treasury of the Crown for the use of the Empress's toilet and wardrobe; for expenses		

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	fr. c.	
previous to her coming to the throne; for extraordinary expenses during her Majesty's journeys, including gifts, presents, indemnities allowed to different persons for travelling; and, finally, for unforeseen expenses, &c., &c. ..	3,231,864 75	
Do. for the *cassette* of provisions, and various charities allowed by her Majesty in her different places of residence, as well as for various charities distributed during her journeys in France, and abroad	925,307 12	
Recd. at the Treasury of the Crown	4,157,171 87	
Moreover, received at the Public Treasury, for the dividends of her Majesty's five per cent. stock, and at the Bank of France for more of her Bank stock, 201,626fr. 65c.		
Moreover, for different objects sold by order of H.M. 34,795fr.	236,421 65	4,393,593 52
		5,354,435 44

RECAPITULATION.

Received at the Treasury of the Crown by M. Duménil	960,841 92
Do. do. M. Ballouchey	4,157,171 87
Total sum received at the Treasury of the Crown for the Empress Josephine during the space of about seven years..	5,118,013 79
Moreover, received at the Public Treasury, the Bank of France, and of sundries	236,421 65
Sum equal to the above	5,354,435 44

The uses to which the sums received during nearly seven years on account of her Majesty, and amounting according to the statement here above to 5,354,435 fr. 44 c., have been applied, is authenticated by accounts duly balanced, and which prove evidently that the Empress laid nothing by. It is besides a known fact, that the taste of her Majesty led her to display still more liberality, more generosity, than her means permitted.

It would be easy to convince oneself of the above-mentioned result by consulting the papers of the Treasury, and by examining the accounts, of which I have duplicates in my possession.

I could have wished, M. le Comte, to be able to give you more ample information, so as to meet the wishes of the Duchess of St. Leu, by recurring to the period of the marriage of her august

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mother; but I do not possess the necessary documents to that effect. They would moreover have been of little use, the Empress having, during that space of time, received much less money than after her succession to the throne.

I have the honour to be most respectfully, M. le Comte, your most humble and most obedient servant,

(Signed) BALLOUCHEY.

No. XV.

FIRST LETTER OF COUNT LAVALETTE TO THE DUCHESS OF RAGUSA.

From the Banks of Lake Starnberg, 28th July, 1816.

I do not know how to express to you, my dear friend, all I experienced at the sight and perusal of your letter. I had heard that you were in this quarter,[1] but I could not believe it; and a letter from you was a thing I never expected. I am so far from all civilisation, that a letter from a living being, from a friend, makes a terrible impression on me. Since this morning, I have read it ten times over, and the particulars it contains have made me weep like a child. It is the only one that has given me any details on the fatal period; and you spread such charms over what you describe, so much sincerity and *naïveté*, that in reading your narrative, I once more felt all the sentiments that had agitated me during that extraordinary *dénouement*.

And so it is true that my poor Emilie[2] is well: I had been told so, but not as by you. I congratulate you both in your reconciliation. You are worthy of comprehending and loving her. It is what most people in the world cannot do. They now know what noble, devoted, courageous sentiments were concealed beneath features so calm, so tranquil, so cold in appearance. Take all of you good care of her, I pray you; watch over her; do not let wretches torment her. She is a sacred being, the honour of her sex; and it were an everlasting shame if they were to make her expiate by persecution her noble and generous conduct. As for me, dear friend, I have passed five months in the deepest solitude, with an energy of heart, and an elevation of soul, that I did not know what to do with (I need not add that I was not discouraged), but at the same time with a grief that threw me into convulsions.

[1] The Duchess of Ragusa was then at Baden.
[2] Madame Lavalette.

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And, nevertheless, I did not curse humanity; for where is there a man who has less to complain of it than I have? Relations, friends, servants, and even strangers, have all behaved perfectly well toward me. In this country I should have nothing to do but to mention my name to find friends; and to the eternal shame of those wretches, I might cross the Continent, their proclamation on my breast, without meeting with an insult. This is my comfort. But my poor heart is so pained, so horribly lacerated, that, to be able to support my situation, I have need of courage, which will finally be exhausted. I do, however, all I can to divert my melancholy. I live in a hole in the mountains, in the midst of the waters. I have, as a companion, a good young man, a skilful draughtsman, with whom I sketch a part of the day. I spend the other part in going over the studies of my youth, and in the company of the giants of antiquity, who mocked adversity and supported misfortune in so noble and graceful a manner. I pray and weep when I think of those I love, and of my poor country, so fallen, so degraded, that I scarcely dare name her. I learn the language of this country, for my companion does not know a word of mine. I talk with the peasants, who bear cheerfully their situation. They are governed by a sovereign who is not praised in the newspapers, but whose name is blessed in the cottages: they know neither my person nor my misfortunes; but they seem disposed to love me because I have not the appearance of a bad man, and because I am charitable to them.

The wretches who have used me so cruelly never suspected that a woman so weak, so unfortunate, so oppressed, would be stronger and more courageous than all of them together. I wish them no ill: I am revenged by the contempt I feel for them; but I cannot think that they will succeed by following their bloody track.

* * * * * *

I say nothing of the friend I have here:[1] a brother would have been less good, less generous. I have seen him and his family frequently for some time. They are angels of goodness. How happy he is! The sight of his bliss does me a great deal of good.

And so, you have seen my poor little Josephine. My God! What will become of her? I shudder when I think how unfortunate she will perhaps one day be. Alas! how agreeable it would have been for me to complete her education! When I think on

[1] Prince Eugene.

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all that, I thrust my head against the wall, and I do not know what I might not be able to do to myself. Tell me, repeat to me with a noble friend,[1] who has been so kind to me,—repeat to me that I shall see you all again, and shall enjoy your happiness, for mine is gone for ever, and I have a forewarning that a little corner of ground awaits me in a country churchyard.

Amiable Caroline![2] So she is with you. May God bless you! She deserves a friend like you. Tell me where is her husband? Is it true that he directs his steps to the East? Where is he going to? I am uneasy on his account, for he has one of the most noble hearts I ever met with. You will meet again with our good friend Mollein. Tell him that I love him, and that I think of him every day, and a great part of each day. Remember me to his lovely wife; I wish her happiness. She is the last person I saw; for it was in coming from her home that I lost my liberty, and her soft compassion has remained engraved in my heart. Remember me also to Freville; he has given me a proof of friendship of which I keep a dear remembrance. Think on me, all of you, and you in particular, my dear friend—you of whom I love so much the noble disposition and courageous mind. I hope you love my dear English friends. Why did so noble an action draw on them so odious a persecution? What will become of them? The misfortune of Bruce will make me doubly unfortunate myself! It costs dear to act nobly; Vice is luckier! Adieu! Adieu!

P.S. If you are back at Emilie's *fête*, send her a flower in my name.

No. XVI.

SECOND LETTER.—FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

From the Banks of Lake Starnberg, 14th August, 1816.

I shall not speak of the pleasure your letter gave me, dear friend; that would be ridiculous. You must however know, that the day I received it, that is to say, the day before yesterday, I read it twice in the morning, and twice again in the evening. It appeared to me as if I heard you speak, and almost as if I saw you. In the morning I went to read it under the cover of a thick wood that surrounds my hermitage, and threatened by a storm, that would not have driven me away if I had not feared that the rain would

[1] The Queen Hortense. [2] Madame Lallemand, the wife of the General.

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wet your dear writing. How sweet are the comforts of friendship to the hearts of the unhappy! Past sufferings vanish while reading your letter; futurity smiles on me; and my misfortune itself gets charms, by the idea that in any other situation I should not have the same enjoyment.

A few days before the arrival of your letter, I experienced a moment of very great happiness. My friend's father-in-law [1] whom you saw at the watering-place, came to dine with his son-in-law, and brought his son with him. He had made it a condition that I should be of the party. He spoke to me of you with such sincere, such high praise, that I found him a hundred times more venerable than he was. He repeated several times the same words. His reception of me was perfect. He treated me with a degree of kindness and delicacy it would be difficult for me to describe. I owe this good fortune to his son-in-law and daughter, who are exceedingly kind to me; but let me hope that you also spoke to him of me. The thought does me good.

You ask me for particulars on my manner of living:—here they are.

I shall not speak of my first six months. My wound was deep; but my mind was raised to a very high pitch. Now all my delusions are destroyed. Cold reason, implacable truth says, "Thou must die in a foreign land, far from the objects of thy love; thou must efface all the past from thy memory, or consume thyself in grief by living on thy recollections." Dear friend, I struggle against that terrible sentence. I wear out my life with labour, and especially with reading. I have got only two works, but they charm my solitude without fatiguing my imagination. These are Condillac and Plutarch. The former is a man of excellent judgment, vast erudition, and who speaks only to reason. His work is a complete course of education. I find in him Locke raised to perfection, with the elements of history and mathematics. On the other hand, Plutarch fortifies my mind against the strokes of fate. I learn in reading him, how one may fall into misfortune while fulfilling all one's duties, and how, in that case, misfortune is preferable to all the vain happiness of the world. A horrible truth! Three-quarters of the men whose history he wrote died violent deaths; it is the same in our modern and wretched history.

Do you recollect Mrs. Sullivan's old husband, that Englishman

[1] The old King of Bavaria.

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who was so sick and had such a beautiful collection of pictures? I went there one day with the Queen of Naples. We entered a saloon where there were thirteen magnificent portraits. All the persons they represented had perished either by the hand of the executioner or by that of assassins, except Louis XI., who had so many others killed. They were the Duke de Montmorency, Cinq-Mars, and De Thou, Henry III., Henry IV., Don Carlos and his unfortunate stepmother, who died poisoned by the detestable Philip II., Coligny, and, finally, the Prince of Condé, assassinated in so dastardly a manner on the field of battle. When one witnesses such horrors, which have reigned for so long a time, the heart is rent by a sort of despair. One curses civilisation, and blushes at being a man.

I do, however, not always give way to such dismal thoughts: I should be unworthy of my misfortune if it did not afford me sweet comforts. I frequently think myself happy, not at having escaped from the scaffold, but at having been saved by such generous hands. Wife, child, friends, domestics, and even those noble strangers—all have united, all have wrestled, all have suffered, all have triumphed for me! I have no right to complain of men: never was an unfortunate one honoured by so much devotion, so much courage! I have lost nothing in the wreck, and still my grief at times almost becomes despair. Alas! my friend, I was so happy!—my recollections kill me: and when I succeed in driving them away, or in subjugating them, the phantom of my poor country torn to atoms, and so vilely betrayed, throws me into a state of melancholy that makes me burst into tears.

Can it be possible, say, that we should be cast into the whirlpool of infamy, without being able to get out of it? What! so many noble efforts, so bloody a struggle, so many triumphs—all terminating in horrible disgrace! No, no, dear friend! I will never see my country again! Never will I consent to cast down my eyes to the cowardly outrages that are heaped on us—never! But enough of that—for the expression of my indignation might be hurtful to your feelings.

I am going to sketch for you, but I shall not send you anything for some time. At present I only daub:—you may ask Louisa,[1] who has two of my paintings. Wait a little.

You ask where I live, and how? I live retired, on the borders

[1] Mademoiselle Cochelet, who was at that time with Queen Hortense.

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of a lake that would be no disparagement to Switzerland, for it is five leagues long by one broad. I occupy a chamber and a cabinet in the lodging of the keeper of a pretty forsaken country seat. I have before my eyes magnificent waters, beautiful wooded hills, and high mountains topped with snow. For my walks, I have fine woods, agreeably cut in lanes, and full of deer, which I leave in peace. My hosts are honest peasants, who know how to cook tolerably well the Spartan black broth; and it is not without pleasure that I eat of their brown bread. I have no servant—his presence might be dangerous. My companion is an honest artist, without reputation, who knows not a word of my language, and smokes the livelong day; but I teach him French, and we understand each other tolerably well. He wakes me every morning at six o'clock: we sketch till nine. After the most frugal breakfast, we set ourselves to work again till twelve o'clock; and after dinner, from two to five we work again. I afterwards devote two hours to reading. At seven we walk till supper-time. I have taught him to play chess: we play till ten o'clock, and then I lock myself up; but I do not go to bed until one in the morning. These night-hours are sacred to the anguish of my heart, and to all my dismal recollections. I write little—my mind is ill-disposed for that: you will observe it too well by this letter. But I talk much to myself; and I believe that if I had pleaded my cause as I do while walking in my cell, I should indeed not have won it, but I should have made the wretches blush that have used me so ill. At last, fatigued with my long soliloquies, I read until sleep forces me to lie down on one of the worst beds in Germany, and to suspend for a few hours the recollection of my sufferings, and those occupations by which I strive to divert them.

Adieu, adieu! Why should your friend not write to me? We are both unhappy! Alas! her ring has not destroyed the power of the Genius of Evil—but that was not *her* fault. I love her much: I should wish to know she is happy; for, now that I have no hopes of happiness for myself, that of my friends can alone do me good. But, adieu, dear and excellent friend! write often to me, and if any letters annoy you, you will be indulgent. When you return to Paris, promise me you will go and embrace my poor child at her boarding-school; but do not show this letter to Emilie, it would make her uneasy. Tell her only that I am well and tranquil. Adieu!—once more adieu!

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15th August.

I thought this letter would go off to-morrow. The opportunity is delayed by which I was to send it to you, or rather to Louisa, who will forward it into your hands. I send you a few words for Emilie. See her often, comfort her, protect her if you can. You see a great many strangers; praise her to them; so that, in case she should be attacked, she may find some support in the good sentiments of their sovereign. Embrace your brother for me:—let me know whether he has many children. Alas! dear friend, you cannot imagine how the death of my child has afflicted me! I should be so happy if it were on its mother's breast! Poor Emilie, how dear I cost her! Adieu. Try to write to me sometimes: the letters I receive from my friends are my only comfort; and that will last long, for I do not intend to change my manner of living. The sight of men makes me tremble.

When you go home, you must do one thing on which I set great importance—you must persuade Emilie to have her portrait painted in oil colours by one of our first artists, such as Gerard or Girodet. I have entreated her for it already these twelve years: I had mine painted on purpose to set her the example. Her bad health, and a little negligence, have till now made her forget her promise: force her to keep it, I beseech you. Settle that business, and tell her that she will do me a very great pleasure: I shall write to her on the subject, but speak also to her. It will be easy to do it without drawing public attention: I should prefer Gerard; he has been a little acquainted with me, and I should feel very grateful if he would exert all his talent in it.

No. XVII.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CITIZEN LAVALETTE ON HIS DEPARTURE ON A MISSION TO SAXONY.

Paris, 15th Pluviose, 8th year of the Republic.

Citizen Lavalette shall write to the First Consul from the chief places through which he will pass. He shall give information—

On the public spirit.

The coming-in of the taxes.

The conscripts.

The conduct of the civil and military agents.

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Citizen Lavalette shall seek in Saxony the best maps of Germany he can find.[1] He shall get all those that may have appeared since that time.

He shall make inquiries into the situation of the Austrian armies in Italy, in Bavaria, in Suabia.

He shall write twice in each decade to the Minister of the Foreign Department.

Independently of the diplomatic news, Citizen Lavalette shall spare no expense to obtain all the information he can on the situation of the armies, the generals, the infantry, the cavalry, the field artillery, and the siege artillery.

He shall give me all the information he will be able to collect on the situation of Ulm, and the various towns of Bavaria and Bohemia.

He shall direct particular attention to the Russian army, the number of its regiments, and their position. He shall inquire what is going forward in Poland.

He shall address all his military information to General Clarke.

When he lays out any money to get the required informations, he shall send over an account, and the sum shall be reimbursed.

BONAPARTE.

No. XVIII.

ABSTRACT OF THE GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO M. LAVALETTE ON HIS ABOVE-MENTIONED MISSION TO SAXONY.

2 Pluviose, 8th Year.

Political agents in foreign countries represent the vigilance and force of the government that sends them. In that double point of view, their functions are graduated on a scale of activity which it is important to unfold in a distinct and precise manner.

1. The political agent secretly observes and watches assiduously over the Government near which he resides. The observations he makes, the information he gets, are by him transmitted with exactness to his own Government; and it is by such means that that Government sees by the eyes of its agent all that is useful to the national interests, or hurtful to them.

[1] When I was in Illyria and Carinthia, they printed very fine maps not only of the Hereditary States, but also of all Germany.

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2. The political agent manifests his watchfulness, and acquaints the ministers of the Government that is the object of it, that such a measure, or such an attempt, that they meditate, has not escaped his sagacity; and that from the moment the first indication of execution shall threaten to disturb in any degree the existing connection between the two countries, he will find means to oppose them with all the zeal and energy his duty may require.

3. The political agent enters directly and ostensibly into connection with the Government near which he resides; but unless he has already precise and especial instructions concerning the direct object his communications have in view, he is satisfied with notifying to that Government that he is disposed to discuss it, and is going to take the orders of his Government.

4. Finally, the political agent has received the orders of his Government; in this case, he addresses declarations to the local Government, and replies to them. He debates, discusses, transacts —in one word, he negotiates.

Such is the scale of the various functions political agents have to fulfil abroad. The Government of the Republic having given their approbation to the unfolding of it, recommend its study to the particular attention of each agent. They equally approve of the following reflections, which, comprising the general rules of conduct they are to follow, will acquaint them with the extent of their responsibility, and with the means by which they may fulfil it.

The first class of duties political agents have to fulfil is entirely limited to the exercise of their vigilance. That vigilance supposes that they have acquired, and that they use all their endeavours to complete their exact knowledge of the interest and natural rights of the country where they write, which comprises necessarily the whole extent of our commercial connections, and the whole of our political connections. This knowledge is extended and completed by the practice of a well-exercised agency. For the obstacles which social intercourse raises to the activity and amelioration of commercial connection, and the fetters which intrigue, personal ambition, and the individual character of those who govern, perpetually lay on the freedom of political connections, are essential parts of political science, and can only be well known to those whose business it is daily to wrestle with them.

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In the first class of their duties the political agents are kept back by no restrictions; they are in the full and unlimited exercise of their zeal. They try to discover all that is susceptible of being known: they transmit to the Government of the Republic all they have succeeded in discovering.

But when they enter into the second class of the duties of their situation, prudence, which is one of the most important qualities that situation requires, must accompany all their determinations. They have, as yet, nothing to do, but to let the ministers of the Government near which they reside see that they have penetrated such or such indications of their views; that they follow them in their secret attempts; that they are in the track of their projects. However, they must not decide without reflection on such a manifestation of their watchfulness, for the natural effect must be to prevent or stop the progress of these ministers; and there are some cases in which it may be more useful to let them go on; to leave them a wider scope, so as to pronounce themselves more clearly. It may happen also that not being certain of repairing the ambition or the ill-will of an enterprising minister, it may be more prudent to do as if one did not perceive views which national dignity might wish to see retracted as soon as they are discovered. The skill of the agents must in these cases consult the spirit of the mission which is entrusted to them, and the honour of the Government they present. Here their responsibility lies entirely in the exercise of their discernment.

As to the third class of duties of political agents, it is easier to seize its object than to perceive its guarantee. Here the political agent puts himself in an ostensible connection with the ministers of the local Government. He must perpetually bear in mind the systems of national rights which are clearly traced by the existing state of things, the received customs, the wording of treaties; and, if the question is to ameliorate the established connection, he must seek his titles in the spirit of these treaties, and in the general system of mutual interests of the two Governments.

But although, in the execution of this class of duties, the political agent may see with one glance of his eye the road that lies open before him, he must however call all his prudence to his aid before he engages in it: as long as a political agent observes, he has no connection but with his own Government;

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when he lets his observations be perceived, he enters, in some respect, into an indirect connection with the ministers, whom he acquaints that they are the objects of his attention; nevertheless, these ministers as yet see nothing but power, and can derive no advantage from the knowledge they have of the manner in which he fulfils the obligation of his situation; but when the political agent speaks officially, the ministers see in him the Government of which he is the organ, and that thought must be for him a perpetual motive of circumspection and discretion.

The first rule to be observed in that respect is, to presume nothing; never to act without interrogating; to solicit precise instructions, and to be well imbued with this principle, that in a matter of positive discussion, whether it be in declaring or in replying, the Government alone prepares and negotiates, while the diplomatical agents are only its organs.

The diplomatical agents have no right either to choose, or to allow, or to refuse, or to transact. They officially declare the determination of the Government they represent. But if they are organs without a will of their own, they must not be organs without intelligence. When they expect the decision they are to interpret, they must plead justice, and choose the most favourable time and means to insure their success. Their responsibility lies wholly in the care with which they keep within the bounds of their instructions, the sagacity that teaches them their real bounds, and the exactness with which they conform their conduct to them.

In every instruction regarding a discussion of right, there are degrees of demands or sacrifices which, after these instructions have once been laid down by the Government that approved of them, seem to leave, to the discernment of the agent who is to act, a great latitude of power; but in this he must not be mistaken. The responsibility of an agent is not determined by the maximum of sacrifices or the minimum of demands contained in his instructions. The duty of his mission consists essentially in acting in the best way possible: he must have continually the best way before his eyes, to animate his zeal and encourage his endeavours; and it is by these endeavours alone, and not by the result of them, that his conduct shall be judged. For, as prudence, discretion, and skill, in their fullest extent, belong to the really important part

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of a diplomatical agent; so also, justification and guarantee, to *their* fullest extent, enter essentially into the means of his responsibility.

M. TALLEYRAND.

No. XIX.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

Since the beginning of the war there have existed no direct connections between the Republic and the Government of Saxony. The Elector entered the Coalition, in consequence of the general feeling of anxiety and hatred which not one of the Governments of the Empire could resist; he quitted it by the sole act of drawing back his quota, and by a declaration he published containing his intention of remaining neutral.

From the period of the above-mentioned declaration, the accession of that prince to the neutrality of the North of Germany was acknowledged by the Government of the Republic; but that transaction took place by intermediate means. The act which consecrated it was signed only by the Ministers of the King of Prussia, as vouchers of the Conventions of Neutrality, and the Plenipotentiary of the Republic.

However, towards the middle of the sixth year, the Executive Directory wished to have a regular agent near the Elector of Saxony. They named Citizen Helfflinger, who, having no predecessor at Dresden, went himself through the necessary forms with the Saxon Ministers. He was generally well received, and the Elector expressed his satisfaction at having an agent of the Republic near his person.

But Citizen Helfflinger, though acknowledged by the Ministers, and treated by them with great consideration, displayed no public character at Dresden. His mission was barely one of observation, and the conversation he was authorised to hold with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, giving opportunities rather to officious than to official communications, served only to keep up the mutual good disposition of the two Governments, and to preserve some trace of the ancient friendship that connected the two countries.

That is the point of view under which Citizen Lavalette must consider the mission that is entrusted to him. As an observer,

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his part his susceptible of great activity; as a diplomatic agent, his mission lies wholly in expectance.

The policy of the Court of Saxony is, under various aspects, like the agency of the Ministers who reside there, an observation policy:—how exterior and interior circumstances oblige us to act with the greatest reserve, and the personal sentiments of the Prince agree perfectly with those principles of prudence and circumspection which circumstances prescribe him to follow.

The Saxon nation is, of all the nations of Germany, that which, through its character, approaches to the wise and reflecting part of the French nation. A constitution which in many points resembles that of England, by classing and circumscribing the prerogative of some classes, maintains the rights of all, and the jealousy of Liberty always struggles with advantage against the pretensions and encroachments of hereditary power.

This persevering struggle, which the grand impulsion given to public opinion by the French Revolution has animated with a double strength, necessarily obliges the Saxon Government to use great prudence in all resolutions that might hurry it on to an augmentation of expenses, or to political combinations of an unknown tendency. Thence a constant attention to keep exterior connections in bounds, and to avoid whatever might lead to engagements. The Court of Saxony has no other wish but that of remaining insulated in the midst of those movements that tend to place all the states of Europe in a situation of mutual distraction and enmity. Wholly occupied with her domestic administration, and its preservation, she has succeeded in neutralising her ambition as well as her territory. She would perhaps have also succeeded, by a principle of interest and wisdom, in guarding herself from anti-revolutionary impressions, if those impressions were not attached to prejudices and passions that nothing can cure.

There exist, therefore, many reasons to believe that Saxony will not abandon her system of inactivity, unless she be forced to do so, and that she will resist with all her strength the instigation of our enemies. She will be protected in this wise determination by her position, the good state of her military force, and the personal reputation of the Elector.

Nevertheless, as the obstinacy and petulance of the apostles and ministers of the Coalition stop before no obstacles, Citizen

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Lavalette will find them constantly occupied in conspiring against the system adopted by the Saxon Government. Their attempts must everywhere be the object of the assiduous observation of an agent of the Republic. They must be the principal tint of the information that Citizen Lavalette must unceasingly seek to acquire and carefully to transmit to Government.

By the intrigues that he will see going forward, and of which he must study to discover the source, he will keep his eyes constantly open on Russia and England. If he knows how to figure to himself the real and just situation in which it is fit that Saxony, for her own interest, should remain in respect to these two Powers, he will perfectly feel how false and absurd is the policy that may wish to place her in any other.

The Ministers of the Neutral Powers must also be the objects of his watchfulness. The greatest part of them, departing from the principles of their mission, by prepossessions of caste and personal considerations of patronage and ambition, show themselves frequently the officious advocates of a cause inimical to the interests of the Government they represent. Their mistaken ideas, by leading them perpetually out of the line of the real enemies of their country with the one they reside in, will make Citizen Lavalette fully understand (and help him in ruling his own conduct) the system of real connections which ought to exist between Saxony and the Governments that have not acceded to the Coalition. That is the rule to which he will conduct the inquiries he will constantly apply himself to make on the plans and manner that will seem to deviate from them.

There exists in Saxony no able agent of any friendly Power except Spain. Citizen Lavalette will receive from his predecessor, on his connection with that Minister as on his personal connection with the foreign agents, and with those of the Electors, all the information he will stand in need of. Citizen Helfflinger is generally respected at Dresden. The notice and advice he will be eager to give to his successor cannot but be extremely useful to the success of the missions entrusted to him.

M. TALLEYRAND.

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No. XX.

Paris, 12 Nivose, of the 9th Year of the French Republic, One and Indivisible.

THE MINISTER OF THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT TO CITIZEN LAVALETTE.

CITIZEN,

I hasten to acquaint you with the convention for a cessation of arms that has been concluded between General Moreau and the Archduke Charles. You will find the particulars of it in this day's *Moniteur*, which I enclose. This new suspension of hostilities, consented to before the gates of Vienna, before an army whose march no army could stop, will be in the eyes of Europe a fresh proof of the moderation of Government and its invariable disposition not to pursue the war in any other view than to obtain peace. We may at least believe that Austria will yield to necessity, and that the present truce will be converted into a definite peace.

I salute you.

M. TALLEYRAND.

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